

HUSTLER®

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

AUGUST 1980 \$2.95

**NOBEL
PRIZE-WINNER:
RACIST
OR REALIST?**

**SKYJACKER
D.B. COOPER:
NEW FACTS!**

**TERRORISM:
WILL YOU
BE THE NEXT
HOSTAGE?**

**WHAT
CAUSES
MALE
STERILITY?**



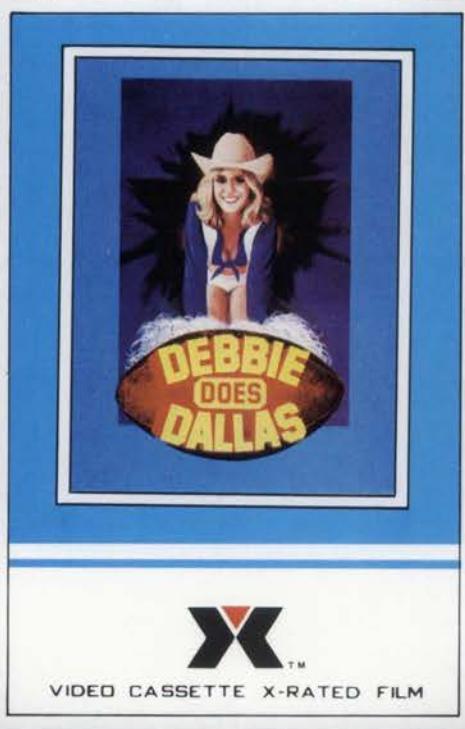
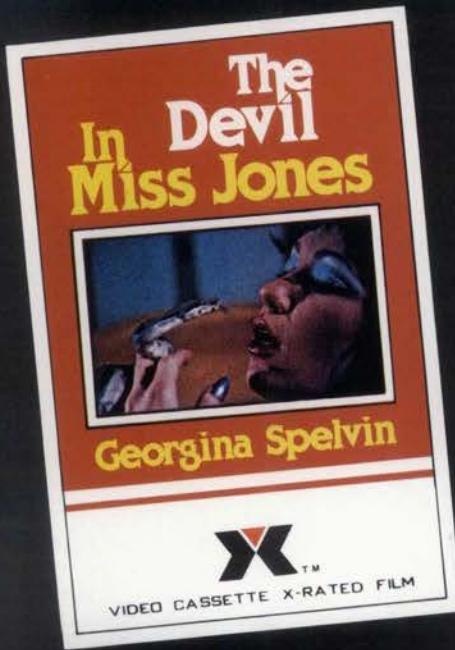
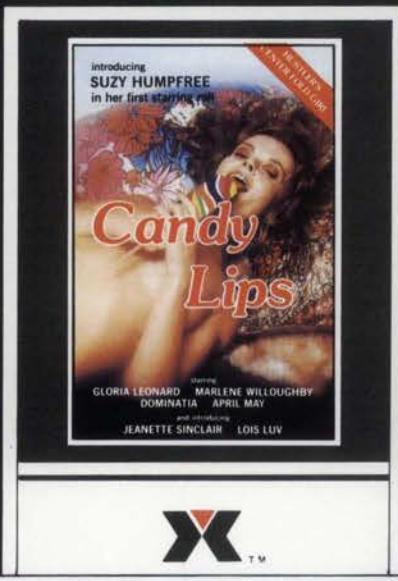
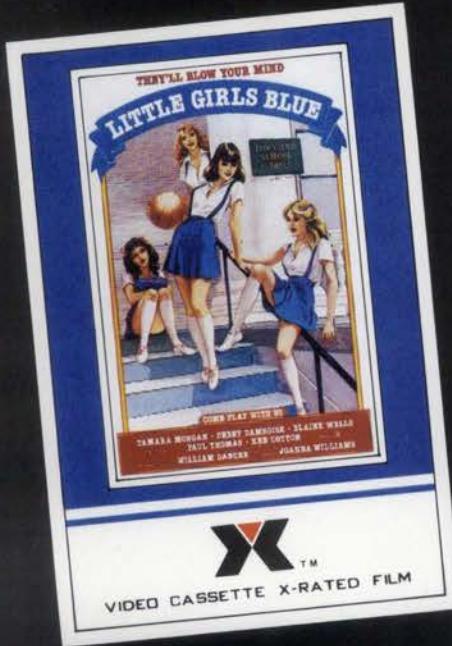
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MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

A Shifty Seller



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine
& The Advertising Council



We need your help. Write:

 National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

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FOR THE WHOLE WORLD

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



There's More Than Sex

One criticism I hear a lot is that HUSTLER encourages an obsession with sex. Many people think that because I advocate uninhibited sexuality, I am promoting a lifestyle dedicated exclusively to sexual gratification. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

First of all, HUSTLER's readers are well-aware that this magazine concerns itself with more than sex. Tough investigative reporting, candid profiles of important people and editorial comment on social issues are as much a part of HUSTLER as the photo-spreads.

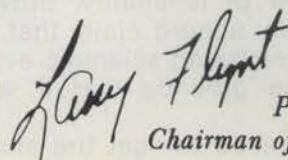
But more important, it's critical to realize that there's a big difference between sexual candor and sexual excess. Because sexual repression has done so much damage to our society, magazines like HUSTLER play a large role in bringing sexuality into the open. It's ridiculous to think that even our most loyal readers center their entire lives around HUSTLER Magazine or around sex.

I'm not in the business of telling people how to live their lives. But I do think the ideal we should all strive to achieve is a balance between our sexual and spiritual sides. Keeping body and soul in harmony is a goal as old as mankind. I think it's just as important today as ever.

Striking that balance between the sexual and the spiritual is a very personal task that each individual has to tackle in his or her own way. As most people know, I had a deeply religious experience a few years ago that helped me find that important balance. Others find different ways to achieve that goal.

For centuries organized religion has attempted to suppress human sexuality because some early Church fathers believed sex to be a sinful pursuit that separated man from God. I am proud of HUSTLER's role in breaking down the barriers of repression. I will continue to present honest and candid views of sex, giving readers exactly what they want to find in HUSTLER Magazine.

At the same time, however, the spiritual side of life should not be ignored. The image that some people have of the HUSTLER reader being completely obsessed with sex is nonsense. Everybody, whether they know it or not, is seeking that balance between their sexual and spiritual needs. I'd be the first person to admit that there's more to life than HUSTLER Magazine.


Larry Flynt
Publisher &
Chairman of the Board

WANTED

FOR VIOLATION OF THE FIRST AMENDMENT



SUSAN BROWNMILLER

Susan Brownmiller is a well-known feminist organizer who is waging a campaign to remove sexually explicit magazines from newsstands. She calls everything from designer-jeans ads to record-album covers "pornographic" if they don't reflect her view of femininity. Brownmiller also makes the totally absurd claim that pornography causes rape, dismissing scientific evidence to the contrary on the grounds that it was gathered by men.

Claiming the need to "get the stuff out of our

sight," she has called for legislation to decide what magazines can be displayed. She has shown total contempt for the principle of free speech embodied in the First Amendment to the Constitution. If her campaign is successful, the resulting censorship won't be limited to sexual material, but instead will threaten *all* freedom of expression, including political and religious opinions.

Susan Brownmiller should be considered armed with false propaganda and dangerous to the rights of all Americans.

HUSTLER's tradition of providing fresh insights and startling truths about the real world has never been more evident than in our August issue. As always, we've dug beneath the obvious topsoil information to bring you the important hidden dirt concerning the controversial topics of today... and tomorrow.

Los Angeles-based free-lancer GARY DIEDRICHES looked behind the headlines to probe the mind of a Nobel Prize-winning physicist to write **WILLIAM SHOCKLEY: RACIST OR REALIST?** Shockley recently stunned his scientific colleagues when he admitted making a donation to a sperm bank for the "intellectually superior." Diedriches—who got total cooperation in conversations with the Nobel laureate—is a former newspaper reporter and the founding editor of *Monthly Detroit* magazine. He gives an in-depth report on Shockley's brave new world of selective breeding and its serious implications. The artwork is by IGNACIO GOMEZ, whose illustrations have appeared in *Playboy*, *Oui* and *Penthouse*.

Veteran investigative journalist BRUCE HENDERSON has spent years following up leads on D. B. Cooper, the adventurous skyjacker who parachuted from a Northwest Orient Airlines jet in 1971 with a \$200,000 ransom. New details of the case are revealed in **THE SEARCH FOR D. B. COOPER**. Henderson's reports have appeared from time to time in *New York* and *New West* magazines and the *Los Angeles Herald*



Cover by Matti Klatt

Examiner. JOHN ANDREWS, a HUSTLER regular, provided the artwork.

Armed with atomic weapons, nerve gas or deadly germs, a small group of dedicated terrorists could destroy any city in the United States. And, according to writer LOWELL PONTE in **TERRORISM: YOU ARE THE TARGET**, U.S. security forces would be virtually helpless to prevent such acts of sabotage. Ponte's articles have appeared in the *New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Washington Post*. In addition, he's authored studies on exotic warfare and terrorism for the Rand Corporation and the Stanford Research Institute. DENNIS CARMICHAEL, making his first appearance in HUSTLER, is responsible for the companion illustration.

Our fiction this month, **WITH A**

BULLET, is about a private eye who discovers that the music business can be murder. The story was penned by free-lance writer BEN PESTA, the former Editorial Director of CHIC Magazine. Ben's work has appeared in *Esquire*, *Rolling Stone*, *Cosmopolitan* and other publications. Longtime HUSTLER contributor ALEX EBEL, whose drawings have been featured in *Playboy*, *Oui* and the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, provided the two pieces of art.

New discoveries about **STERILITY IN MALES** are discussed by LAURA CAVESTANI in August's **Sex Play**. Cavestani, a *Playgirl* and *Couples* contributing editor, also explains the root causes of sterility in men and what treatments are available to solve the problem. New York-based artist MARY ANN SHEA, a regular contributor to CHIC, makes her HUSTLER debut with the accompanying illustration.

Our August issue also contains a special cartoon-feature portraying the hilarious misadventures of the **ROLLERKOMMANDOES**, which originally appeared in SLAM Magazine. The script for **ERROL McCARTHY**'s drawings is by former HUSTLER editors MICHAEL TOOHEY and MICHAEL SHEETER, with an assist from BRUCE HELFORD, HUSTLER's current *Bits & Pieces* editor.

We dug deep into the realms of science, art, fiction and humor in order to bring you this penetrating issue of HUSTLER. All you have to do is dig in and enjoy yourself.



Gary Diedriches



Dennis Carmichael



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Good Shape: Since I'm a man who loves to see a woman working out to keep herself in good shape, I really enjoyed your June centerfold (*Alicia: Shaping Up*; top photo). I often fantasize about balling a woman while she is lifting weights or in some kind of yoga position. And then you come up with a real beauty like Alicia! I think I love her! I really hope you do more layouts on women working out.

—Bruce Vaillancourt
Attica, New York

Sick Humor: I'm a 33-year-old inmate, and I enjoy the articles in *HUSTLER*. But your cartoons are really sick! I can see the humor in the DC-10 cartoon in the May issue. But, my God, the cartoon in the same issue about a battered-doll advertisement (center) is more than tasteless—it's horrendous. Child abuse is a deliberate act of irresponsible, incompetent sickos. The DC-10 cartoon could be used as a forewarning to the public, but how can a sick cartoon be used to prevent child abuse?

—Ron Crichfield
Pendleton, Indiana

The battered-doll cartoon is just as much a forewarning as the DC-10 cartoon. It causes people to think about this serious problem, just as you evidently have thought about it.

In the May *Feedback* you told one reader that "laughter is frequently a release from unpleasant considerations." This is true, but a cartoon showing a fetus on a stick and called "hobo stew" (February) is *not funny*. I have been grossed out by your cartoons one time too many.

I used to feel that *HUSTLER* was a good magazine, but the cartoons are just too damn gross for me to take anymore. Who wants to have breakfast in bed while reading *HUSTLER* if such cartoons are going to show up when I'm right in the middle of my eggs Benedict with double spinach?

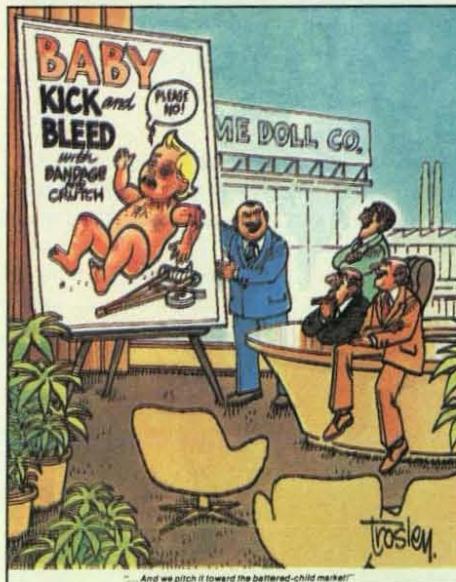
—Barbara Marie Garnett
Chicago, Illinois

A portion of your jokes are funny, and your girls are pretty. But that cartoon in the March issue that depicted the Nazis celebrating "our 3,000,000th victim" hit me hard. It was clearly meant for the members of the Nazi Party in the United States and wherever else your magazine goes.

I hope you do not condone the killing of 3 million of my ancestors. If you think this is funny, please let me know so I won't waste my money on your magazine again. I hope your staff can come up with better cartoons. Or maybe they are a bunch of Nazi war criminals.

—Jay M. Schienberg
Little Neck, New York

Of course, our staff isn't a bunch of Nazis. As we've said many times, humor is based on the understanding that we often laugh at the subjects we find most upsetting—such as death, for example.



Choice Beaver: I would like to congratulate you on your choice of *Madeleine* (May; bottom photo) as the newest *Beaver Hunt* winner. She is really a foxy lady and has the pinkest cunt I have ever seen. How about having a *Beaver Hunt* winner every month?

—Richard Fritz
Wheelersburg, Ohio

Your last *Beaver Hunt* winner, *Madeleine* (May), was a beauty. I was especially turned-on by the photos with her feet in nylons only. But I wish there were more revealing photos of her bare feet. Why do *HUSTLER* photographers have to hide the models' feet in shoes all the time?

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

That hosebag you picked as the *Beaver Hunt* winner in the May *HUSTLER* sucks. There have been so many nice girls in *Beaver Hunt* that I can't believe you picked somebody that ugly. What the fuck is wrong with you, anyway?

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Who's Bigger? The guy who calls himself Jacob Moore and wrote the letter "Black Stud" in the June *Feedback* claims that his yo-yo hangs to his knees. So what? Most buffaloes' cocks do too. How can this guy sit there and tell me this makes him a man?

Let me say that I am not prejudiced; the best women in bed that I have had were black. I could take his woman out on the town tonight and give her my five-and-a-half inches. When I was done, she would throw rocks at this scumbag!

—Charley Cole
Lake Worth, Florida

I'm writing in response to the "Black Stud" who said in the June *Feedback* that white men are lousy lovers. That's *his* opinion! I've been taught that it's not the size of the ship but the motion in the ocean that counts.

—Butch Carr
State Farm, Virginia

I read that comment from "Black Stud" in your June *Feedback*. It sounds to me like he's just looking for a way to show off. Personally, I feel that your white male models are fantastic and have great physiques. I believe in the saying that it's quality that counts, not quantity—and your models have both! "Black Stud" should know that my husband is white and has the best quality around. We're all created equal; no one is any better than another.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Many of your cartoons and photos give the public the impression that black men have bigger cocks than white men. The statistics I've read do not support this notion. I am a black man, and I find this notion quite disturbing. It furthers a myth

that still causes a tremendous amount of anxiety in some men's lives, both white and black. This idea also reinforces a popular misconception that black men are more like animals than human beings with feelings of love and affection. I think you could relieve a great deal of racial strife by deleting these ideas from your magazine.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Herpes Relief: Thank you for publishing the article "Herpes: A National Epidemic" as May's *Sex Play*. I recently contracted the disease, and I was not told by my gynecologist that it is a type of venereal disease and that it is very infectious. It's very unfortunate that there is still no cure for herpes.

Thanks to your article, I plan to keep in touch with HELP (P.O. Box 100, Palo Alto, California 94302) to hear about the latest advancements in research toward a cure. You deserve a lot of credit for educating the public about such a widespread disease. Articles like that make me realize how important magazines such as yours are.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Thank you for such an informative and up-to-date article about herpes (*Sex Play*, May). So little is known about the virus and its treatment that I'm sure your report was a source of much information for all herpes-sufferers. Being a female who is afflicted

with the virus, I felt a sense of relief after reading the article. I learned many things I didn't know before. I am fortunate enough to be one of the people who is using 2-deoxy-d-glucose as an experiment. I first heard of this medication in your article.

—Ann C. Bata
Chicago, Illinois

As was pointed out in the May Sex Play, 2-deoxy-d-glucose is a potential herpes cure that could be on the market within two years.

Regressive Types: I have been an ardent reader of yours ever since HUSTLER came to the Canadian market. I was pleased that you stood up to Susan Brownmiller in the March *Publisher's Statement* ("Women Against Pornography"). There are too many like her in this world who enjoy living in ignorance and darkness. If this type had their way, we would all regress.

I would like to say to Susan that her body was made in the image of God. Is she ashamed of the body of our Lord? Or does she require a bit of mental therapy?

—Name Withheld by Request
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

Big Beef: I am a big fan of HUSTLER. In fact, it's the only magazine I ever buy. But I was awfully upset to see the "Save the Whales" item about the magazine *Big Beautiful Woman* in the June *Bits & Pieces*. I am fat too; so I took it very personally. Besides,

I think some of the most beautiful women in the world are fat. You should have a little more respect for individuals.

—Thomas Neal
Lowell, Massachusetts

*We make fun of everybody in all sizes, shapes and colors. But we agree with you that there is nothing inferior about fat people. In fact, we recommend *Big Beautiful Woman*. To subscribe, write 3518 Cahuenga Boulevard West, Suite 210, Los Angeles, California 90068. A one-year subscription to this bimonthly magazine costs \$12 (\$14 in Canada).*

Illegal Aliens: Regarding your May article *Illegal Aliens: Invasion of the Job-Snatchers*, I have to disagree with one of the points raised. I don't like the idea of illegal aliens working in the United States either, but the fact remains that for the most part they are not stealing jobs from unemployed Americans.

Illegal aliens are greatly needed in the U.S. because they work cheaply. Most Americans wouldn't work in the jobs that aliens do. The only answer is to get the majority of welfare recipients off their asses and put them to work picking peaches, sewing and so forth—what the illegal aliens are doing now. This new work force would not receive any money other than their welfare checks. This would keep consumer costs down and ease the bad feeling people have toward the welfare system. —Gayle Miller Newberry, Missouri

The article on wetbacks was very informative. The presence of ungrateful Latin scum in the United States is appalling, to say the least. If President Carter had any backbone, he'd issue a decree for the military to wipe them out by shooting on sight. The ones already inside the country should be executed, or at least sterilized and sent back to their native countries. Their demise would reduce the welfare lines and the crime rate.

—Charles Johnston
Los Angeles, California

We don't think bigotry and violence are answers to a serious social problem.

Mormons: I read your feature article *The Mormons: Latter-day Saints With a Blood-thirsty Past* in your May issue, and it saddens me to see falsehoods of this sort spread by grown men and women. I hold the priesthood in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and have been a member in pretty good standing.

If I had time to pick out the fallacies in the story, it would discredit the entire farce. The section linking a deranged killer like Ervil LeBaron to the purest institution known to man (the Mormon Church) was not worth printing. As for the implication that Spencer W. Kimball could possibly be a false prophet—that is total blasphemy.

Take a trip to Salt Lake City and compare



"Then I spread her hind legs and thrust my throbbing member deep inside the bitch's dripping lovepot..."

GENTLEMAN'S **COMPANION.**

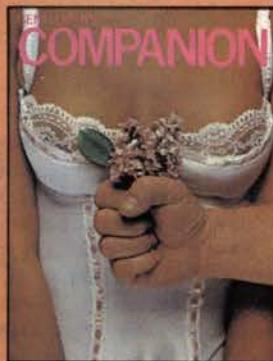
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it to modern-day Sodoms and Gomorrah's like Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York. Tell me which group of people lives a pure, wholesome life that would make God proud.

—Rory James Kremer
Petaluma, California

Heber Snow's report on the Mormons (May) was good and timely on the whole. I was married for many years to a Mormon woman. About the only good thing I can say for them is that their child programs are such that few kids turn to drugs, soul music and shit like that. You see damn few Mormon juvenile delinquents.

But I don't care for that screwy religion of theirs. I think *The Book of Mormon* is the most sloppily written mishmash of trash and confusion I've ever read. They have a tea-and-coffee taboo, but they'll swill down milk and cocoa till the cows come home. They think all non-Mormons are not worth talking to, which is one reason I never got along with any of my wife's snobbish relatives. Their pernicious habit of marrying off very young girls to old men still prevails in many areas.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Side One: Your May issue was as good as any except for one article. I am referring to Bob Allen's profile *George Jones: Country Music's Tragic Hero*. It shows only one side of a man who, like most of us, has had a lot of bad luck and has made some mistakes. Are

you trying to tell your public that in George Jones's entire career he has not done anything good?

Make sure in the future that your writers tell the whole story, not just one side of it. As for the artist (and I use that term loosely), the "illustration" of George Jones was the biggest joke in your magazine. He could not have ever met George or even seen a picture of him, judging from the "illustration." All in all, this was the sorriest piece of shit I have ever seen or read in your magazine.

—Buddy Baker
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Your profile of George Jones brought me to tears. It was brutal enough to scare even a drunk. I sit here with my whiskey and coke, thinking about the woman I loved and lost, and all the time and money I've burned. I give a sincere, silent prayer for all the George Joneses in the world. May we all have enough time to find some kind of salvation. Thank you for your support of one of the truly great American artists.

—George Thomas Parsons
Nevada City, California

Cock Talk: In your May *Feedback* some dumb asshole wrote that the man in your *Soul Food* pictorial (February) had a fake cock. Well, if the stupid moron would look a little closer, he or she would see a vein and not a seam. Any dumb fuck who can't tell a vein from a seam wouldn't know a cunt from

an asshole. If this person doesn't enjoy *HUSTLER*, why buy it? It's assholes like that who always spoil a good thing.

—G. H. Barnhart, Missouri

Somebody called R.C.H. wrote a letter in your May *Feedback* saying she wanted to see more cock in the pages of *HUSTLER*. If she wants to see more cock, maybe she can become a female sportscaster and invade the privacy of men's locker rooms. Better yet, she can buy a copy of *Playgirl* and get all the cock she wants.

The cocks in *HUSTLER* are not for her to gawk at; they are there to add realism to the situations in the photographs. If anything, I think there's a little too much cock in *HUSTLER*. It's our magazine—a men's magazine. R.C.H. should go find her own and keep her nose out of ours. I'm sick of pushy women!

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

We think HUSTLER is for all adults, male and female.

Monkey Business: In the May *Bits & Pieces* section you showed a picture of a female gorilla reading *Playgirl*. I think Adrian Desmond's theory in *The Ape's Reflexion* that female gorillas get turned-on reading *Playgirl* is stupid! But you're darn right that the *Playgirl* reader is "smart, sensitive and liberated." She's smart to buy the magazine, she's sensitive to insults about it, and she's liberated because she has the magazine to entertain her.

Men have had magazines to look at for a long time. Now it's our turn to have a magazine to entertain us too. We don't monkey around when we want to buy a great magazine—*Playgirl's* the best!

—Name Withheld by Request
Camillus, New York

Photo Feedback: *HUSTLER* always takes care of readers like me who are foot-freaks. The lovely queen in *Checkmate* (May), with her great legs around the knight, had her beautiful toes in full submission! Let's have more photos like that.

—Peter Townsend
Burbank, California

Good Taste: Larry Flynt hides behind the banner of free speech, but with free speech come certain obligations. They include tastefulness and the education of your readers. That means not printing adolescent bathroom jokes or physical depictions of excretion. You also have an obligation not to pander to the basest instincts of man.

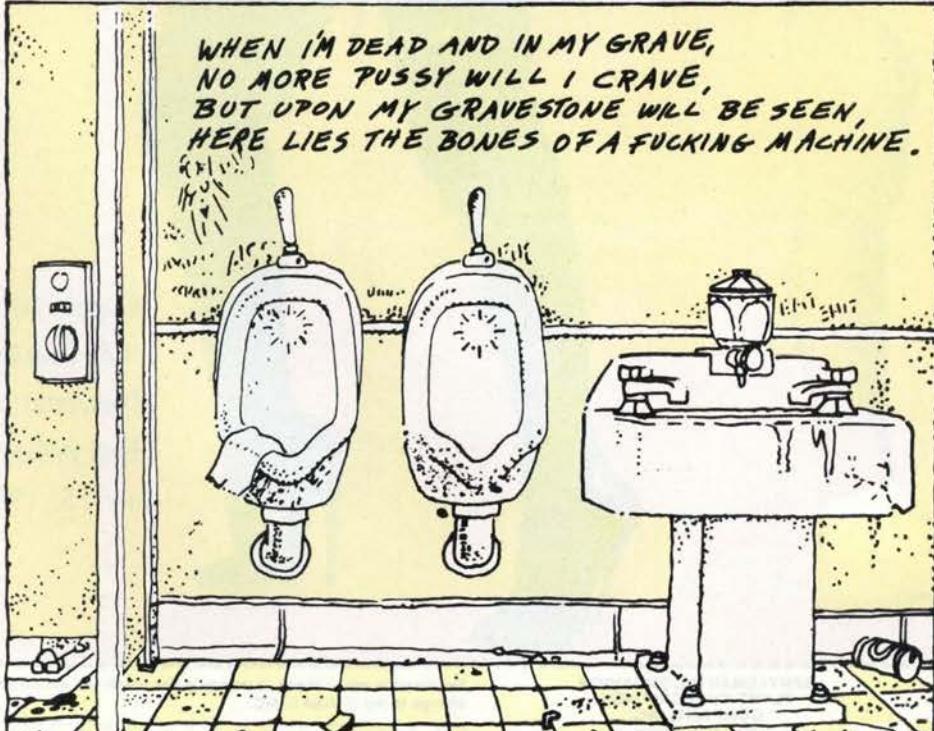
You have much to learn, Mr. Flynt. Unlike most magazines, you talk below your readers, thus doing them a great disservice.

—Walter Kennedy
New Britain, Connecticut

If "tastefulness" were required in order to exercise free speech, who would decide what is tasteful?

GRAFFILTHY

WHEN I'M DEAD AND IN MY GRAVE,
NO MORE PUSSY WILL I CRAVE,
BUT UPON MY GRAVESTONE WILL BE SEEN,
HERE LIES THE BONES OF A FUCKING MACHINE.



THANX AND \$25 TO J.E., GEORGETOWN, S.C.

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

A Florida fireman has been charged in the death of a woman who reportedly went into convulsions and died as the result of having cocaine placed in her vagina. John Stetz, Jr., of Boca Raton, Florida, faces a third-degree murder charge and a possible 15-year prison sentence if convicted in the death of his fiancee, Elizabeth Eckhart. Police obtained a statement from a friend of the accused, alleging that Ms. Eckhart died following a lovemaking session with Stetz during which the illegal drug was inserted into her genitalia as an aphrodisiac. Charles Wetli, a Dade County, Florida, medical examiner and expert on drug deaths, said that large doses of cocaine applied to the genital areas could be fatal. The mucous membranes of the vaginal opening provide entry for the cocaine into the bloodstream, thus allowing it to reach the central nervous system. A sufficient quantity of cocaine would paralyze the central nervous system, and breathing would cease. Wetli said an autopsy showed this process to be responsible for Ms. Eckhart's death.

The California Department of Education's proposed new sex guide is sure to raise a few eyebrows. Among other things, the guide suggests that teachers take 12- to 15-year-old students to "a local drugstore and check the availability of contraceptive products." Developed by the state as a guideline for California teachers, "Education for Human Sexuality" makes recommendations such as: discussing "sexual molestation" with six-year-olds; permitting nine-year-olds to read material that accepts masturbation as normal; and allowing students to consider a wide variety of lifestyles, including homosexuality and group marriage. The original proposal is scheduled to be revised after teachers, parents, administrators and other community representatives look it over.

Three years after he made medical history as the recipient of a testicle transplant, Tim Twomey has fathered a child. Twomey, of Sacramento, California, was born without testes, the glands that manufacture sperm. He was therefore unable to fertilize his wife's egg and cause her to become pregnant. He had spent his life "not thinking about kids" until 1977, when his twin brother agreed to donate one of his testes for the transplant operation. Because the testicle was from an identical twin, the offspring will look exactly as it would have if Twomey had been born with his own testes. Dr. Sherman Silber, the doctor who performed the transplant, said, "The chance of a man being born without testes is one in 50,000, and the odds of identical twins are about one in a thousand. So the combined chance of both is one in 50 million."

The city of Chicago has agreed to pay \$69,500 in damages to 191 women who were stripped and searched after arrests for minor offenses, such as smoking in the subway. This agreement was filed in U.S. District Court in Chicago after the Justice Department intervened on behalf of the American Civil Liberties Union, which had filed a suit against the Chicago police department. The suit charged that the practice was discriminatory because men who were arrested were not routinely subjected to strip searches. It also charged that body-cavity searches were conducted--some of them in view of male personnel--by police matrons who had no medical training. John Wilson, a spokesman for the Justice Department, said that government lawyers "are looking into similar practices in a few other law-enforcement agencies."

A church that uses sexual materials in its religious services has filed a \$10-million lawsuit against the city of Seattle and its police department. The Venusian Church, a sex-oriented religious cult based in Seattle, has charged the police with harassment and religious interference after it was raided for using sexual materials--including movies, slides and live performances--in its ceremonies. The church claims that the sexual activities "serve as a medium for the communication of the principles and philosophies of the church" and are entitled to Constitutional protection.

The United Church of Canada--the church with the largest Protestant following in Canada--has issued an edict that homosexuals should be admitted to the ministry. The edict on sexual ethics also said that premarital sex can be acceptable under certain circumstances and that married couples shouldn't worry about total fidelity. The Reverend Dr. Robin Smith, a United Church of Canada minister, reportedly said, "We'll get clobbered for this by some of our members." 

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: **HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.**

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Predicting Sex: Can you tell me something about the test for determining the sex of a baby? What is it called? I am a 26-year-old woman who is several months pregnant, and my husband wants only a boy. —D. E. Springfield, Illinois

The test is called amniocentesis. This test was originally developed to determine whether a fetus is malformed, but it also reveals the infant's gender. A needle is used to draw some fluid from the fetal sac. By analyzing this fluid the doctor can learn about the genetic structure of the child (including its sex).

The test is usually restricted to women over 35—because of greater risk of abnormalities—and to those who have already given birth to a child with genetic defects. Generally, it is administered during the final three months of pregnancy. However, an abortion during this time is both dangerous and illegal (unless genetic problems are involved).

If you are serious about having yourself tested,

and if you plan to abort the child if it is female, you should undergo the test as early in your pregnancy as possible. Many doctors object to giving the test purely for the purpose of sex determination. But you are within your legal rights to request the test and to have an abortion without stating your reasons.

You may also want to consider the following: The test costs about \$500 and can be dangerous to you as well as to the fetus. You should also question your husband's attitude as well as your own. Is it really so essential that your child be a boy?

Light and Sex: I am a 27-year-old chicken farmer. We've been able to get our hens to lay more eggs by exposing them to longer periods of light. Do amounts of light and dark have any effect on human sexuality and procreativity? —F. Y.

Spokane, Washington

Dr. Russel J. Reiter of the University of Texas Health Science Center reports indications that light and darkness can affect humans sexually. He says that light stimulates reproduction, while darkness inhibits it.

This is all due to the pineal gland, located in the center of the brain. Light is transmitted to the gland through the eye. Darkness stimulates this gland to produce hormones, which in turn start a chain reaction of other hormones that inhibit sexual urges. However, widespread use of artificial light has reduced this effect considerably.

You may wonder why so many people prefer to make love in the dark if this inhibiting effect is true. It actually takes a while for the pineal gland to secrete the sex-inhibiting hormones, and there isn't a strong physical response. Human preference for making love in the dark has more to do with psychological sex inhibitions.

No Lubrication: I am a 26-year-old male who's been married three years. My wife is 25. We have one problem in our sex life: Whenever I enter my wife during intercourse, she's practically as dry as a bone. We spend a lot of time in foreplay, and she's been to a doctor, but he didn't find anything to be the matter with her physically. Can there be psychological reasons causing her to dry up on me? —N. P.

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Some women lubricate during petting and foreplay but become dry during sexual intercourse. If this is what is happening to your wife, it is probably caused by old hang-ups that may be telling her it's okay to do everything but have intercourse.

Unfounded fears of pain (intercourse is rarely painful) can inhibit the lubricating response of the lower third of the vagina. Also, many pre-orgasmic women (those who've never experienced orgasm) have minimal lubricating due to "fears of failure." Often, women who have partners with a premature-ejaculation or impotency problem defend themselves against frustration by failing to be aroused. Pregnancy and post-operative psychological trauma can also affect a woman's ability to become lubricated.

As you can see, a number of psychological factors affect lubrication. Have your wife see a qualified sex therapist to determine which one is behind her inability to become lubricated.

Urolagnia: A friend of mine is into "water-sports" and has been telling me something about them. But I can't help wondering how harmful it is to have someone urinate in your mouth. Can it be dangerous?

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

"Urolagnia" is a formal term for those "water-sports" involving urine. Sex play with enema bags also falls under the category of "water-sports." Urolagnia is used to describe any extreme or unusual interest in the process of urination. A number of people are sexually aroused by watching their partners urinate. Some people are also stimulated sexually by urinating on their sexual partners, and vice versa. Drinking urine can become a part of this type of sexual activity.

Since urine is a waste material not readily absorbed by the body, there is not much danger in drinking it. Unless a urinary infection is present, urine is sterile and germ-free. However, there is danger of uremic poisoning if great quantities are consumed, or if piss becomes the only element of your diet.

Most psychologists feel that people who want



to be pissed upon, shit upon or to drink piss or eat shit have a poor self-image. They also agree that many people who want to do these things to a partner are expressing hostility and anger through these activities. Drinking urine may not harm you physically, but it may indicate a psychological problem.

Stretch Marks: Both my husband and I have stretch marks on our buttocks. I have some additional marks on my breasts and abdomen. How do we get rid of them? We've tried a lot of exercises and creams, and none of them seems to really work for us. Do you know of any treatment or exercise program we could follow? —H. L.

Saint Paul, Minnesota

According to specialist Douglas J. Marchant of Tufts-New England Medical Center, there is no known nonsurgical cure for the removal or prevention of stretch marks. These marks can be caused by weight loss, pregnancy, hormonal changes or aging. Many women try cocoa butter, vitamin-E preparations and other creams. All of these may be good for the skin, but they don't seem to go very far toward getting rid of the stretch marks. Dr. Marchant reports that some creams have dyes that camouflage the marks without really eliminating them.

If your stretch marks bother you, consult a plastic surgeon to see if it would be worth the trouble and expense to have them surgically removed.

Anal Questions: I read the *Advise & Consent* letter about anal intercourse in the April issue ("Back Door Locked"). I'd like to try it too, but I still have some questions. Will my penis be stained with feces after I remove it from the girl's anus? If so, will this be harmful or cause any infections? What precautions should I take in order to avoid any problems? —H. K. G.

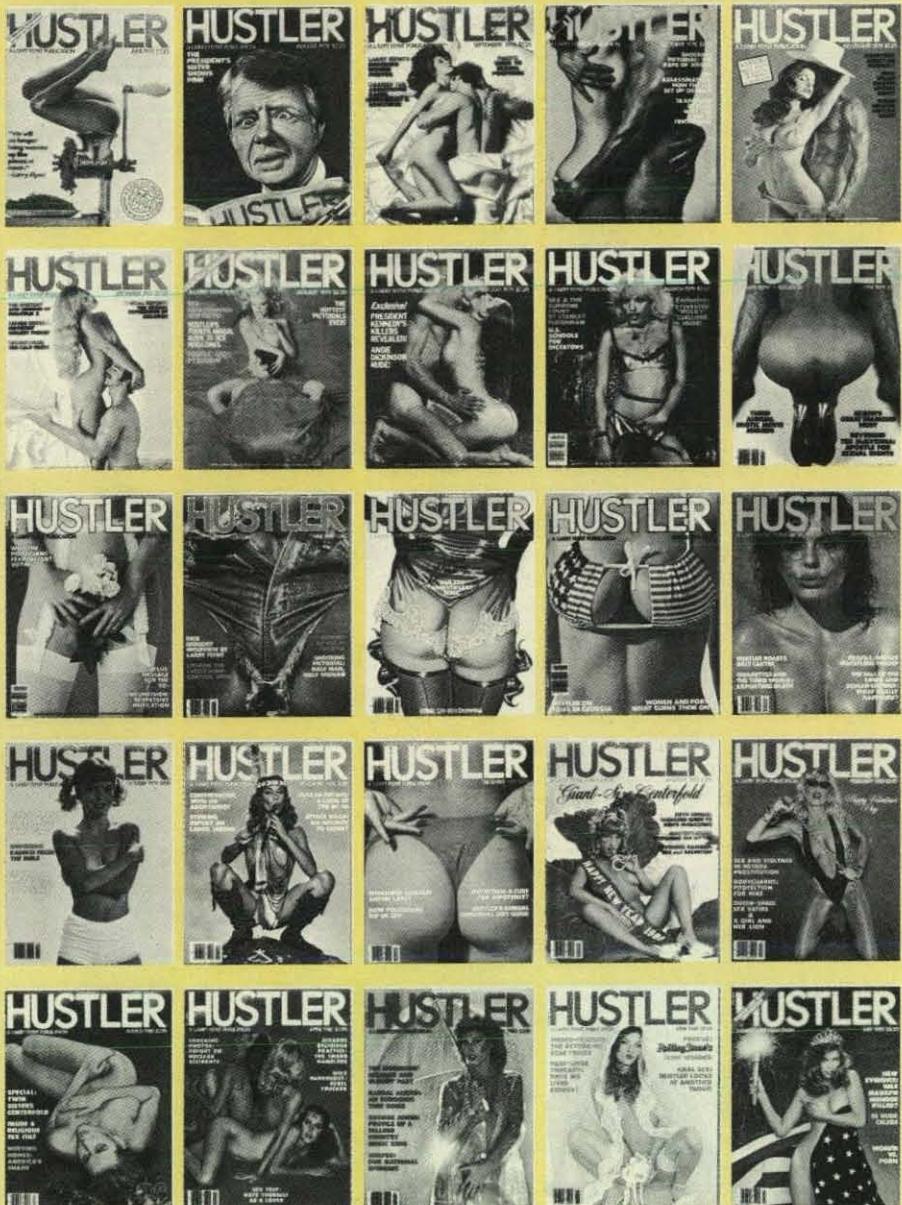
San Francisco, California

Your penis won't really be stained with fecal matter after anal intercourse, though residual pieces of waste from the anus may cling to it. This residue washes away easily. Going directly from anal penetration to vaginal intercourse can cause your partner to get vaginal infections. Thoroughly washing your cock between engaging in the two styles of intercourse can help to prevent this. Also, hepatitis (inflammation of the liver) can be caused if fecal matter gets into the mouth.

If careful hygiene is used, you can probably avoid contracting infection from anal sex. Don't let your concerns get in the way of your enjoyment. Many people enjoy anal intercourse without any problems.

Orgasm Versus Orgasm: I am a 23-year-old married woman with three children. My husband is 27. My problem is that I don't reach vaginal orgasm. My husband and I have tried for years to be patient. The only way I am able to climax is through oral sex and clitoral contact. We've tried everything, and we are at the end of our rope. Please

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help, as this is starting to break up our marriage.

—J. V.

Williamsport, Pennsylvania

Both you and your husband should relax and enjoy your orgasms brought about by clitoral stimulation. According to Masters and Johnson, there is no other kind. Most sex researchers also agree that it is better to focus on the degree of responsiveness and intensity you are feeling rather than on the type of orgasm you are having.

Virtually all orgasms are brought about (for women) by clitoral stimulation. If you are not reaching orgasm during intercourse, it is probably because your clitoris is not being directly stimulated. Certain sexual positions—such as the woman-on-top position—cause the penis to rub against the clitoris more directly. Also, either your husband or you can manually stimulate your clitoris during intercourse.

If you are experiencing orgasms during intercourse, but not "vaginal orgasms," then you are probably worrying about something that doesn't exist. Each woman experiences orgasm differently. Each single orgasm you have also feels a bit different from any other. A single orgasm can last for minutes or peak in a single contraction. The important thing is to learn to appreciate your orgasms for what they are, and to relax and enjoy them.

Sex Therapists: I notice in *Advise & Consent* that you often recommend that readers with sex-related problems consult a sex therapist. I think that I might profit from professional sexual counseling. Can you tell

me the best way to go about finding a qualified sex therapist?

—D. L.

Los Angeles, California

Contact AASECT (American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists) at 5010 Wisconsin Avenue NW, Suite 304, Washington, D.C. 20016. For a \$5 fee the association will send you a copy of its register of certified sex therapists. You can also contact your local branch of the American Medical Association for further recommendations.

Local university psychology departments and counseling centers are also good sources for recommendations (UCLA and USC in your case). And the August issue of CHIC has a longer, more-detailed discussion on choosing a good sex therapist. That article would probably be very useful to you.

Urination and VD: When I was in the Army, we were told that if we urinated after having sex we'd be less likely to get venereal disease. Is there any truth to this? I find it hard to believe, since I piss after sex religiously, and I've still had syphilis twice.

—S. N.

Kansas City, Missouri

Urination after intercourse will certainly do no harm, but it's not likely to prevent your contracting VD. Urinating might flush out certain microorganisms that could cause venereal disease. With such infections as syphilis or herpes, where the causal agents can remain on the external surfaces, urinating wouldn't be helpful.

A 1974 publication from HEW/PHS (Department of Health, Education and Welfare's Public Health Service) entitled "The Role of Preventive Methods in the Control of Venereal Disease" reports on tests conducted on Australian troops in Vietnam. These troops were instructed to wash the genital, pubic and perineal areas with soap and water and to urinate immediately after intercourse. When compared with other troops that had not been instructed to do this, the first group showed just as high or higher rates of VD. However, since there were many factors influencing the outcome of these tests—such as the number of times the men were able to have sex—the results are not conclusive.

Most doctors agree that condoms are a very reliable means of preventing the spread of venereal disease.

Sperm-Catching Sponge: Do you know anything about sponges that are used for birth control? How do they work? —F. U.

Mobile, Alabama

Researchers M. Wayne Heine and Dr. Milos Chvapil of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the Texas Tech University School of Medicine are awaiting the Food and Drug Administration's approval of their sponge contraceptive. The sponge is made out of collagen (fibrous animal tissue) soaked in zinc. The device is placed in the upper vaginal canal, where it traps sperm in the fibers of the sponge. The zinc also helps to immobilize sperm, control infection and stop odor. It is not yet known when this sponge will be commercially available.

Sex Change: I am a 35-year-old male who would like to know exactly what happens to a person who undergoes a sex-change operation. I am interested in the change from male to female.

—B. H.

Norfolk, Virginia

Transsexual surgery has been more successful in the male-to-female direction. The patient is first requested to dress and act like a female for up to two years prior to any surgery. This is insurance against the person's changing his mind after it is too late. Hormone treatments are started to help the patient to grow breasts, to stop growing facial hair and to begin to take on other physical characteristics of a female.

If hormone therapy hasn't produced satisfactory breasts, silicone implants are used. The sex-change procedure also involves the removal of the penis and testes. The sensitive skin is left intact as much as possible to fashion a vulva and an imitation clitoris, while some of the skin and tissue removed is used to line the walls of the newly created vagina. Tissue from the tip of the penis is used to construct the counterpart of the cervix, and the urethra is transplanted to permit female-style urination.

The surgery results in an anatomy that looks very much like the female anatomy, so much so that it would be difficult to tell the person was a transsexual unless you were told beforehand. Amazingly, 95% of male-to-female transsexuals report being able to reach orgasm.



"Wow! The little bastard really was kicking, wasn't he?"

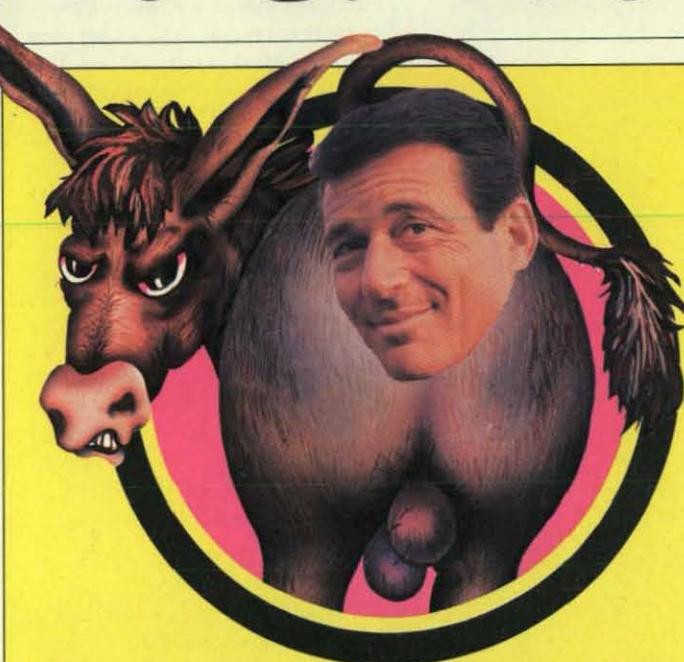
Bits & Pieces

Most people remember Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for August, as the brave and dedicated inspector who always got his man in the old television show *The FBI*. Lately, though, he's been using his "good guy" image to promote repression, ignorance and censorship.

Zimbalist narrates an hour-long television documentary called *Pornography: You Are Its Victim*. Sponsored by Morality in Media—a nationwide group seeking to impose its own standards of "morality" on television programs, movies and publishing—the show is nothing more than slickly packaged propaganda. It dishes out the same old bullshit line: that frank depictions of sexuality are somehow responsible for crime and violence.

Referring to X-rated films, Zimbalist says at the very beginning of the documentary, "Good people don't go to these movies." In one short sentence he condemns millions of Americans. That extremely irresponsible statement sets the tone for the entire program, in which one lie after another is paraded before the viewer.

One such lie comes from a county medical examiner who is trotted out to talk about decapitation and mutilation of adults and children; he then says, "There's a definite relationship between pornography and the victims I see." Thus, the mistaken opinion of an obscure bureaucrat is presented as truth. In another segment of the show a young and obviously misinformed incest victim says, "Porn gave my father these weird ideas." This exploitative use



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.

of an abused child's emotional response to try to brainwash the viewer is unforgivable.

We've said it a lot, but we'll say it again: There is no connection between explicit sexual images and crime or violence. Virtually every scientific study done on the subject has failed to find any evidence that pornography leads to sex crimes or other kinds of antisocial behavior.

It is the height of arrogance to ignore the facts in order to fuel a movement that would deny people the right to choose what they want to see on film or in

print. For Zimbalist to use his trustworthy image to play on the fears of the public is a disgrace.

It would be comforting, perhaps, to believe that Zimbalist is sincere in his support of Morality in Media. After all, there are many people who truly believe that sexuality has no place in the media. But Zimbalist's behavior reveals him to be more of a hypocrite than a misinformed idealist.

About the same time that *Pornography—You Are Its Victim* was being aired in many cities, Zimbalist was starring in a television movie entitled

Scuples, a critical failure with a sexual theme. In this movie the same Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., who helped Morality in Media's cause of getting sex out of film was teamed with Lindsay Wagner in an implied-nudity bedroom love scene.

Of course, there's certainly nothing wrong with a bedroom love scene. Sex is part of life, and it would be dishonest for a movie with an adult theme to ignore that. What is deplorable is the actor's obvious hypocrisy in accepting good money for a role that wouldn't exist if Morality in Media had its way. Even worse is the implication that certain depictions of sex are acceptable (if they have the stamp of approval from Zimbalist or Morality in Media), while others, such as X-rated movies, "plummet the culture of the nation to the depths of barbarism," according to Morality in Media's newsletter.

That's the kind of Big Brother thinking that leads to censorship. Morality in Media's leaders say they don't believe in censorship, but their every action is aimed at stifling forms of expression they consider immoral. This year, for example, Morality in Media filed suit in an unsuccessful attempt to ban the movie *Caligula* on the grounds that it is "obscene."

The money that Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., helped raise for Morality in Media by narrating its television special is being used in a campaign to suppress freedom of speech. Zimbalist is entitled to his beliefs, but only an asshole would use his All-American image to further a very un-American cause—repression.



Brain Storm

HUSTLER is tired of hearing the intellectuals' comment that our humor isn't cerebral enough; so here's proof that we

can get laughs by using our brains. We hope that this is the end of the matter—gray matter, of course.

The Illustrated Grandma

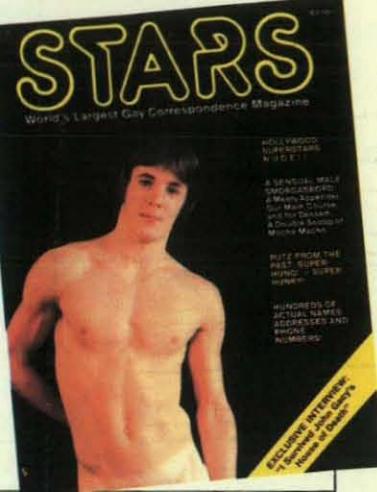


Those have got to be the world's oldest living tattoos, or else they're the worst case of varicose veins we've ever come across. This photo submitted by reader Clay Geerdes is really of a contestant in the fifth World Tattoo Convention, held this year in Sacramento, California. She probably won a special award for having the biggest butterflies.

Putz Parade

Here's a gay magazine with a couple of differences. For one thing, *Stars* is a correspondence magazine that enables gay men to contact each other. *Stars* claims to be the largest of its kind, and with the hundreds of schlongs to choose from, we don't doubt it. Another difference is that unlike other gay publications, this one is able to laugh at itself. Too often a minority gets caught up in pushing its way of life and forgets its sense of humor. A *Bits & Pieces*-type section called "Jerking Off" and features like "Putz From the Past, Where Are They Now?" may help this new gay

magazine emerge from the pack. A single issue of the 62-page mag costs \$3 and is available from Stars Publications, Inc. (1029 Vermont Avenue, NW, Washington, D.C. 20005).



Getting a Shot

Would you believe this man is applying an antibiotic? That's right, according to researchers

at the Max Planck Institute for Biophysical Chemistry in West Germany. They claim to have found a substance in semen called "seminalplasmin," which may be an antibiotic as potent as penicillin. Just wait until she tells him about her sore throat.





...But I Know What I Like!

This 18th-century carving reportedly depicts an ancient Indian ritual called the Rite of Vishnu and Siva. Bill Birch, a

dealer in antique furniture who acquired this Hindu artifact as part of an estate, is now offering it for sale. Birch recommends

it for a private collection or a possible tax write-off as a donation to a museum. If you're interested, you can contact him

c/o Bill Birch & Co. (309 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106). This carving is proof that if there's anything the people of India have down to an art, it's religion.



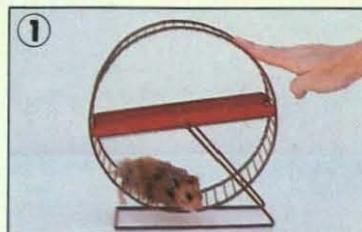
Smut Peddlers

The streets are dirty enough without these smut merchants

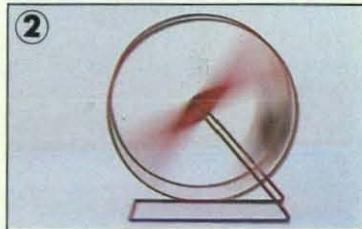
peddling their "hard" wares right in front of our homes. No wonder everyone says that guys like this are ruining our neighborhoods. Who wants to read magazines like *Velvet* and *Mayfair*?

HUSTLER Consumer Test: Hamster Durability

In the interest of protecting our readers from poorly manufactured products, HUSTLER has completed the first in-depth study of hamster durability under normal child abuse. The hamster was doing fine until the centrifugal-force test—shown here in figures 1, 2 and 3—showed the rodent to be shamelessly flimsy at 5,000 R.P.M. (rotations per minute) and therefore an unwise purchase.



Hamster at 0 R.P.M.



Hamster at 5,000 R.P.M.

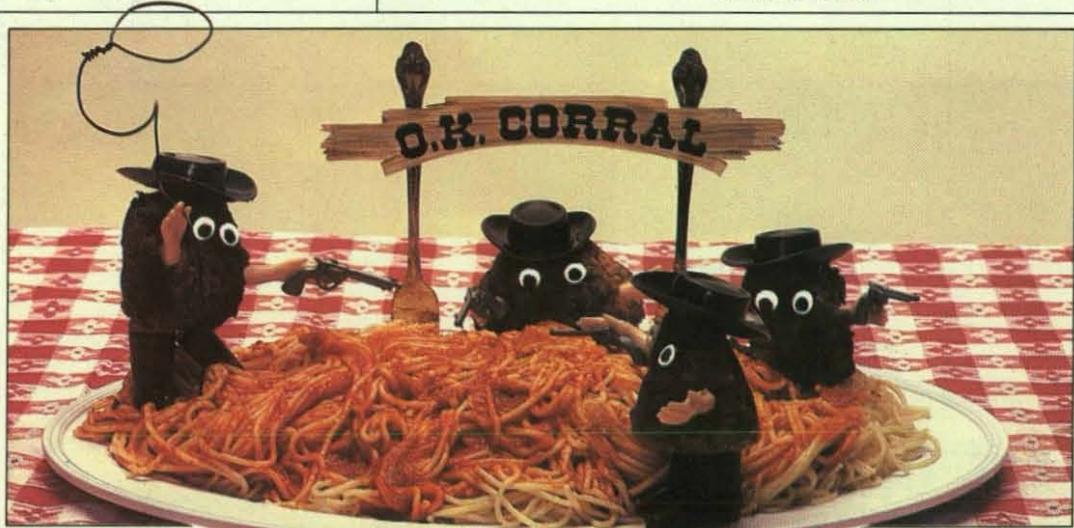


Hamster at 0 R.P.M.

Spaghetti Western

When we heard how hungry the moviegoing public was for these spaghetti westerns, we decided to cook up one of our own.

In this scene from our version of *The Good, the Bad and the Hungry*, we see the bad guys heading for their last ground-up. It wasn't exactly a smash at the box office, but the audiences really ate it up.



Ads We'd Like to See

DOER'S PROFILE

A thirst for killing...a taste for fine Whiskey

KENNETH BIANCHI

Born: Los Angeles, California.
Home: Los Angeles, California
and Bellingham, Washington.

Occupation: Hillside Strangler
Latest Accomplishment: Cindy
Lee Hudspeth, 20.

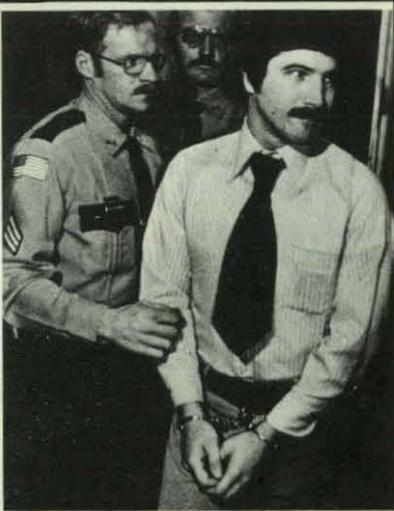
Quote: "You gotta treat 'em
rough."

Awards: Five life sentences for
murder, one life sentence for
conspiracy to commit murder,
five years in solitary, a
possible Emmy nomination for
that portrayal of multiple
personalities on TV since Sally
Field in *Sybil*.

Secret: His mother made him
wear a sanitary napkin because
of daytime pants-wetting.

Whiskey: Doer's Lite Label
and water. After knocking off a
couple of them, the Hillside
Strangler likes to kick back
and relax with Doer's Lite
Label.

Kenneth Bianchi

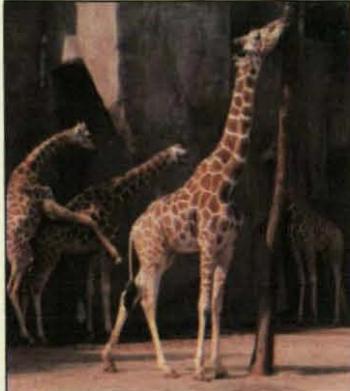
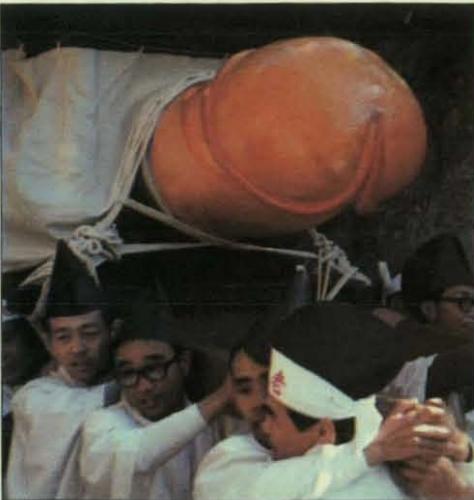


...And Carry a Big Stick

In Japan, as in many other countries, there are religious ceremonies connected with the worship of the male sex organ. Among the most famous of these phallic-worship ceremonies is the Honen Matsuri, held every March 15 at the Taagata Shrine in Inuyama, Japan.

In the procession, men bear an enormous wooden penis while women carry smaller replicas of the same symbol. The ceremony celebrates the marriage of the god Takeinazumi-no-mikoto to the goddess Arata-hime-no-mikoto, and insures the gods' blessings on the

year's harvest. We always knew the Japanese had their heads in the right place.



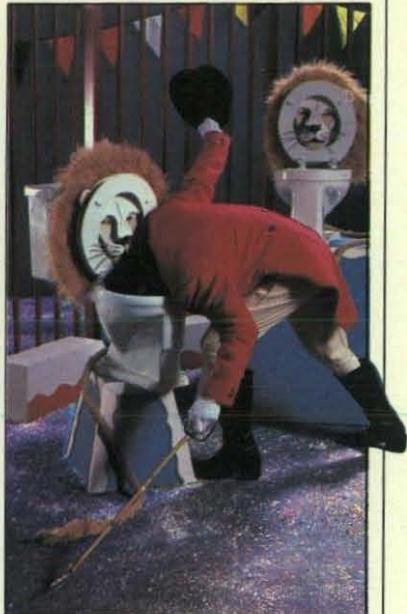
Lust in the Jungle

It's a jungle out there. A female must constantly fear an attack from behind by some creature who wants to lurk

in her bush. These reader-submitted photos of the wild life are proof that the beast is always after the beauty.

Toilet-Training

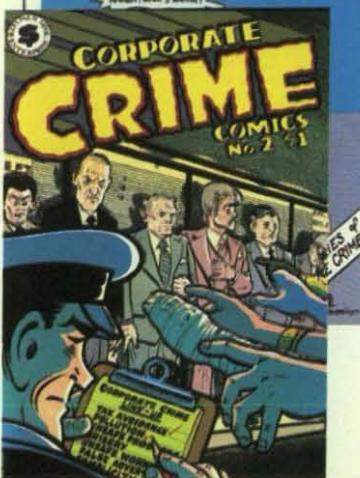
When we heard that toilet-training usually takes as long as four years, we knew we could do it faster; so we took these wild, untrained toilets from the rest rooms of darkest Africa and put them through their paces in record time. Not content just to have them jump through hoops, we've even mastered the most dangerous trick of all—putting your head in the head!



Ooooooh Noooooo!

Could this be the end of Mr. Bill's love life? No, it's not really the clay star of *Saturday Night Live* at all; it's Mr. Dick, mascot of the submarine U.S.S. *Flasher*. Crew member Mark Bolliger and his buddies made this little fella to amuse themselves.

Circumcised him a bit high, huh, fellas?



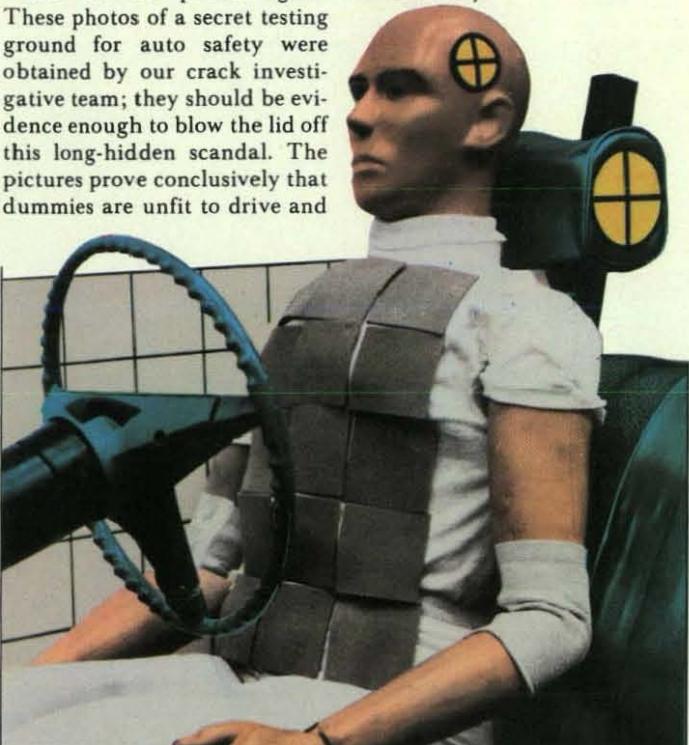
It's Not Funny

Who knows what evil lurks in the minds of the corporations? *Corporate Crime Comics* does, and for a buck they'll let you in on how the wheels of Big Business turn—on you. More fact than fiction, *CCC* combines stories of actual corporate crimes with the exciting graphics of the comic-book medium. Its publisher, Krupp Comic Works, is one of the largest producers of "underground comics," and this collection of illustrated crime classics is a natural offshoot. Krupp Comic Works' mailing address is P.O. Box 7, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968.

Unsafe at Any Speed

HUSTLER has beaten Ralph Nader to the punch again! These photos of a secret testing ground for auto safety were obtained by our crack investigative team; they should be evidence enough to blow the lid off this long-hidden scandal. The pictures prove conclusively that dummies are unfit to drive and

must be pulled off the road immediately.





Sight-Gag

HUSTLER is always on the lookout for a good sight-gag, and this one takes a step in the right direction.



Cheap to Feed Too!

This photo of a cute, abandoned pooch was sent to us by a reader. When he first found the dog, he tells us, he couldn't

resist the cuddly little animal. So far, though, the only trick he's been able to teach it is "lie down."



Blank Expression

We recently came across a survey of women's sexual attitudes, compiled by the Public Opinion Research Center of Seattle, Washington, which included the question, "How can a man of no special looks take you out?" That's a very good question. We hope it's not by car.

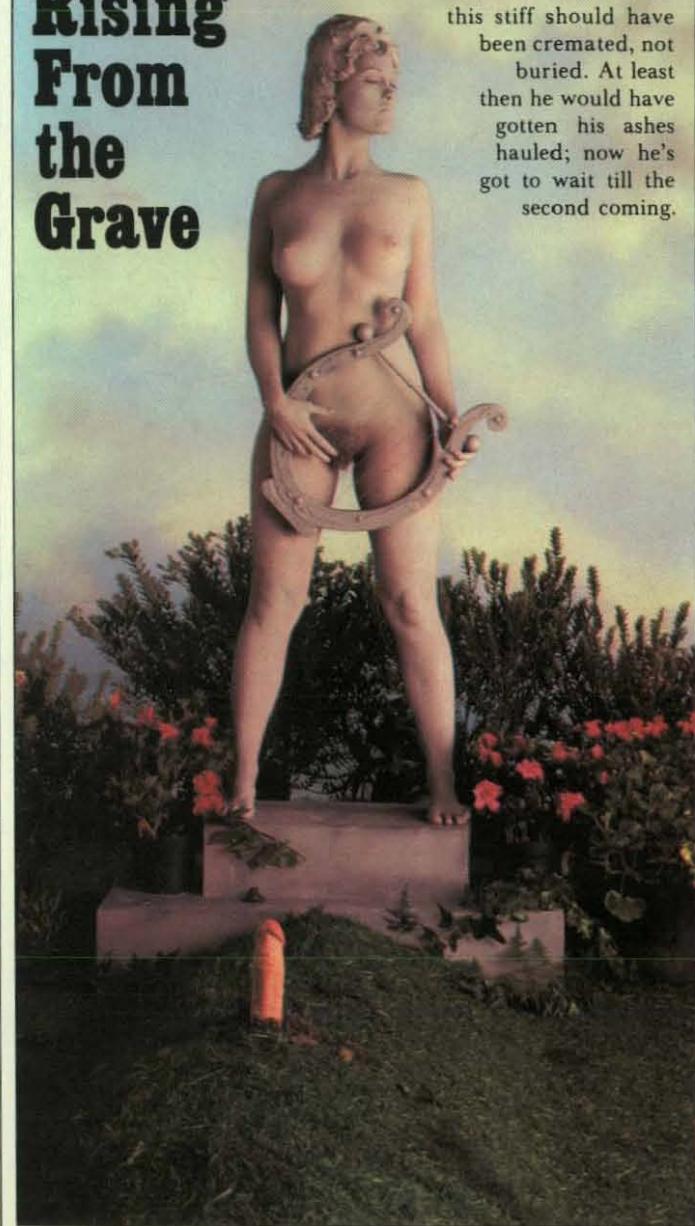
She Hates to Drink Alone

Have terrorists invaded Sesame Street and taken hostages? No, this strange photo is from the cover of an album by a rock band called Puke, Spit and Guts. To avoid an accidental tragedy like the Who's Cincinnati concert, where 11 people were trampled to death trying to get good seats, Puke and the gang like to take care of their audiences personally. For fan-club information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Important Records



(7131 Owensmouth Avenue, Suite B109, Canoga Park, California 91304).

Rising From the Grave



It's obvious to us that this stiff should have been cremated, not buried. At least then he would have gotten his ashes hauled; now he's got to wait till the second coming.

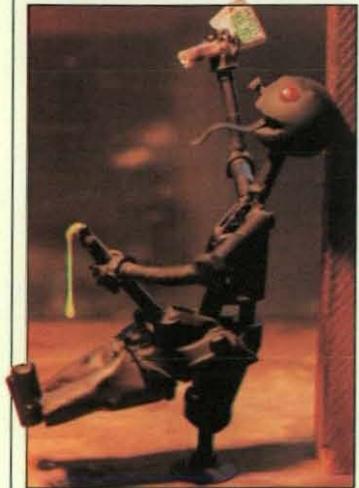


HONEY - FEBRUARY 1980

Rat Trap

We know that people do a lot of strange things with our foldouts, but here's a whole new angle. This

reader must have thought that cheesecake would work as well as cheese to lure a rat out of its hole.



Get-'tin' It Off

HUSTLER fan D. C. Mathews sent in this photo to show us how his creations get their "nuts" off. Mathews is a U.S. Coast Guardsman, and his hobby is welding together assorted pieces of metal to create 12-inch-tall figurines like the one shown here. We think that both D. C. and his screwy sculpture are good examples of the American "do-it-yourself" spirit.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"You love to romp in those puddles, don'tcha, boy?!"



Mini Meters

A crazy fan from Los Angeles sent us this photo to answer that age-old question, "Where do parking meters come from?" We expected some growth after all the rain in L.A. earlier this year, but to us this just means more slots to feed.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for interesting visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For August, \$150 and thanks to Mark A. Bolliger, M. Desfor, Clay Geerdes, Kraig Goff, D. C. Mathews and S. Sears.

HUSTLER Update

UP IN SMOKE

September '79



HUSTLER reported last year on the sickening increase in cigarette exports to underdeveloped nations. A World Health Organization committee-member has now warned that the "epidemic" of smoking will spread to the Third World nations unless their governments take immediate steps to stop it. Dr. Daniel Horn claims that cigarettes sold in the developing countries tend to have two to three times more tar and nicotine than those sold in the U.S. This makes them similar to those popular in the States in the '50s, before the widespread recognition of the health hazards of smoking. Horn agrees with HUSTLER's report that the tobacco companies hope to make up for shrinking markets in the industrial nations by expanding their sales in the Third World.

MALCOLM BRALY

1926-1980



Nationally renowned author Malcolm Braly died April 14 of injuries sustained in an auto accident. His HUSTLER articles, *Prison Reform: An American Horror Story* (May 1977) and *Torture: You'll Tell Them Anything* (May 1978), reflected his efforts to make the public aware of man's inhumanity to man. Braly was especially interested in exposing the truth about prisons, having spent more than 20 years behind bars. This period was covered in his book *False Start: A Memoir of San Quentin and Other Prisons*.

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Jeffrey Ressner

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Talk Dirty to Me

Here's the movie that should walk away with every adult-film award this year.

Talk Dirty to Me is the story of two inseparable friends who are complete opposites except for one thing—they both have an insatiable desire to get laid. But even in their shared sex drive they differ: One succeeds; the other doesn't.

John Leslie, in his best performance to date, plays Jack, a good-looking stud with the uncanny ability to tell women precisely what they want to hear. Richard Pacheco is absolutely sensational as Jack's friend Lenny, a grown man with the mind of a little boy. Jack is Lenny's idol and the man who one day, Lenny hopes, will help to get him laid.

This is just one of several sexual challenges that Jack meets. Another occurs when he sees a girl named Marlene (Jesie St. James) walking alone on the beach. Marlene is so beautiful that Jack vows to fuck her within three days. Upon discovering that the key to her libido lies in her hunger for dirty talk, Jack proceeds with the eloquence of a master salesman.

The path to Marlene's bed is cluttered with lesser challenges, none of whom Jack overlooks. A beautiful lady doctor (Chris



Jesie St. James lets her fingers do the walking in 'Talk Dirty to Me.'

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

	ERSECTION
	A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
	THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
	Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
	HALF ERECT
	So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
	ONE-QUARTER ERECT
	A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
	TOTALLY LIMP
	A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

Cassidy) who mends Lenny's injured ankle is paid for her efforts with Jack's own prescription—one large prick. And a real-estate agent (Juliet Anderson) who discovers the two buddies freeloading in a vacant house considers Jack's services as payment in full for any delinquent rents. Of course, Jack finally gives Marlene the mouthful she'd been yearning for. And Lenny too comes of age, thanks to the generosity of Jill (Dorothy LeMay), one of Jack's girlfriends.

Talk Dirty to Me is a dramatic, as well as sexual, success. Even without its erotic scenes the film would have substantial box-office appeal. For the credit goes to the entire cast and to scriptwriters Dean Rogers and Anthony Spinelli. Veteran porn artist Spinelli also directed the film, handing in his best work ever. He's indeed a master craftsman, and has put together a story that is at once fantastic and believable. Audiences will immediately identify with both Jack the superstud and Lenny the loser.

Talk Dirty establishes a new and welcome standard in X-rated filmmaking. Without a doubt this is one of the best hard-core films of all time, and it genuinely deserves our highest rating. —Manny Neuhaus

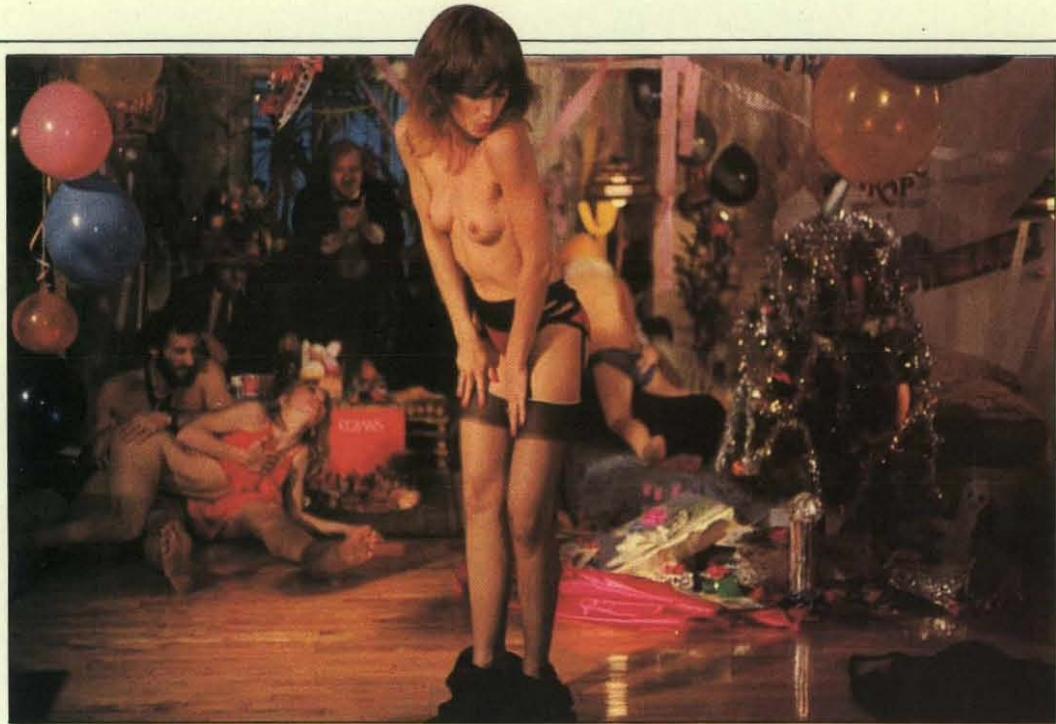
Secrets of a Willing Wife

Here's the movie that should walk away with every adult-film award this year.

Secrets of a Willing Wife is a premise as common to X-rated films as hookers are to a political convention. *Secrets of a Willing Wife*, however, proves that there's room for at least one more film based on a domestic squabble.

This ribald look at a failing marriage tells the story of Susan (Merle Michaels), a young, dutiful wife who comes home to find her husband in bed with her best friend, Genie (Rikki O'Neal). Shocked and confused, Susan leaves her house determined to "find herself."

To help her get over her troubles, Susan's psychiatrist refers her to Madam Chi Chi (Sara Lane), a wild South American sexpot who likes to wear oversized hats covered with plastic



An orgy scene from 'Secrets of a Willing Wife,' a ribald and witty film about a failing marriage.

fruit. Chi Chi shows Susan a variety of erotic exercises to make her a more-exciting lover and enable her to win her husband back from Genie.

Under Chi Chi's tutelage, Susan experiences the joys of masturbating with a hairbrush handle. She also has a lesbian fling. Later she's instructed to seduce and ball a perfect stranger in an adult-film theater. Eventually Susan gets the knack for fucking well, becomes a consummate cock-sucker and finally triumphs over Genie in a bedroom battle for her husband.

The low-budget production values of *Willing Wife* enhance the lowbrow humor that runs throughout the film. In an orgy scene, for example, there's a "Stop VD" poster displayed in the background, while a group of men gang-bangs an inflatable love doll.

The rest of the film is sprinkled with witty, if not entirely original, dialogue. ("I'm going to have a party in my mouth," Susan informs her shrink after her sexual education, "and I want you to be the first to come.")

So if you want humor as well

as sex in a hard-core film—and who doesn't?—*Secrets of a Willing Wife* scores on both counts.

—M.N.

Sizzle

When an accomplished cameraman turns director, you can expect a film with engrossing photography and impressive composition. Larry Revene's *Sizzle* is such a picture. From opening credits to closing sequence it's an uncommonly exquisite hard-core production.



Genie (Rikki O'Neal) proves she doesn't swallow all that stuff about adultery in 'Secrets of a Willing Wife.'

Unfortunately, *Sizzle's* premise is far too simplistic. The story, a series of sexual vignettes, traces the owners of a lucky silver charm from one decade to the next.

As the film begins (in the 1940s), the first person seen to possess the magical charm is a lady (Veri Knotty) who arranges a gang-bang where her large-lipped pussy is the main attraction. A few years later, in that same decade, a young man gets the charm, only to misplace it after being seduced by an older woman.

The next sequence, set in the 1950s, involves two hillbillies who steal the charm and kidnap a farmer's nymphomaniac daughter. This scene will have audiences alternating between hysterical laughter and a sudden urge to cover their laps with raincoats.

The two bumpkins (Roger Caine and Ron Jeremy) exhaust themselves fucking the simple country girl (portrayed by Merle Michaels, who also stars in *Secrets of a Willing Wife*). Eventually the country girl wears out the two yokels, and they have to pay her father to take the girl off of their hands (and cocks).

The sensational 1960s see the charm make its way into the hands of two nubile flower children who travel around in a psychedelically painted van. The two female hippies pick up a hitchhiking surfer boy, and as he falls asleep in the back of the van, he dreams of fucking both girls at the same time.

Up until the end of this scene the film never misses a beat. But *Sizzle's* final two sequences take the movie on a severe plunge into mediocrity. As the charm makes its way into the 1970s, the "fucked-up family" becomes the film's major theme. At a family picnic two sisters swap mates for some sex in the woods. Their in-laws are aghast at the affair, which they feel borders on incest. The scene is an abomination. It's overstuffed with dialogue and should have been cut out of the final print.

Sizzle's finale also fizzles. It's dull, uneven and makes little sense in the overall context of the movie. A woman who emerges from the sea fucks a young boy who has just found

the charm on the beach. And that's all. It makes absolutely no sense whatsoever and looks as though it was added as an afterthought.

All of which is not to say that *Sizzle* should be missed. On the contrary, the film is pretty to look at throughout, and three-quarters of it serves up some sensational sex as well. —M. N.

Kate and the Indians

There are certain difficulties in mixing humor with sex in the same film. But if you've never seen an X-rated comedy before, you'll want to see *Kate and the Indians*. It's 83 of the kinkiest, most hilarious minutes you'll ever spend in an adult-movie theater. In fact, the only reason *Kate* doesn't get our highest rating is that the sex scenes are sometimes over-



Jessie Adams (left) and Kandi Barbour ride Jo Jones in 'Sizzle.'

shadowed by the humorous ones.

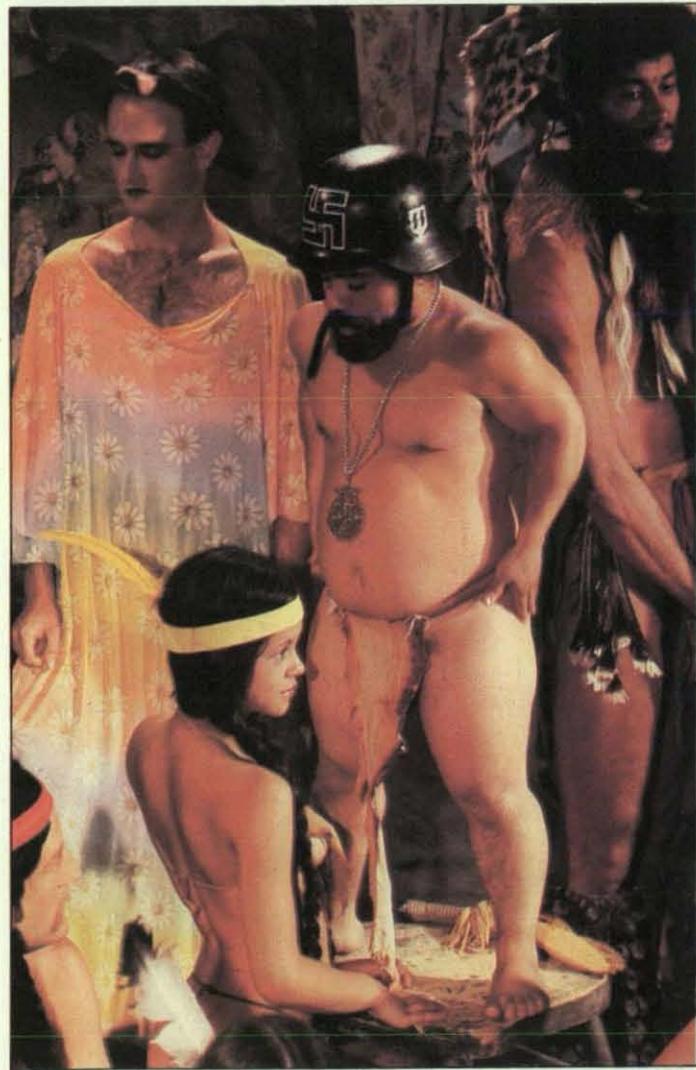
As the film begins, Professor von Martin (Jack Shute) and his prize student, Kate (Kandi Barbour), are driving deep into the desert in search of an ancient gold medallion. When their jeep breaks down, the pair find themselves stranded on the

sacred ground of the Fuckatoo Indians—the strangest redskins to hit the screen since the ones in *F Troop*. Hopelessly lost in the uncharted wasteland, the Prof and Kate bump into Bill (Mike Ranger), an unemployed scout and blood brother of the Fuckatoos. Persuaded by Kate's alluring sexual charms, Bill leads them to the chief and his tribe.

Looking more like Mel Brooks than Sitting Bull, the Chief (Bobby Dee) spends most of his time rattling off one-liners and participating in pagan orgies. Although Kate at first resists taking part in the gangbangs, she soon learns that red meat can be just as tasty as white. The high points of the film, these orgy sequences are filled with amusing visual jokes, such as an Indian squaw giving head to a midget, and a girl delivering blowjobs while chewing and popping bubble gum.

Besides the flick's free-wheeling, comedic tone, *Kate* has a few other things in its favor. The movie was shot entirely on location in the California desert, and the beautiful Sierra Nevada mountains provide a perfect background for the outdoor sex scenes. Another plus is the appearance of Kandi Barbour (also seen in CHIC's November 1979 photo-feature *Happy Landing*) in her hard-core comedy-feature debut. Kandi's a cute, winsome lady, and we hope to see more of her onscreen in the future.

As the picture's advertising blurb says, "If you think the Indians got screwed when they sold Manhattan, wait till you see *Kate*." —J. R.



A redskin squaw gets ready for Nazi foreskin in 'Kate and the Indians.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

Bon Appetit
Fantasy Island
Her Name Was Lisa
Legend of Lady Blue
Sensational Janine
Star Virgin
The Budding of Brie
The Ecstasy Girls

Three-Quarters Erect

Blonde in Black Silk
Caligula
Frat House
Heavenly Desire
Jack 'n Jill
Ms. Magnificent
Pro Ball Cheerleaders
Satin Suite
Tangerine
Tigresses—and Other Maneaters

Half Erect

Bangkok Connection
Chopstix
Double Your Pleasure
Female Athletes
For Richer, For Poorer
Fulfilling Young Cups
Hot Legs
John Holmes, Superstar
Olympic Fever
Robins Nest
Screwples
Taxi Girls
Telefantasy
The Pleasure Shoppe
The Sensuous Detective
Two Sisters

One-Quarter Erect

Dracula Sucks
Inside Desirée Cousteau
More Than Sisters
Mystique

Totally Limp

Candy Goes to Hollywood!
Carnal Highways
I Am Always Ready
Sweet Savage
Three Ripening Cherries
Tropic of Desire

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

Starart

Designed and edited by Debby Chesher; *Starart Productions, Ltd., Box 29, Site 1, Rural Route 1, D'Winton, Alberta, Canada T0L 0X0; \$32.50*

Joni Mitchell, John Mayall, Cat Stevens, Klaus Voormann, Ron Wood and Commander Cody are all big names in the world of rock 'n' roll. Besides that, each is a real honest-to-Picasso artist who could probably make it just as well in painting or sculpture as they have in the recording studio.

Joni Mitchell writes poetry, plays several instruments, composes songs and performs them. And her artwork is as special as the rest of her talents. In this oversize, 9" x 12" book Joni shows off her artistry with paints and writes about it too.

John Mayall, founder of the legendary Bluesbreakers band, has recorded some 30 albums. He's also poured out a lot of drawings, paintings and sculptures. Mayall, known as "the Grandfather of British Blues," isn't into art as a mere moonlighting gig. Apparently he enjoys tuning in artistically to the same place his music comes from. Aside from his paintings and sculptures, his works include carved guitars,

pen-and-ink sketches and crayon portraits.

Cat Stevens draws everything from cartoons to works that look like Oriental rice-paper paintings. Like Joni Mitchell, Cat also designs many of his own album covers, including the one for *Mona Bone Jakon*.

Klaus Voormann drew one of the most famous album covers of all time—the Beatles' *Revolver*. In addition to drawing and painting, he also makes gold, silver and bronze castings.

Rolling Stones rhythm guitarist Ron Wood's section of the book is arranged in chronological order. Included in *Starart* are his skillfully rendered portraits of Mick Jagger, Keith Richards and John Belushi. You can see Wood's talent grow like a flowering tree.

George Frayne, otherwise known as Commander Cody (of *Lost Planet Airmen* fame), was an artist before he became a rocker. Although he headed for the West Coast to get into music, the Commander couldn't stay away from art. Judging from his portraits of Ming the Merciless and Lenny Bruce, we can all be glad of that.

If art is your thing, if you're curious about people who create or if you'd just like to see what these musicians do in their spare time, then this is your type of book. Admittedly, it's pretty high-priced. But it's a heavy package, beautifully arranged and produced, and well worth the money.



John Mayall's sexy swimming pool gets some exposure in 'Starart.'

The Brethren

By Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong; *Simon and Schuster, Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020; \$13.95*

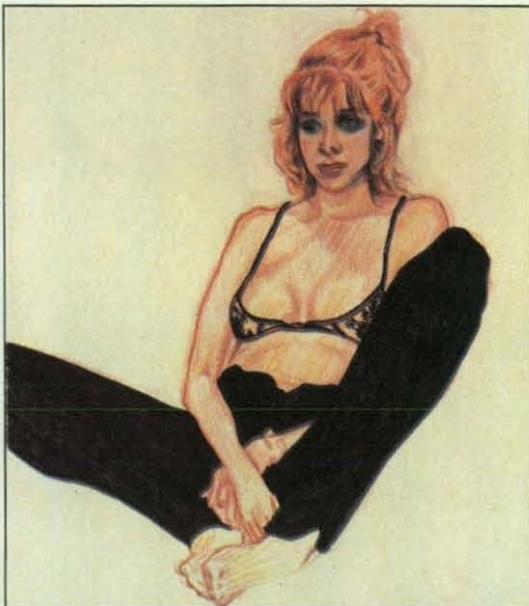
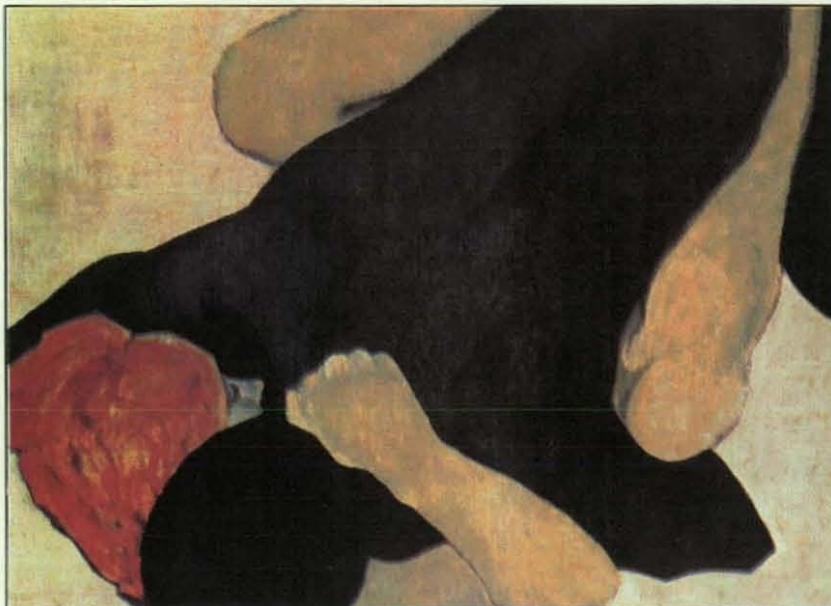
After Alfred Kinsey's first book about male sexuality came out in 1948, news got around that he was writing one about the female. Long before the second study appeared, a major woman's magazine printed a scared and angry editorial. "We don't want this thing out in public, do we?" it asked.

The same reaction took place when the buzz got around that Watergate journalist Bob Woodward was periscoping the U.S. Supreme Court: Oh, my God, how do these muckrakers

dare walk up those marble steps and peek under our justices' black robes? Can't they be stopped? Don't they care that the Supreme Court is the last word, the highest appeal, the bottom line on all the laws of the land?

You're damn tootin' they care! Investigative reporters can't be stopped, and won't be as long as this country claims to be a free one. Our greatest liberty is the right to speak freely, and this implies the right to know. That's where these guys are coming from.

The upshot is that, like the Kinsey bit, there was very little for the scared people to be scared about. *The Brethren* is merely a well-written gossip sheet about Supreme Court justices. What's revealed is what has always been true about the Court: that some justices hate each other, some are total ass-



Bluesman Mayall's paintings (left) and Ron Wood's crayon portraits (right) are both featured in 'Starart,' a collection of rock musicians' artworks.

holes, some sing one note all the time, and some are actually smarter than others.

It pays to remember that the Supreme Court's function is to interpret laws that already exist. But recently the justices handed down a series of rulings that greatly restrict our First Amendment rights. (For a description of these rulings, see Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement* in the May issue of *HUSTLER*.)

Perhaps the saddest thing about the Supreme Court is that the justices serve until they either retire or die. They are not elected officials; so they're not responsive to the public. The President is responsible for appointing justices to the Court bench. For this reason we're now stuck with four justices appointed by America's most notorious crook, Richard M. Nixon.

The Brethren provides the first penetrating look at our country's major judicial body. It may not be a great book, but at least it pokes a few holes in an institution that has always maintained a "holier-than-thou" image.

Fantastic Photographs

Text by Attilio Colombo; photographs selected by Lorenzo Merlo and Claude Nori; Pantheon Books, 201 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022; \$8.95

This volume—one of those big, glossy paperbacks—calls itself "the first book of its kind in the field of photography." More than 50 photographers are represented in this collection of surrealistic snapshots, and some of their work is quite interesting.

The book offers new vistas in camerawork, a high degree of flexibility in design and a lot of original ideas captured on film. Some of the pictures make it and some don't. The ones that do are mind-bending.

Many of the pictures are vivid sex fantasies. One shows five naked, masked girls grouped in an empty theater and leaning to one side as if riding a roller coaster. Another sexy photo shows a mountain range made up entirely of tits and



A mind-blowing picture by Hypgnosis, from 'Fantastic Photographs.'

nipples, with one of the boobs an active volcano! But the real startler is a nude female torso set against a white background. It takes a moment or two before you realize that the girl's two hands are thrust deep into "pockets" on her bare belly.

There are some really beautiful photographs in this collection—and some eerie ones. One that made our heads spin shows a pair of feet walking on the surface of a lake.

Many psychologists use a test in which they show a series of pictures to their patients and ask them to make up stories about the images. We wonder what would happen if someone swiped the psychologists' stack

of pictures and replaced them with this book!

Lovelives

By Samuel Dunkell, M.D.; New American Library, Inc., 1301 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019; \$2.25

Dr. Samuel Dunkell is a psychiatrist and the author of a popular book called *Sleep Positions*. In that book he suggested that your personality and lifestyle can be figured by the way you arrange yourself in the sack. In *Lovelives* he extends his theory into the field of sexual behavior—and he has a point.

For example, if your technique is "Wham, bam, thank

you, ma'am!" all the time, you're probably the kind of guy who maintains that attitude in other areas of your life—your job, your speech, even the decisions you make.

According to Dr. Dunkell, a man is obsessed with being dominant if he can only come while on top of a woman during lovemaking. And a woman who can't get off sexually unless she's under a man is passive and receptive. Granted, these statements don't sound especially profound or insightful. But Dr. Dunkell's theory goes farther than this.

He observes that a woman can be dominant while being below a man, by making all the moves while the guy just follows her lead. This type of woman is likely to act in a commanding manner outside the bedroom, even if she takes what seems to be a passive position during sex.

The thrust of *Lovelives* is to point out that people who can change their pace, build up a repertoire and develop a broad technique make better lovers. And the nice thing about the book is that Dr. Dunkell doesn't leave all his ideas to mere theory; he also shows the hows and whys. For example, you can employ one sexual position because it increases skin and eye contact, another position because you can get deeper penile penetration and still another because your woman can have more freedom in her movements.

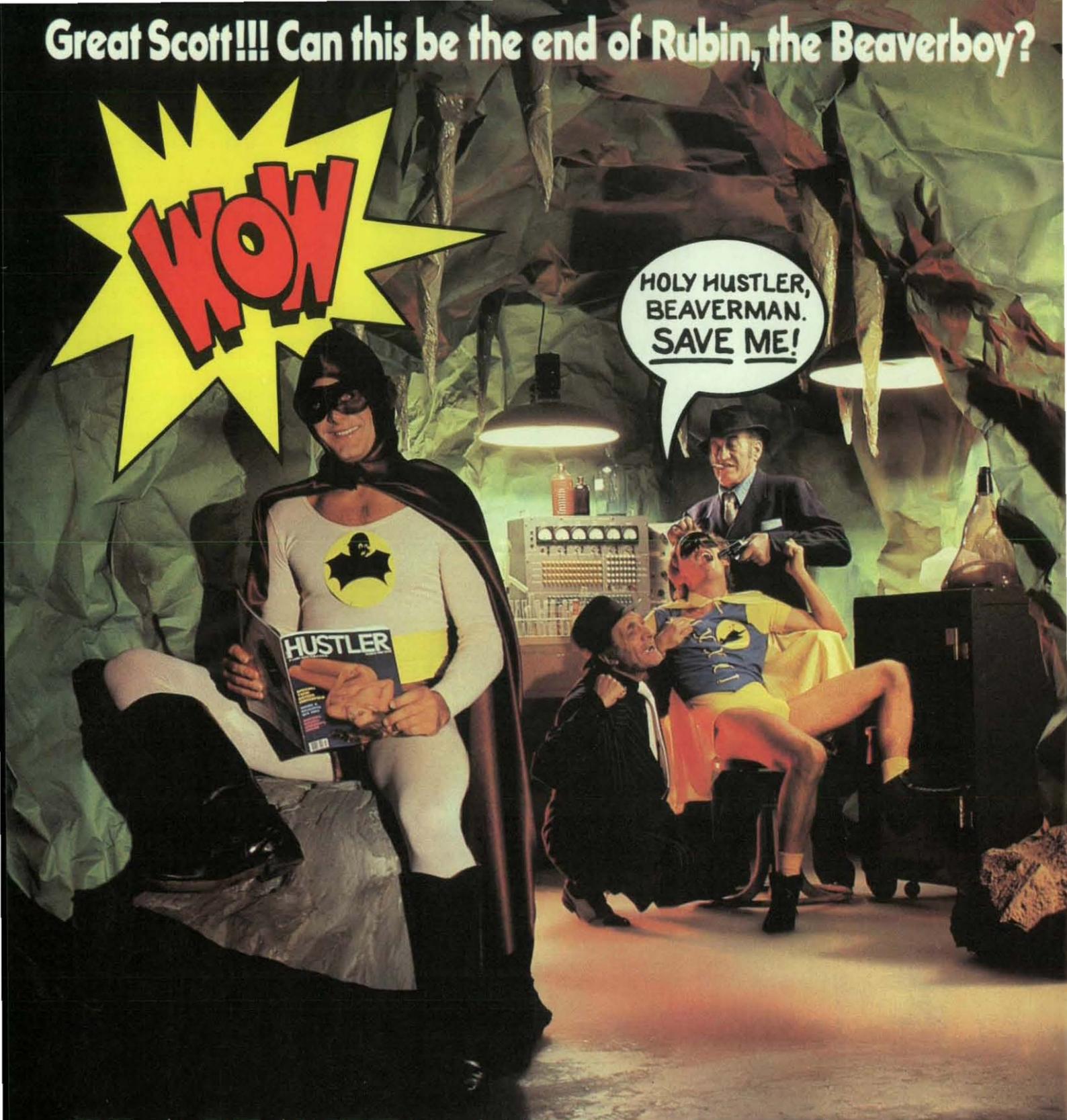
In conclusion, *Lovelives* is really a solid and useful handbook for those people interested in body language.



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Alan met Barbara for the first time at a Sunday-afternoon picnic. Within a few hours they were alone together on a bed of pine needles deep in the woods. Alan had unbuttoned Barbara's blouse and was reaching for the zipper on her jeans when she said, "You're going to have to be satisfied with a blowjob, Alan. I didn't bring my diaphragm."

"Don't worry about birth control," Alan assured her. "I'm sterile." At first Barbara wasn't sure whether or not to believe him. But Alan's lengthy explanation of how his two marriages had ended in divorce because he couldn't get his wives pregnant grounded Barbara's fears and removed her inhibitions.

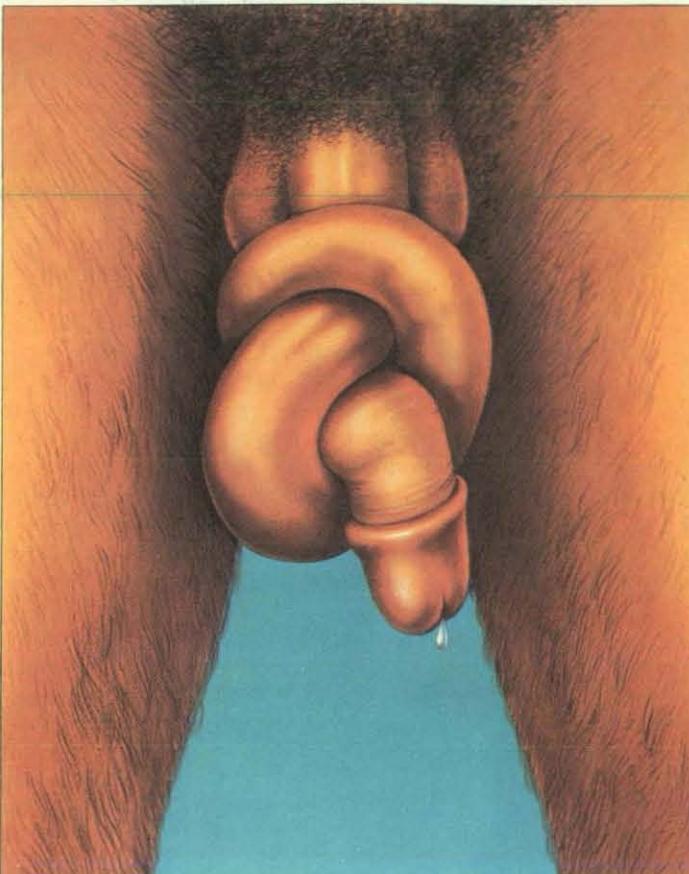
They fucked for hours, and for Barbara it was the beginning of the most sexually satisfying relationship she'd ever experienced. For once there was no question of getting up at the crucial moment to insert a diaphragm, no worrying about the potentially dangerous side effects of an IUD or birth-control pills.

So much for the positive aspects of male sterility. Six months later Alan and Barbara got married and decided they wanted to try to have a child together. Their predicament was not rare. It is estimated that one out of six couples in the United States has trouble producing children. Historically, most of the blame for this has been placed on the woman. But doctors now recognize that men and women are each the source of fertility problems about one-third of the time; in the remainder of the cases, physical incompatibility is at fault.

Until very recently science made little progress in the field of male sterility. The medical profession refused to take sexual problems of the male seriously. It was only when the first Kinsey report was published in 1948 that sexology became an established medical field.

Andrology, the study of male reproductive biology, is such a new word that you probably won't find it in your dictionary. One specialist in the field, Dr.

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



STERILITY IN MALES

by Laura Cavestani

Cappy Rothman, says, "As a medical student and resident I learned nothing about the normal functioning man. I didn't hear one lecture on male reproductive systems or the manufacture of sperm."

But during the last ten years the study of male sterility has seen one of the most dramatic growth rates in the entire field of medical research. According to Dr. Rothman, it's now estimated that 40% of sterile men can be made fertile. Even more encouraging is the fact that the figure is expected to jump to as high as 70% in the near future.

Many so-called "sterile" couples are fertile, but they just don't understand

the basics of child-producing. A technique used by well-known sexologist William H. Masters is simply to go over the facts of life with his patients who have trouble conceiving. (One tip he might give them is to not have sex more than once every other day if there are conception difficulties. This is because it takes about 40 hours for a man's sperm supply to return to normal after an ejaculation.)

The production of sperm is a key factor in unveiling the mysteries of male sterility. For the majority of sterile men the problem is a low sperm count—less than 20 million sperm per cubic centimeter of semen. The average amount is 60 to 100 million sperm per cubic centimeter, while 40 to 50 million is considered borderline.

The sperm's appearance is also important. Healthy sperm are oval-shaped with straight tails. If sperm have split tails, split heads or funny shapes, they won't be able to impregnate a woman. The third vital characteristic of sperm is motility—how well they are able to move through the female reproductive tract to zero in on the egg. Even though it takes only one sperm to fertilize an egg, a great number of sperm are needed to build a "membrane" around the egg before one of them can go in and fertilize it.

Faulty sperm production is the reason for most cases of male sterility. But what causes these problems? Because male sterility is just beginning to be seriously researched, not all of the reasons have been discovered. Here's a partial list:

Incompatibility. In these cases the woman's reproductive system is functioning normally, and the man's semen contains plenty of healthy sperm. Although everything seems ready for conception, the woman produces antibodies that deny the sperm access to her cervix. This form of infertility can be cured by intrauterine insemination, whereby the sperm is placed directly in the woman's uterus.

Another treatment for incompatibility is known as "condom therapy." Here a man uses a rubber during intercourse except when the woman is in her fertile period. Using a condom reduces the woman's exposure to her partner's sperm and may cause her to stop producing the problem-causing antibodies.

Excessive heat. It's long been known that high temperatures have an adverse effect on sperm production. The temperature of the testicles, where sperm is produced, is normally five degrees lower than the body's normal temperature of 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit. Should the heat level of the testicles be raised, part of the sperm's maturation cycle will be altered, and the sperm count will drop drastically.

Quite a number of sterility problems can be solved simply by staying away from hot tubs, saunas and whirlpool spas. Tight pants and snug underwear are also bad for sperm production, since they push the testicles up into the groin, where body temperature is very high.

In fact, a new male contraceptive device claiming to induce temporary sterility is nothing more than a fur-lined jockstrap with a built-in heating device that warms the testicles and fouls up sperm production. However, this jockstrap is not an effective form of birth control, and those who

purchase it will be wasting their money.

Toxic chemicals. Industrial and agricultural poisons, including pesticides, herbicides and fungicides, have been found to induce sterility in men who work around them. According to Dr. Channing Meyer of the Occupational Health Clinic in Cincinnati, Ohio, "I think the day isn't far away when new employees at industrial plants may be routinely asked to provide sperm samples."

Varicocele. This condition refers to the presence of varicose veins in the testicles. Some experts theorize that the veins can cause sterility by raising the temperature of the testicles. Whatever the reason, varicocele can be cured by several methods, including surgery.

Illness. A sperm count is a mirror of a man's state of health. Any chronic or acute illness will more than likely reduce a man's sperm count. Mumps, diabetes, spinal-cord injuries and high fevers have all been known to adversely affect the production of healthy sperm.

Radiation. Men exposed to high levels of radioactivity due to atomic explosions or leakage from nuclear-power plants can be rendered sterile. In some cases, men exposed to radiation have lost all their sperm temporarily, a condition known as azoospermia.

Drugs. Recently there's been a lot of

talk about marijuana's contributing to sterility. Although tests in this area have been inconclusive, many doctors will advise patients who have trouble conceiving to cut down their intake of weed. Alcohol may also have a detrimental effect on sperm production, some researchers believe.

What can sterile couples do if they want to have children? Adoption used to be a good solution, but liberalized abortion laws have changed all that; now there are nowhere near enough "unwanted" babies to go around. Another solution is artificial insemination by an unknown donor. But before resorting to that, most men seek help from fertility specialists.

The newest area of fertility research is called reproductive endocrinology. At puberty, endocrine glands located at the base of the brain begin to secrete hormones that circulate through the bloodstream to the testicles. One of these hormones, known as FSH, stimulates the testicles to produce sperm, while another, LH, stimulates the production of the male hormone testosterone.

Doctors have been successful in treating men with drugs if their bodies were not producing proper amounts of these hormones. Positive results have been seen with such drugs as Clomid and Pergonal, both originally developed as fertility drugs for women. Unfortunately, the Food and Drug Administration has been very slow in clearing these substances for public use.

The cost of sterility treatments varies. Laboratories charge about \$25 for a single semen analysis, though a full range of tests can run to more than \$1,000. The various forms of surgery can cost several thousand dollars, but in most cases medical insurance will cover the expenses.

Many of the teaching hospitals across the country have opened fertility clinics staffed by reproductive endocrinologists, geneticists and psychiatrists as well as andrologists and gynecologists. However, considering how many people are in need of their services, it's amazing that there is still no medical-board certification for fertility specialists. Any interested physician who sends a check in to the American Fertility Society can hang one of its plaques on the wall.

The 188 Planned Parenthood affiliates can provide more information about fertility clinics in your area. Listings of specialists and other infertility resources can be obtained by sending \$2 to the national fertility-counseling group, RESOLVE (P.O. Box 474, Belmont, Massachusetts 02178).

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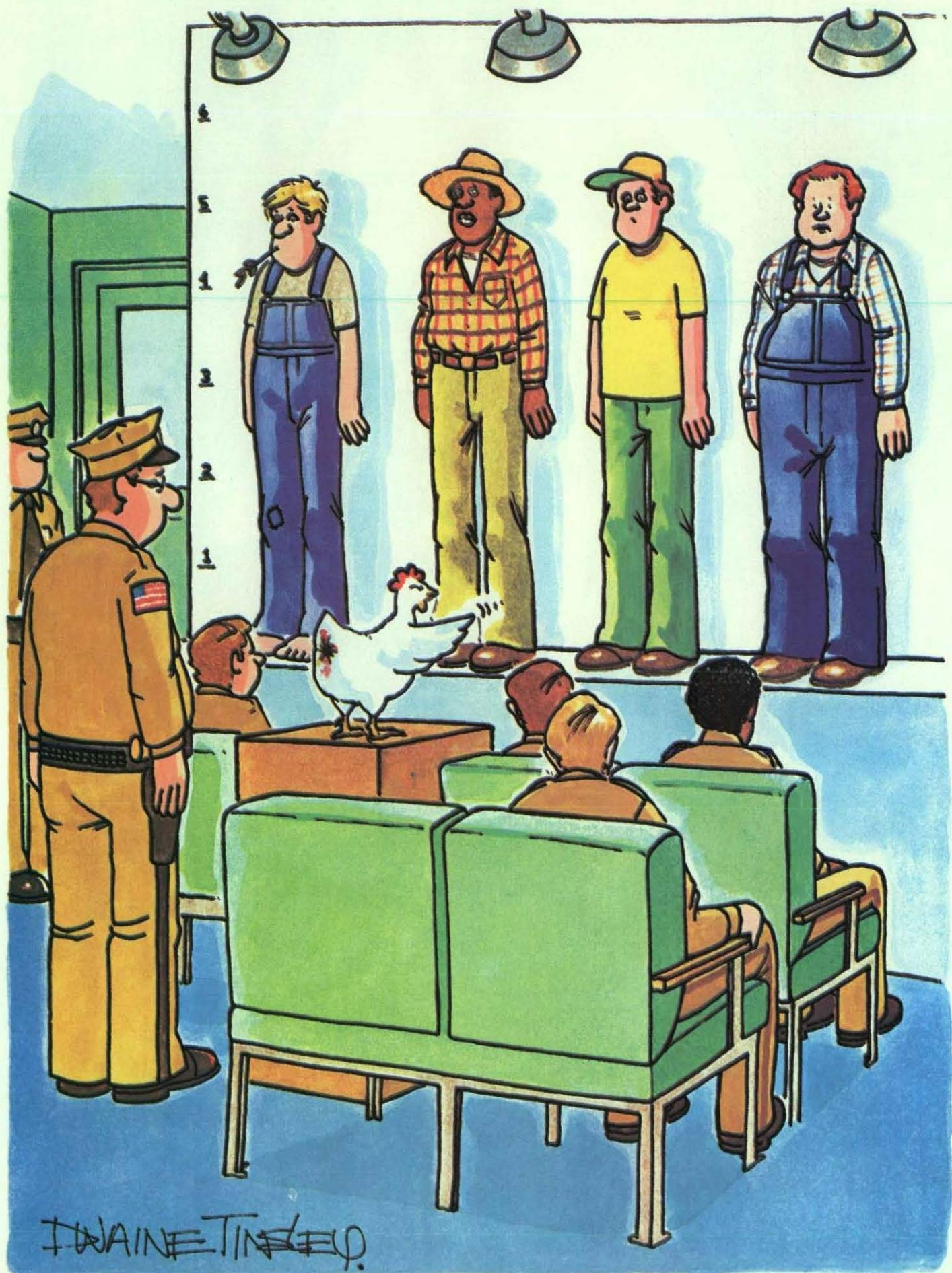
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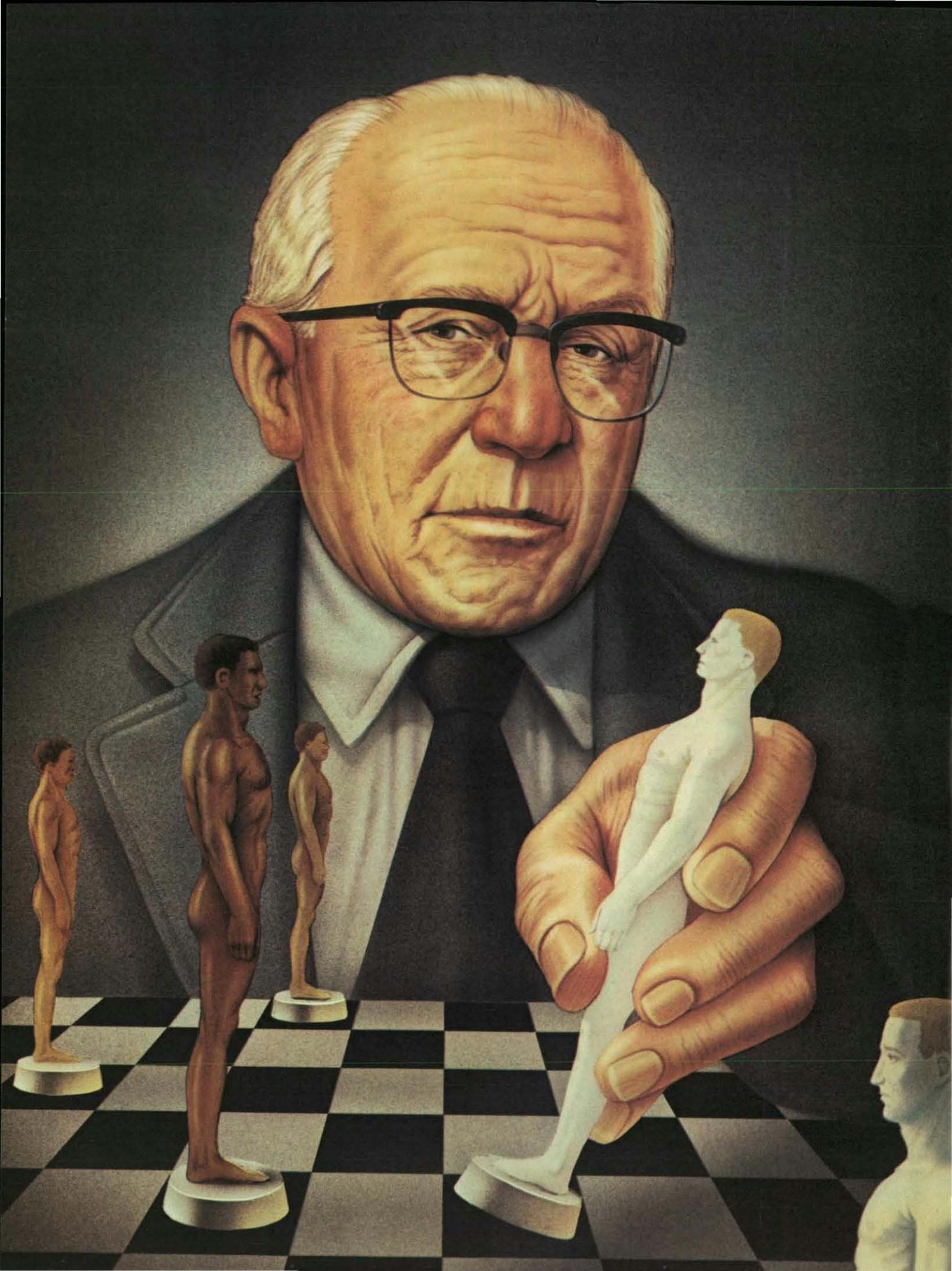
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WILLIAM SHOCKLEY

RACIST OR REALIST?

Jacking off for the good of mankind! Somehow the scene comes off as comic, and maybe even a little sad:

Here we have a short, somewhat portly 70-year-old with a shiny bald head. He's an intense and serious man, winner of the coveted Nobel Prize in Physics. William Bradford Shockley, who scientific colleagues have called an authentic genius, is alone in a room. We can fairly imagine that there might be a bottle of hand lotion or a box of tissues at hand. And, of course, to excite the scientific imagination—a visual aid. A copy of *HUSTLER* perhaps. Confident in what he is doing, Shockley urgently pumps and pumps.

Outside, a few feet distant, stands a California multimillionaire named Robert Graham. He is 73 and dressed in a business suit. With him is a white-jacketed technician, at the ready. They wait anxiously.

At length—success!

The door to the room opens. Shockley, who once opened the door to America's manned-space-flight program and a host of electronic marvels by helping to invent the transistor, shuffles out and hands over the warm specimen, a sticky splotch of semen deposited in a small plastic bag.

In the sperm-bank business he

has just made what is known, figuratively, as a "donation."

Shockley is happy. "I welcome this opportunity to be identified with this important cause," he says later.

The technician is happy. Swiftly smearing a gooey droplet on a microscope slide, he ascertains that the distinguished donor's sperm are many in number, have tails long and straight and are eager swimmers. Vials of the milkish stuff will be frozen in liquid nitrogen at minus-192 degrees Celsius. They'll be stored in a lead-shielded container resting in a dank underground chamber in Escondido, California.

The sperm-banker is also delighted. His idea is this: If every Nobel Prize-winner in science were to jack off for his sperm bank, and if all the healthy sperm they spurt were then introduced into the wombs of highly intelligent women, the human race would be enriched by that many more smart children. It is unlikely that Alfred Nobel ever envisioned that recipients of his solemn prize would encourage others to masturbate for the benefit of the human race.

For years William Shockley has been charging down a path distinctly his own among Nobelists. He has

journeyed an incredible distance—from the highest pinnacle of professional esteem to the depths of scorn and ridicule. There is but one reason for his fall from grace. Shockley holds highly controversial views about the inborn genetic inferiority of black people. And because of these views, in the eyes of most of his academic peers and many of his fellow Americans, he has fallen all the way from great man to outcast.

Doggedly, however, he pursues the same path, steadfast in his unpopular mission despite withering attacks. He is unyielding in asserting that our society may crumble under the dead weight of too many people with low intelligence quotients—particularly blacks at the lowest rung of socioeconomic life.

How withering the attacks? *Presbyterian Life*, a respected periodical for members of that Protestant denomination, all but called him an heir to Hitler. "An American Final Solution," an obvious allusion to the Nazi death camps, is how that religious publication branded a Shockley plan to pay bonuses to genetically inferior citizens in return for their voluntary sterilization. Shockley replies that he advanced the scheme only as a "thinking exercise," believing that a continuing

PROFILE BY GARY DIEDRICH

Illustration by Ignacio Gomez

dialogue is necessary for facts to be weighed and assimilated.

On the other hand, *White Power*—a newspaper founded by the late American Nazi leader George Lincoln Rockwell—boosts Shockley as “a modern Galileo,” referring to the famous astronomer who was persecuted for insisting that the earth revolved around the sun.

What does Shockley himself say? “All sorts of things can be misused,” he responds, unfazed. “Someday you might find Russian missiles coming over here being controlled and guided with the transistors I invented as parts in their computing system.”

What kind of man is this Shockley? And what can possibly sustain him in his lonely quest?

Of the more than 20 Nobel laureates in science living in California who were asked for sperm, only three consented. Most of the others dismissed the whole business as being “weird” or “silly.” But Shockley twice gave his precious bodily fluid to the Hermann J. Muller Repository for Germinal Choice—named for a Nobel-winning geneticist who also feared that the world’s gene pool was being drained of its best talent because the brightest individuals had too few children. And he was the *only* Nobel sperm-donor who went public.

Predictably, critics assailed both the

project and Shockley’s participation in it. A “master-race experiment,” screamed a *New York Post* headline. David Baltimore, a geneticist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, called for a government ban on such plans. Quoting a newsman, noted San Francisco columnist Herb Caen wrote: “Shockley’s donating sperm is proof that masturbating makes you crazy.”

Several experts even cast doubt upon whether the idea would work. Beliefs that high IQ is primarily inherited and that humans can be bred for brains the way stud farms breed horses for speed are vigorously disputed. If heredity did not strongly influence *all* advanced forms of animal life, Shockley scoffs back, that would amount to saying that “breeders of racehorses have all been hoodwinked when paying the stud fees demanded for Kentucky Derby-winners.”

The view held by the overwhelming majority of geneticists is that environment is much more important than genes in encouraging the full flowering of intelligence. Some of them, such as geneticist Theodosius Dobzhansky, downplay those—like Shockley—who emphasize the importance of IQ alone in assessing human potential.

In *Genetic Diversity and Human Equality* Dobzhansky writes: “No competent

scientist takes the IQ as a measure of overall quality or worth of human beings (although a part of the public has been misled into believing this). The possessor of a high IQ may be vicious, selfish, lazy and slovenly, and a lower IQ may be combined with kindness, altruism and careful and hard work.”

Regardless of how unpopular Shockley’s views may appear, they deserve to be examined. Writing in a pamphlet entitled “Human Quality Problems and Research Taboos,” he explains what first interested him in studying genetic differences. In 1963 he read about San Francisco delicatessen-owner Harry Goldman, who was blinded by acid thrown from a baby bottle by teenaged Rudy Hoskins.

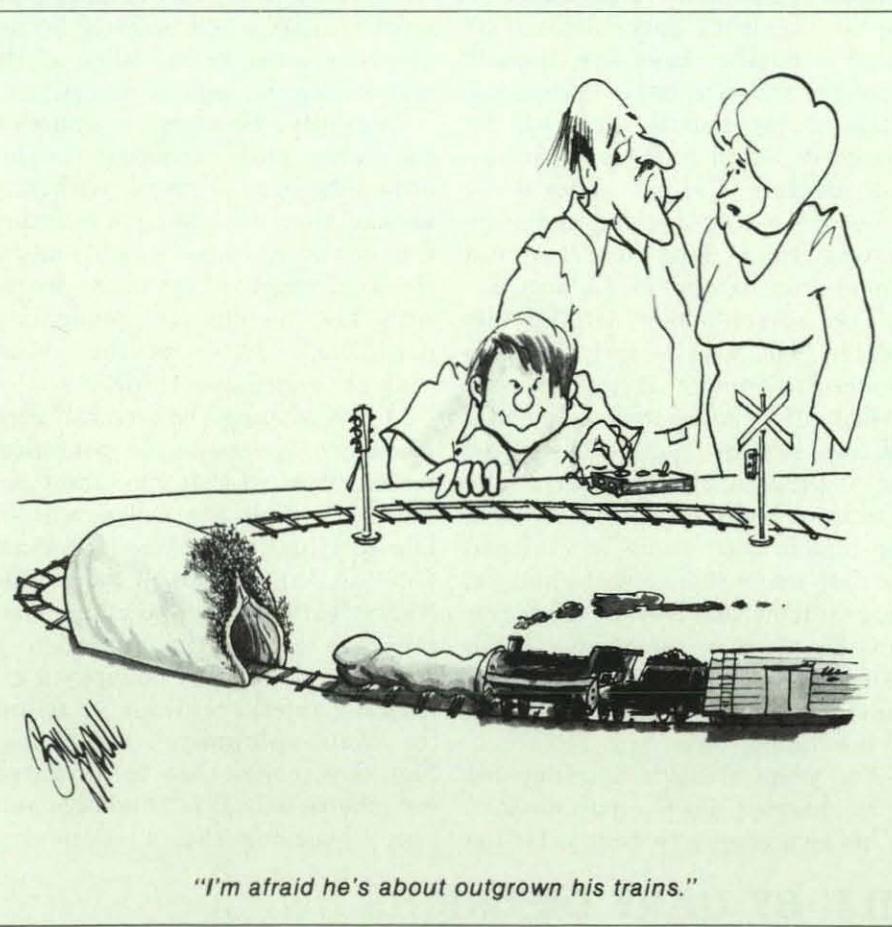
“Nicknamed ‘The Brute,’ [Hoskins] had an IQ of 60 to 65,” says Shockley. “He was one of 17 illegitimate children of a woman reported to have an IQ of 55, who could remember the names of only nine of her children. . . . I fear [she] is not an isolated statistic. I can see how if this sort of thing can occur at all in our society, it could snowball so that the fraction of our population composed of such people could double in less than 20 years and outnumber all the others in a few centuries.”

Nevertheless, many find his sperm-bank solution morally repulsive, a vague echo of Nazi Germany’s catastrophic call for an Aryan super-race and inappropriate for a nation based upon the declaration that all men are created equal.

Not for a minute is Shockley put off by such detractors. And it may already be too late to stop the Nobel babies’ first “crop,” a word he deliberately uses to underscore that the same laws of nature apply to all living organisms—whether corn, cows or ourselves. He can’t be certain, but there may already be a harvest of little Shockleys on the way.

Last summer the Hermann J. Muller sperm repository declared itself open by sending a bulletin to members of Mensa—an organization limited to people with IQs in the top 2 percent—soliciting female volunteers to be impregnated. Eventually, three East Coast women were chosen to receive free deposits from the bank. Although names of the fathers are being kept confidential, the women received physical descriptions of the Nobel donors, and were told how many children each had already sired (in Shockley’s case, three). “So she knows he’s not an untested stud,” notes sperm-banker Robert Graham.

Also among the vital statistics sent to the would-be Mensa moms were the donors’ IQs so the women would know



Ernest



"Oh, that's Rex. If you don't make me come, he'll rip your face off."

the men were no untested brains. Shockley says his IQ was in the 130s when it was measured many years ago. "I suspect it is higher than that now," he says wryly.

Shockley has never been told whether his IQ and other personal data struck the fancy of the sperm-seekers. A lid of secrecy is clamped on the project; when word of its existence hit the news earlier this year, nobody would say whether any of the women had become pregnant.

* * *

In any event, Shockley's seed has very definitely sprouted new life into his own career as a racial theorist.

Before confirming to the press that his sperm did indeed lay frozen in a vault, Shockley consulted friends from his home in Stanford, California. Among those whose advice he sought, he says, was William Loeb, conservative publisher of the *Manchester (New Hampshire) Union Leader*; Loeb was in favor of "fessing up."

Shockley needed a boost in visibility. His time recently had been devoted mainly to writing and to quiet research as president of a tax-exempt organization called FREED—Foundation for Research and Education on Eugenics and Dysgenics. The foundation is an effective means for Shockley, independently wealthy as a former manufacturer

of transistors, to shelter a portion of his fortune.

So Shockley kept busy—he is the classic my-life-is-my-work guy—but the speaking invitations were not pouring in the way they once did. His own field, you might say, needed reseeding.

Although Shockley denies he did it for the publicity, this much is certain: Since the sperm-bank business, he is back in the national headlines and lecturing again.

"I welcome this opportunity to be identified with this important cause," he told the *Los Angeles Times*. "But I want to make it clear also that I don't regard myself as a perfect human being or the ideal candidate. I'm not proposing to make supermen. But I am endorsing [Robert] Graham's concept of increasing the people at the top of the population, which is to be differentiated from antidysgenics—my past and present emphasis on reducing the tragedy for the genetically disadvantaged at the bottom." (By "tragedy," Shockley means that people who shouldn't have been born in the first place are forced to suffer a life of painful ignorance.)

Dysgenics, simply explained, means that dumb people who used to be killed off by plague or worked to death by feudal lords are surviving these days and having too many dumb kids. Therefore,

the "quality" of the human race is declining. *Eugenics* is "the improvement of human genetic quality by applying the known laws of heredity." Translation: Breed smart people by mating smart people—exactly the purpose of the Muller sperm bank.

Antidysgenics is the real guts of Shockley's concern. What can be done, he asks, to cut down on all that baby-making at the "bottom" of the population? So far he's come up with two plans, or "thinking exercises." One is the plan to give bonuses for voluntary sterilization, which Shockley describes thusly:

"Regardless of sex, race or welfare status, [bonuses] would depend on best scientific estimates of hereditary factors in disadvantages such as diabetes, epilepsy, heroin addiction, arthritis, etc. At a bonus rate of \$1,000 for each point below 100 IQ, \$30,000 put in trust for a 70-IQ moron potentially capable of producing 20 children might return \$250,000 to taxpayers in reduced costs of mental-retardation care.

"A feature that might frustrate the plan is that those who are not bright enough to learn of the bonus on their own are the ones most important to reach. The problem of reaching such people is what might be solved by paying the 10 percent of the bonus in spot cash. Bounty-hunter types attracted by getting a cut of the bonus might then persuade low-IQ, high-bonus types to volunteer."

The other "thinking exercise" involves issuance of certificates permitting a woman to have a child. It would work like this: First we would take a vote on the rate of population growth we want. Then every female of childbearing age would be semipermanently sterilized—Shockley believes this is medically feasible, using a hormone implant that can be removed or reinserted as needed—and given her certificates. They would be redeemable in turn for her official quota of babies.

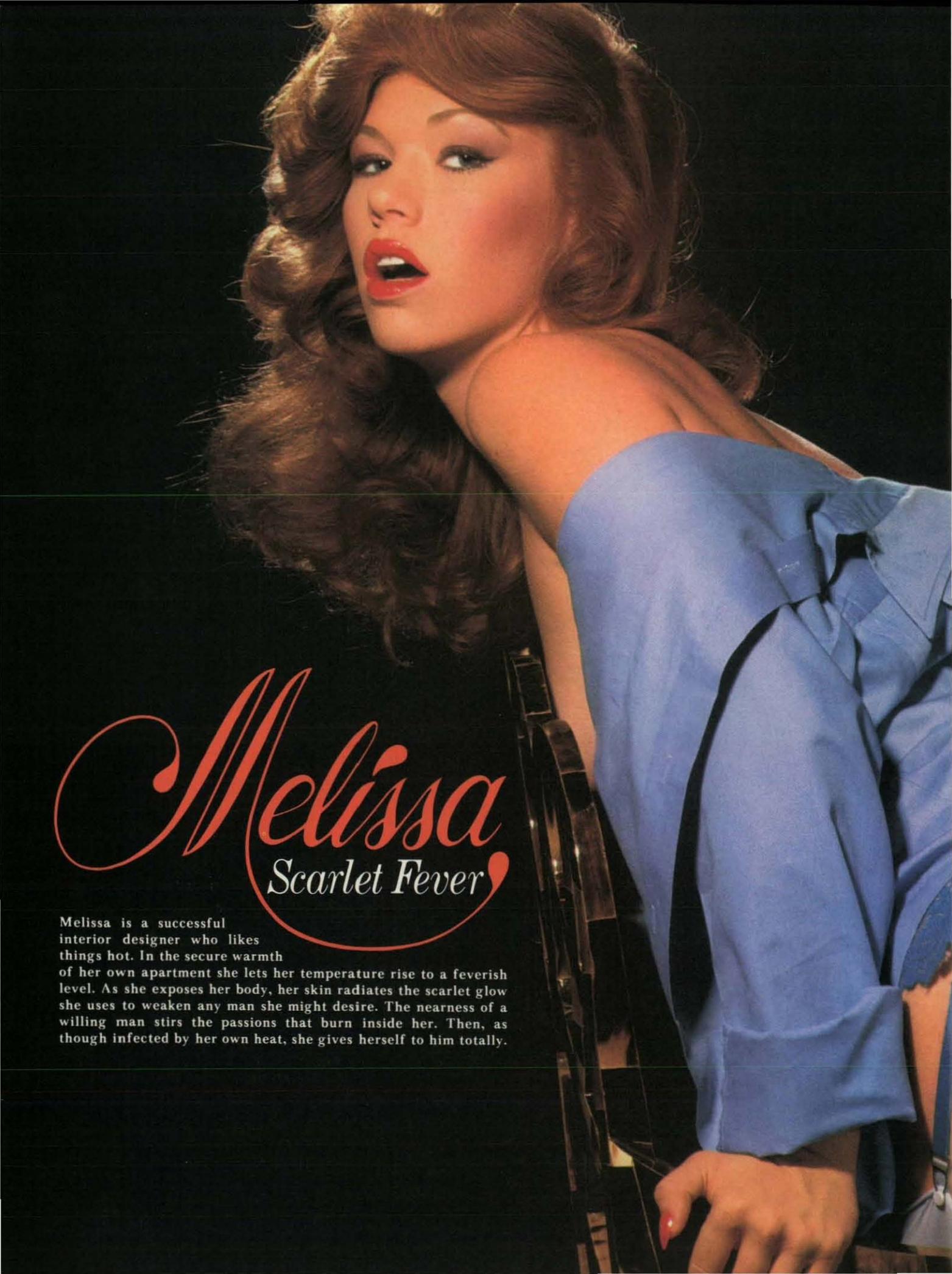
But here's the antidysgenic catch: The certificates would be for sale. And on the New York Stock Exchange, no less. The "haves" could buy up enough for extra kids, while the "have nots" might just be tempted to sell off their hopes for a family. Shockley says you could also donate your certificates to the church if you wanted to, presumably to be doled out to needy but worthy souls of acceptable intelligence.

So Shockley, a man who has been called everything from a neo-fascist to a Klansman and an advocate of black extermination, is now getting calls again from national magazines and big-time

(continued on page 48)







Melissa, *Scarlet Fever*

Melissa is a successful interior designer who likes things hot. In the secure warmth of her own apartment she lets her temperature rise to a feverish level. As she exposes her body, her skin radiates the scarlet glow she uses to weaken any man she might desire. The nearness of a willing man stirs the passions that burn inside her. Then, as though infected by her own heat, she gives herself to him totally.

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Photography by Clive McLean













WILLIAM SHOCKLEY

(continued from page 38)

TV outfits like the *Phil Donahue Show*.

William Shockley has been reborn.

But his message is not new. Historically, so-called "scientific" theories about the natural inferiority of blacks have been around at least since the 19th century, when they pacified the consciences of American slave-owners. Eugenics was faddish in the early decades of this century, but lost its appeal to most after the Nazis took it too seriously. For the past 15 years Shockley himself has been warning that the human species is decaying because dumber people multiply faster than smart ones.

And yet, compared to the standard profile of a racist, there is something different about this man. Something at odds with the highly emotional outcries his views excite.

There is his style: dry, technical, leaden with lifeless facts and numbers. His writings are ponderous and couched in the overly precise language of the engineer and statistician, both of which he is. Speaking, he often sounds like a tape-recorded technical journal, the words well-considered and carefully screened for content. He has both the professional patience and the arrogance of a

teacher accustomed to leading immature minds to "truths" he sees so clearly.

In short, Shockley is anything but a fire-breathing slogan-shouter.

There is the evidence he cites. The 1970 U.S. Census reported that black rural farm women aged 35-44 years averaged 5.4 children each, while black mothers with college degrees in the same age group averaged only 1.9 babies. Thus, those born to farmers will "nearly triple in one generation," he predicts.

Meanwhile, "the class represented by black women college graduates may be dying away." This, Shockley says, is "one of the clearest indications that our social structure is dysgenic," or going in an undesirable evolutionary direction.

Who says kids from poor families are dumber than those born to the well-to-do?

The answer, says Shockley, is found in a massive study started in 1920 at Stanford University. This study, he says, proves that children from the poorest, least-educated backgrounds will "have basically lower IQs than those near the top" in society.

"Stanford selected in the California school system some 1,000 individuals who came in the top 1 percent of the population for IQ," he explains. "These were called the 'gifted group.' These

were followed for as long as 40 years. They outperformed the general population in such things as winning Pulitzer Prizes, avoiding jail and earning more money. They had about 2,500 children, of which they were able to give IQ tests to 1,500. Within the 1,500 the average IQ was 137. There wasn't a single case of mental retardation, which was defined as IQ below 70. There is a clear case if you choose the higher IQ, you get higher-IQ children and you get people who are in the higher socioeconomic range."

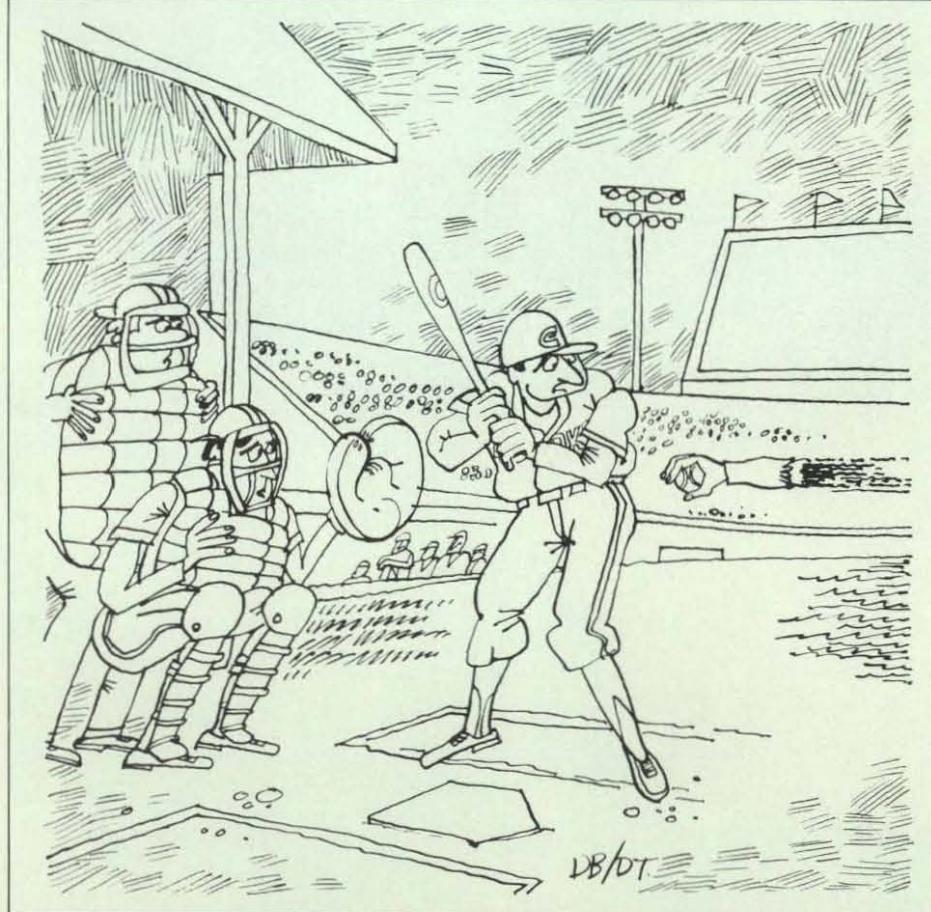
Other statistics he trotts out are equally impossible for the layman to dispute. There is one chance in 2,000, Shockley says, that he's wrong in his conclusion that "at least 80 percent" of IQ is hereditary among whites. For low-IQ blacks, he asserts, intelligence scores rise a point with each percentage of Caucasian ancestry. He once challenged Roy Wilkins, head of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, to collect blood samples from black intellectuals to be "analyzed" for white percentages. Wilkins refused.

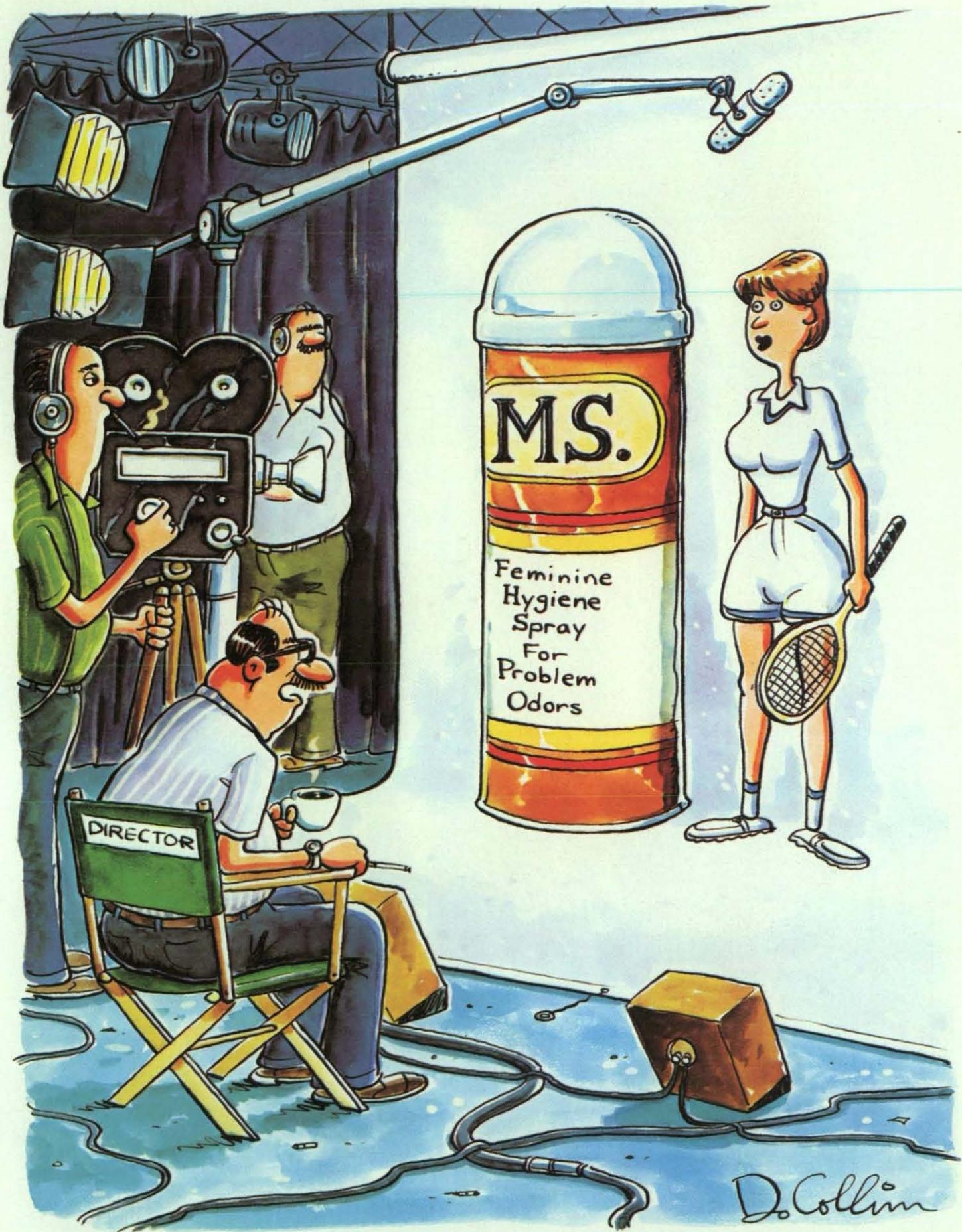
Only geneticists and other experts have the analytical tools with which to refute Shockley. Interestingly, such close academic scrutiny is just what Shockley is looking for. "If proven wrong," he proclaims, "my distress over a scientific setback would be more than compensated by the fact that the new findings would be of great benefit."

Seems his many scholarly detractors would jump at such a challenge, doesn't it? Wrong. He may as well be shouting into a hurricane. Nobody, it seems, is listening.

In the spring of 1968 a professional engineering society asked him to address its 25th-anniversary meeting, then canceled the whole affair after hearing he intended to expound upon his genetic theories. At a gathering of Nobel laureates in 1976 Shockley suggested that his fellow participants take lie-detector tests to establish the sincerity of their racial views. No one agreed to the stunt, but they did groan, glare and give Shockley dirty looks as he demanded that these giants of intellect examine his ideas seriously. He even took on the National Academy of Sciences, unsuccessfully urging that respected body to fund a study of eugenics, dysgenics and race.

What of the hallowed traditions of academic freedom and of unrestricted inquiry? Geneticists agree that Shockley cannot be fully disproved (or vindicated) without further research. There is insufficient data. Yet no research is be-
(continued on page 132)





"All right, let's take it from the top. You're young, you're vibrant, you enjoy life, but your crotch smells like a dead skunk."



Terrorism

YOU ARE THE TARGET

Consider what it would be like to be one of the Americans taken hostage by terrorists at the U.S. Embassy in Iran. Imagine that you are a pawn in the hands of wild-eyed fanatics who could blow you away five seconds from now for no reason, who could snuff you because some guy with a turban and a long beard yells "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Think seriously about finding yourself in that grim situation, because the same terrorists who today attack foreign embassies and skyjack jetliners will very soon have weapons enabling them to hold entire cities for

ransom. Some of our best military analysts warn that most Americans live in the cities that will be picked as terrorist targets. You could very well wake up tomorrow to discover that you too have become a hostage.

Sound crazy, or a little like science fiction? Then think again.

A new age is dawning, in which "the instruments of warfare once possessed only by armies will be available to gangs," writes terrorism specialist Brian Jenkins of the Rand Corporation, a highly influential think tank that advises government and industry. How will they

REPORT BY LOWELL PONTE

Illustration by Dennis Carmichael



get such armaments? The materials and technical information required to manufacture weapons of immense destructive power—from nerve gas and lethal germs to atomic bombs—are available to enterprising and sophisticated terrorists... often with surprising, disquieting ease.

But even more likely and more scary, warns Jenkins, is that governments themselves are starting to use terrorism as a form of substitute warfare against other nations. Countries such as India are getting their hands on atomic bombs, but they have no intercontinental missiles or jet bombers to deliver them. If such a country wanted to attack the United States, an A-bomb-toting saboteur would be the logical delivery system to carry the weapon to its target. The deadly 3' x 3' package—weighing well under 1,000 pounds—could easily fit in the trunk of a car.

Even a superpower like the Soviet Union would find advantages in using terrorists to wage secret warfare. Launching an attack with missiles or bombers invites retaliation. But if a mushroom cloud were to billow up without warning over the radioactive hole that was once Houston, Detroit or Pittsburgh, who could the Pentagon blame? The bomb might have come from any of several countries—or from no country at all, but from a criminal or terrorist organization.

And if the Soviets wished to start an all-out war, they could save their missiles and strike instantly by giving a radio command to a secret terrorist army inside the U.S. to trigger A-bombs hidden in the basements of homes in dozens of cities.

Since World War II and the radioactive-ash clouds that rose over the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, doomsayers have envisioned the horrors of global nuclear war. The future, however, may be quite different, according to think-tank analysts such as Brian Jenkins and his colleagues. The future will likely have no great holocaust of raining nuclear missiles, nor will it feature massed armies or duels between jet fighters in the air or tanks on the ground.

Future wars will be far dirtier than those of the past. The enemy will strike where we live, using weapons and choosing targets in ways that have traditionally been considered barbaric. Future conflicts will probably follow the vision of science-fiction writer Robert Heinlein. In his 1959 novel *Starship Troopers*, wars between worlds required no mass invasion, no assault with waves of missiles. An opponent was brought to his knees by the landing of perhaps a dozen commandos on his planet. Each commando, however, carried A-bombs and other weapons of incredible destructive power

and would—operating as a terrorist—torch or vaporize several cities and kill millions of people.

The logic of our moment in history makes this mode of warfare extremely likely. Given the huge nuclear arsenals held by the superpowers, outright war between them is mutual suicide. The United States and the Soviet Union thus have cut at one another in lesser ways... for example, in the brushfire guerrilla wars in such parts of the world as Angola, Cuba and Vietnam.

Until recently, terrorism was a method of last resort, the weapon of the weak, the war of the flea biting the ear of the elephant. This has prompted a few scholars, among them Walter Laqueur of Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies, to call terrorism a failure. And, indeed, terrorists seldom succeed as armies do—capturing territory, raising flags, collecting taxes.

* * *

But in our time terrorism's stock has risen faster than the price of gold or oil. Consider: A ragtag handful of student terrorists took 50 American Embassy personnel hostage in Iran and for months successfully squeezed concessions out of the world community and the United States. Consider: The students won an agreement from the United Nations to send a commission to hear testimony on alleged evils committed by the country's deposed ruler, Shah Reza Pahlavi. And the makeup of the commission accurately reflects the state of today's world.

One commission representative came from Algeria, a North African nation where two decades ago carefully orchestrated terrorism prompted police-state measures and torture from the French colonial government and led to Algerian independence from France. Another representative came from Libya, a North African nation ruled by the victors in a military coup. Libya's leader, Colonel Muammar al-Qaddafi, a fanatic Moslem radical, has pledged a tithe of one year's revenues from his nation's immense oil wealth—a fund of about \$170 million—to support international terrorism.

Qaddafi's money rewarded the Arab terrorists who in 1972 gunned down Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympic Games and those who in 1976 hijacked an Air France airliner and flew it to Entebbe, Uganda.

Today the leaders of at least 35 countries represented in the U.N.—ranging from Algeria to Zimbabwe—could well be defined as terrorists, as people who employed sabotage, terror and assassina-

(continued on page 58)



"If it's any comfort to you, we are initiating a new safety program at the packing plant."

35
RM

A BLOOD-UND-GORE COMIC

ROLLERKO MMANDOS

of the

SCRIPT BY
TOOHEY,
SHEETER &
HELFORD

ART BY
ERROL
McCarthy

Third Reich

THEIR ONLY FEAR WAS GRAVEL

THE ROAD TO
VICTORY IS
PAVED!

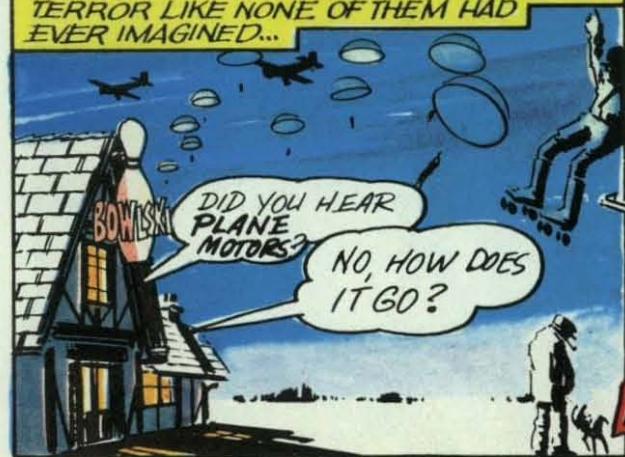


FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF THE MEN WHO
SKATED IN A... "MATCH RACE WITH DEATH!!!"

SEPTEMBER 1, 1939... THE PEACEFUL CITIZENS OF COCCYX, POLAND, ARE HAVING THEIR ANNUAL BOWLING TOURNAMENT TO BENEFIT THE THUMBLESS...



...WHILE SEVERAL THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THEM, THE NAZI WAR MACHINE RAINS TERROR UPON THE UNWARY VILLAGERS... TERROR LIKE NONE OF THEM HAD EVER IMAGINED...

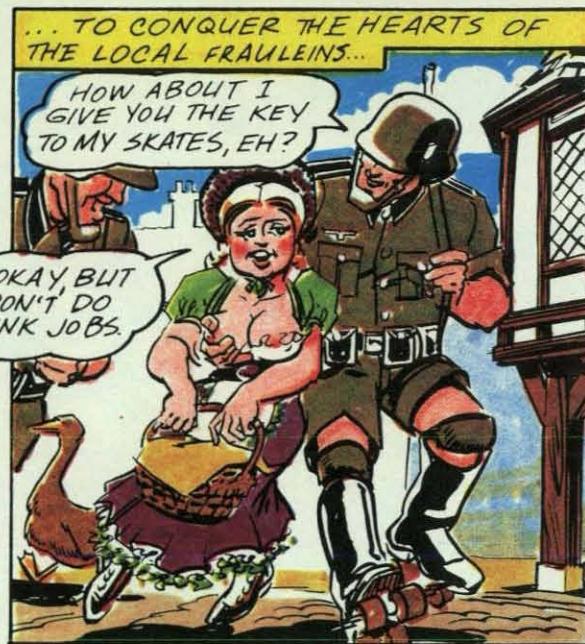
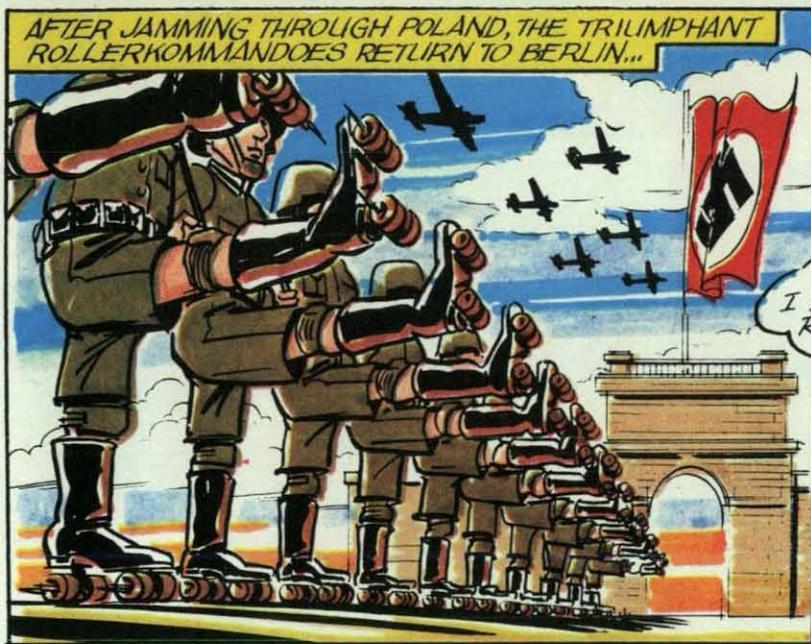
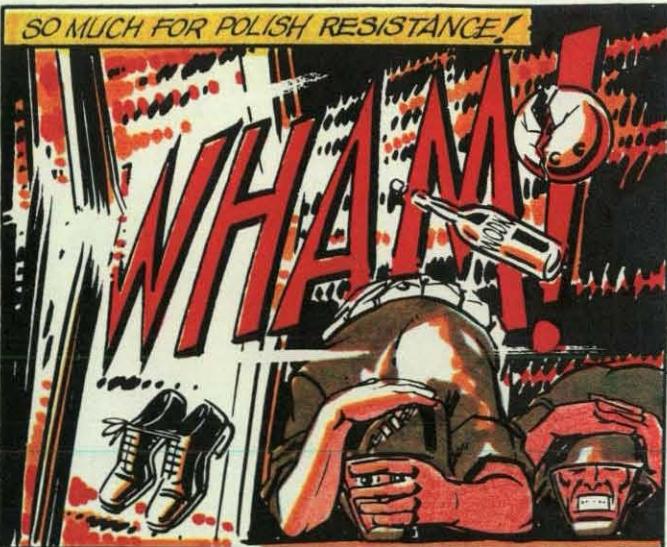


THE VILLAGERS IN THEIR BOWLING SHOES ARE NO MATCH FOR THE HIGHLY MECHANIZED GERMANS, AND SOON THE ENTIRE VILLAGE HAS FALLEN... ALL EXCEPT THE BOWLING ALLEY LOUNGE.



IN A LAST DITCH EFFORT TO SAVE THE ALLEYS AND GUTTERS OF COCCYX FROM NAZI DOMINATION, ONE OF THE POLISH PATRIOTS PULLS THE PIN FROM A HAND GRENADE...





INvariably, the Rollerkommandoes lock horns with their rivals, the Infantry...



BONDAGE AND DISCIPLINE,
GOBBLING UP EUROPE,
ELEANOR ROOSEVELT'S FEET
UP IN STIRRUPS,
LARGE CONCENTRATIONS
OF GYPSIES AND JEWS,
PILE OF GOLD TEETH
THEY'VE MANAGED
TO LOSE...

...AND THE BALL BEARING BAD GUYS
ALWAYS WHIP ASS!



SOON, HOWEVER, IT COMES TIME TO ROLL ON
BACK TO THE FRONT.

EIN, ZWEI, DREI, VIER,
WINSTON CHURCHILL
IS A QUEER...



THE ROLLERKOMMANDOES LEAD THE WAY AS THE
GERMAN ARMY ADVANCES THROUGH
THE NETHERLANDS.



DUTCH RESISTANCE IS TOUGH. EVEN THE
CHILDREN JOIN IN TO REPEL THE INVADERS.



BUT THE ROLLERKOMMANDOES MEET THEIR ROUGHEST FOES IN THE AMSTERDAM DYKES.



AS IT TURNS OUT, THOUGH, NOT EVEN THE TOUGHEST MEN EVER TO STRAP ON SKATES ARE INVINCIBLE.



IN NOVEMBER 1942, THEY MEET THEIR DEMISE IN NORTH AFRICA BECAUSE OF...



BOYS, RIDING THE FREE WORLD OF BASTARDS LIKE THESE IS WHAT WAR IS ALL ABOUT. WHEN CHURCHILL SAID, "WE WILL FIGHT THEM ON THE BEACHES..." HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT.

"FROM THE SANDS OF IWO JIMA TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI..."



END

TERRORISM

(continued from page 52)

tion to gain control of their governments. But this definition describes tactics, not ideology.

We would define a person who hijacked an American airliner to Cuba as a terrorist. We would tend to define a Soviet citizen who skyjacked a Russian airliner to the West as a "freedom fighter." Each nation is likely to apply the term "terrorist" to those whose ideologies differ sharply from its own. Thus, the United Nations has been slow to impose sanctions against international terrorism, mainly because many members, including the United States, have supported and encouraged terrorist "freedom fighters" in places such as Cuba.

Shedding their status as mere outlaws, pirates and madmen, terrorists increasingly operate as agents and tools of governments. As their firepower increases, so too does their actual power. Who can sleep well knowing that Libya's Colonel Qaddafi has vowed to acquire atomic bombs? And who can doubt the uses he might make of such weapons?

Could terrorists in the near future also get their bloodstained hands on an A-bomb? Two things are necessary to cook up such a weapon: the ingredients and the recipe. The latter—so-called atomic

secrets—are now generally acknowledged to be almost-readily available. College students no longer get newspaper coverage for designing workable A-bombs, and at least one New England university has offered a course that teaches how to do just that. (The U.S. government has helped in this regard by foolishly putting once-classified information about how to build A-bombs onto public-library shelves.)

But, as scholars have noted, the biggest secret was given away in the blast at Hiroshima—the proof that the long-published theories worked. The secret: Take two lumps of plutonium of sufficient weight and slam them together with an explosive such as dynamite. This creates a critical mass, which triggers an atomic-fission chain reaction.

Such choice radioactive ingredients are increasingly available. They are used in atomic reactors, and as oil prices soar, more and more nations are rushing to build nuclear-power plants. Every atomic reactor creates plutonium as a by-product of making electricity. By the year 2000, the journal *Science* estimated in 1971, more than 720,000 kilograms (one kilogram equals 2.2 pounds) of plutonium are expected to be stored in warehouses and vaults throughout the world. Although government policies have slowed development of the breeder reactor in the United States, and fears of

future oil embargoes have stimulated interest in building nuclear reactors abroad, this remains the best estimate of world plutonium stockpiles two decades hence.

In any event, much of the stuff will be around. Guards will watch it, especially those assigned by the Nuclear Non-proliferation Treaty, inspectors from the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA). Trouble is, the IAEA does a sloppy job of monitoring the world's nuclear reactors, and even if the agency did a good job, it might make little difference.

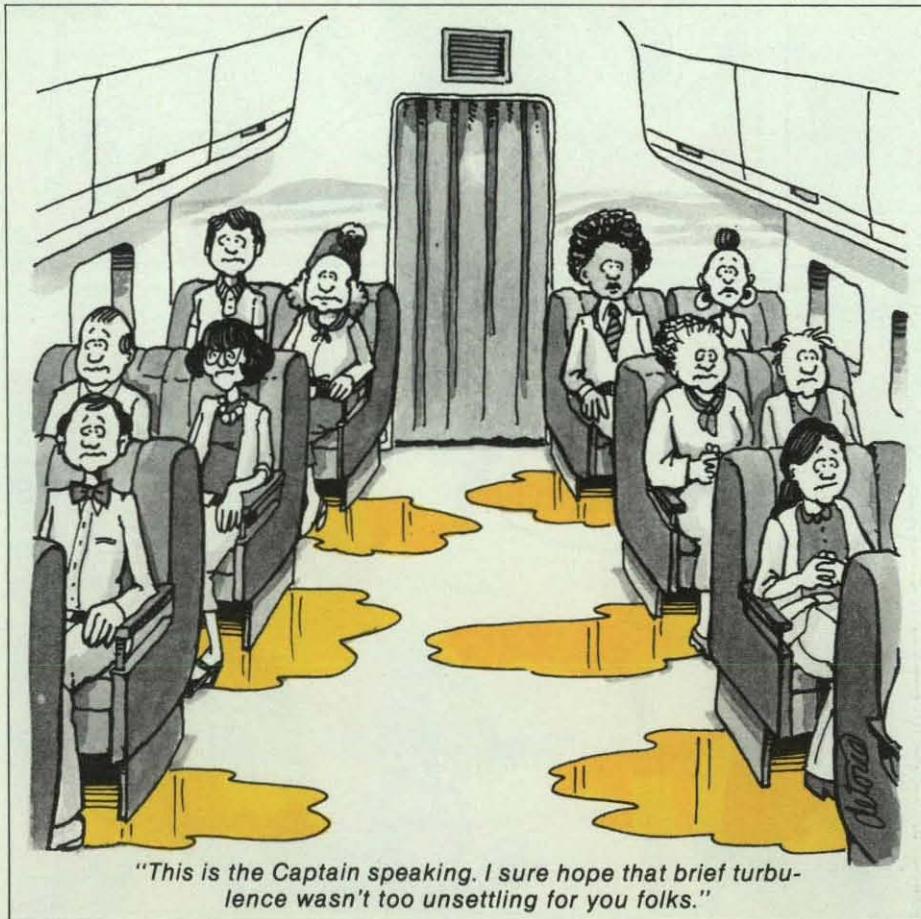
A Nagasaki-sized A-bomb (20 kilotons) can be made from only 5.3 kilograms of plutonium. Could the IAEA prevent the theft of that much? Hell, no. In 1975, for example, the IAEA "lost" 50 kilograms of plutonium—enough to make at least nine A-bombs—from a reactor in Argentina built by a West German corporation. The mysterious loss was later attributed to a "bookkeeping error."

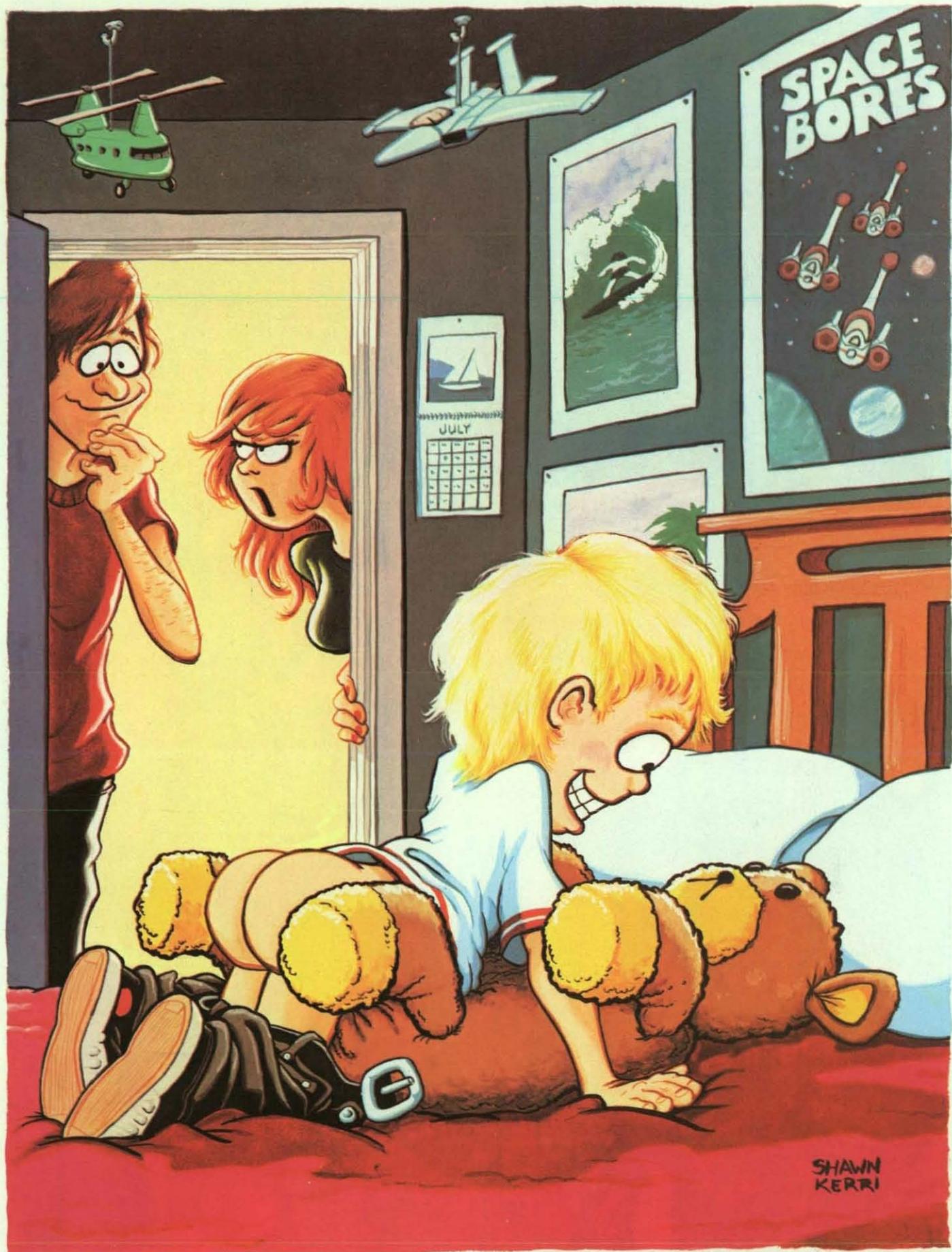
In the United States we call such nuclear-bookkeeping problems MUF, an apt acronym for "Material Unaccounted For." By the end of 1976 we had "muffed" more than *four tons* of plutonium and highly enriched uranium from reactors, reprocessing facilities and other sites. This is enough nuclear material to make dozens of atomic weapons.

Radioactive materials are not like dollar bills that you can count when you take them out of the bank and count again when you put them back in the vault at night. Every time a reactor is fired up or cooled down, an error factor must be figured into the measurement of how much plutonium is produced. The IAEA claims it can monitor plutonium production in any reactor to within 2% with accuracy. This is an exaggeration, of course, because the IAEA relies on the instruments on the reactor as adjusted by the host government. And anyway, if Argentina wanted to cheat, it could have arranged an "accident," a foul-up or spill in handling materials that could cover up huge losses. But even if the IAEA figure is accurate, just 1% of the plutonium stockpiles expected by year 2000 would provide the raw ingredient for hundreds of crude atomic bombs. A terrorist needs only one or two such devices.

Plutonium is far more precious than gold or heroin, and Allah alone knows what Colonel Qaddafi might pay for it. Thus, as the journal *Science* has warned, an international black market in weapons-useable radioactive isotopes seems inevitable, and almost certainly already exists. Diversion and theft of the

(continued on page 74)





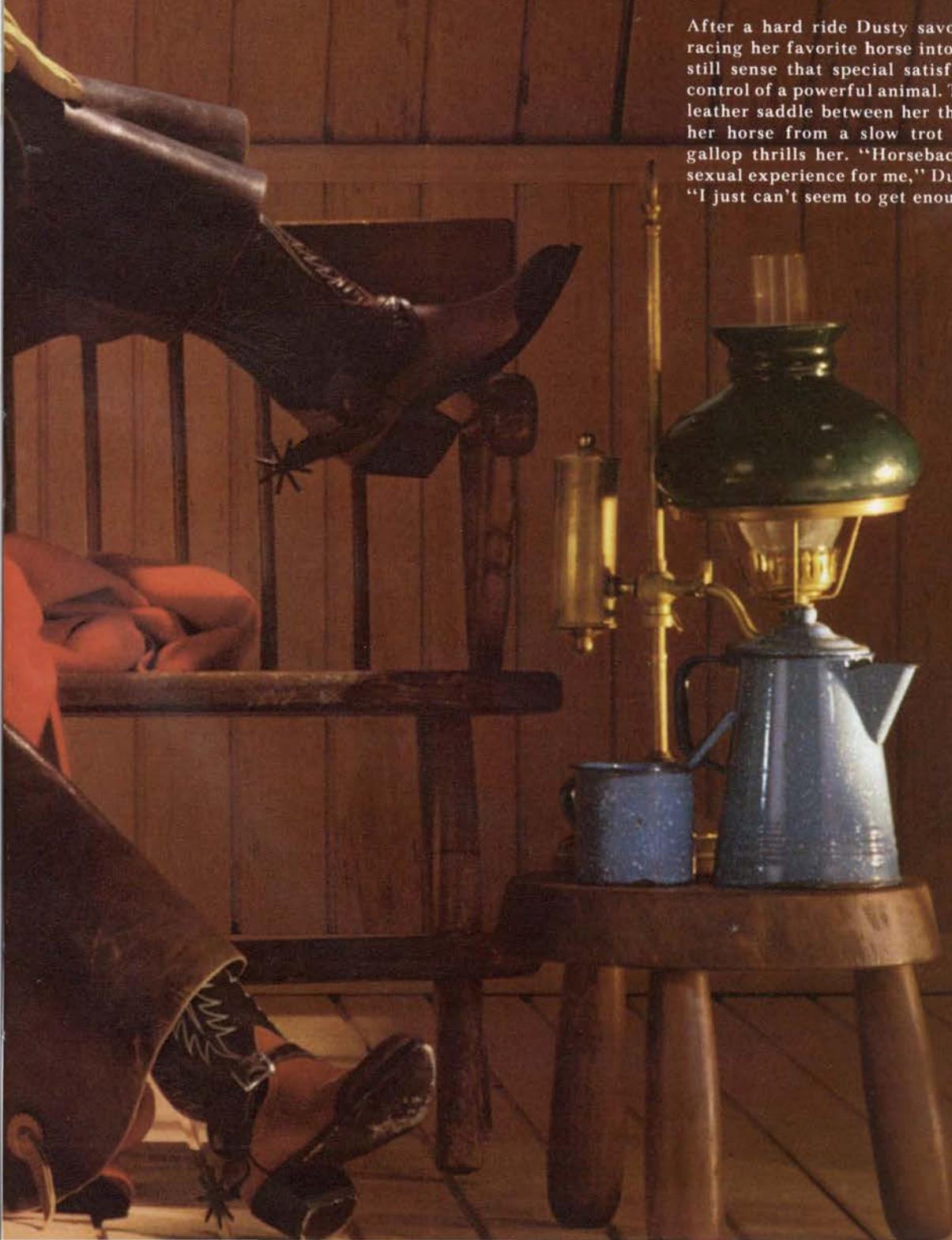
"Well, are you going to take Teddy away from him, or shall I?"

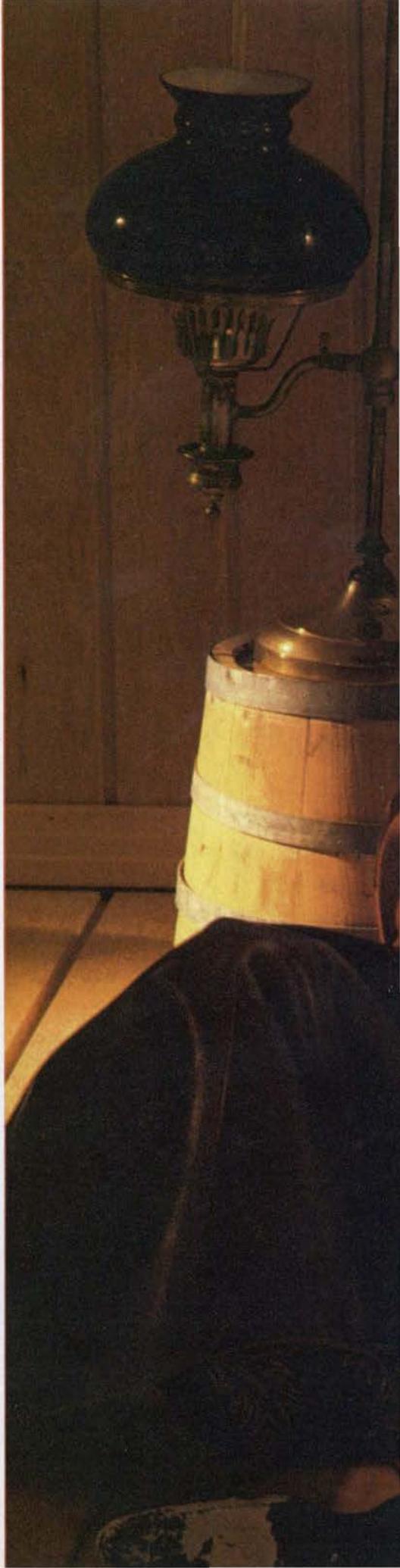


Dusty

READY TO RIDE

After a hard ride Dusty savors the pleasure of racing her favorite horse into the wind. She can still sense that special satisfaction of being in control of a powerful animal. The feel of the hard leather saddle between her thighs as she coaxes her horse from a slow trot to a breathtaking gallop thrills her. "Horseback riding is a very sexual experience for me," Dusty readily admits. "I just can't seem to get enough of it."















Boots from Boot Hill, Hollywood, California.





HUSTLER'S HONEY · AUGUST 1980



A young man was spending the night at the apartment of a married couple he knew. Since they had no couch, it was suggested they all share the same bed. After retiring, the wife whispered in the man's ear, "Pull a hair from my husband's butt, and if he's asleep, let's get it on."

The young man did as instructed, and after no response from the husband he proceeded to make it with the wife. Not feeling completely satisfied, the wife suggested the same thing again a second time and later a third time. Finally, the husband rolled over and said, "You know, it's bad enough that you're fucking my wife, but do you have to use my ass for a scorecard?"

Early one morning after a late-night date Teddy Kennedy was driving his girlfriend Mary Jo home.

"Teddy," Mary Jo said nervously, "I think I may be pregnant."

After a moment of thought Teddy answered, "Well, Mary Jo, we'll just have to cross that bridge when we come to it."

A farm boy lost his right eye in an accident. Since the boy's kindhearted father couldn't afford the price of a glass eye, he decided to carve his son a wooden eye and paint it to look real.

The boy wore the eye but was very self-conscious about it. After several years of staying home as a recluse, he was persuaded by his parents to go to a local dance. After some hesitation the boy went, only to spend a miserable night just standing in the corner.

Near the end of the evening the boy noticed a girl sitting in the corner across the room. The girl's lips ran from her nose to her chin, instead of from cheek to cheek. *Now there's a girl that would understand my problem*, thought the boy. So he walked over to the girl and asked her if she'd like to dance.

The girl, who had not been asked to dance by anyone all night and who mostly had received insults, was so overjoyed at the idea that she exclaimed, "Would I!"

"Hey," the boy snapped back, "I didn't call you Cunt Face, did I?"

On their third date the pretty young girl complained to her new boyfriend, "All you're interested in is going to bed with me!"

"That's not true," he replied with a hurt look. "If you like, we can do it on the floor tonight!"

A recently married cabdriver was having a conversation with his buddy, who asked him how he liked married life.

"I don't know if I'm going to like it or not," he told his friend, "because my wife's cut me down to two pieces a week already."

"Don't feel bad, man," his friend assured him. "Shit, I know three or four guys she's cut out completely!"

An obviously drunk man staggered into Jack's Lounge and flopped down so heavily on a bar stool that the sound seemed like a loud explosion, startling everyone, even himself. Turning to the bartender, he bellowed, "First time I ever heard of a farting stool!"

"The stool didn't fart," the bartender chuckled.

"You just forced air out of the cushion."

Suddenly the man leaped up from the bar stool and headed for the door. The bartender, somewhat bewildered, looked at the spot where the man had been and saw a large and hideous spiral of shit.

"You son of a bitch!" the bartender screamed at his departing customer. "You shit on that bar stool!"

The drunk glanced over his shoulder and belched, "Well, I sure as hell wasn't going to let it shit on me first!"

Question: What bites but doesn't swallow?

Answer: A Jewish girl.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *sodomy* as: something any asshole can do.

A young child wandered into his parents' bedroom

while they were making love. The boy became upset, and so the parents explained that they were making the baby brother that the boy had wanted for so long.

The following afternoon the father came home from work to find the little boy crying. When he asked what was bothering him, the boy told him, "Hey, Dad, you know the baby brother that you and Mommy made me? Well, this morning the milkman ate him!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER* Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$50. Sorry, but we can't return submissions.

CHESTER & HESTER



"Oh, Chester, you're so talented! I've never seen so many things done with a single unbroken booger before!"

I WAINETINSEU.

TERRORISM

(continued from page 58)

stuff is fairly easy, and the profits to be made by such criminal activity are potentially huge.

Putting a sophisticated A-bomb together is not child's play. Plutonium is dangerous and hard to work with. But there exist thousands of competent scientists outside government service and surveillance who are able to perform the necessary work. And at least 32 transnational corporations have the capability of acquiring radioactive materials and creating such a device without ever going outside their corporate structure.

Imagine that some wealthy fanatic were to invest \$10 million in acquiring the plutonium and the talent required to put together a lousy dud of an A-bomb—one that when triggered would go off with only 1/10th-of-a-kiloton blast (compared to the 20-kiloton blast at Nagasaki). Dr. Theodore B. Taylor, the physicist responsible for "miniaturizing" the atomic bomb, estimates that such a device, inside a van parked near the World Trade Center in New York City and detonated at noon on a normal workday, would kill 110,000 people even if it fizzled.

One terrorist with one weapon could thus kill as many Americans in one mo-

ment as perished during World War I.

How would the government respond if our experts concluded that a terrorist making extortionate demands really had such a weapon? According to Dr. Taylor, the President would without doubt "knuckle under" virtually no matter *what* demands were made. And sometime before the year 2000 some terrorist will almost certainly find a way to obtain an atomic bomb.

Authorities openly fear threats such as the one launched a few days after Halloween 1975, when a trick-or-treat note arrived at the offices of the Union Oil Company in Los Angeles. Signed "Fision" [sic], it demanded that unless the company paid the sender \$1 million, one of its facilities in Southern California would be blown to bits by a crude atomic bomb.

Within hours, helicopters and small airplanes equipped with sensitive radiation-detectors were circling above refinery and storage facilities in dozens of areas. They were operated by a newly formed Nuclear Emergency Search Team (NEST) organized by federal and state authorities. The man called "Fision" was eventually apprehended, and became the only American ever convicted of nuclear blackmail.

"But there were some heart-stopping moments," said one FBI agent who took part in the search. "Our geiger counters

went crazy near one railroad boxcar. Later we learned it had been used to ship isotopes. We were also getting strong readings from buildings made of cinder block. Did you know that cinder block is faintly radioactive?"

As seen by NEST's airborne detectors, modern cities glow with radioactivity. Isotopes are commonly used in hospitals, university research centers and industry, and thousands of Americans still wear radium-dial wristwatches.

But amazingly, NEST sensors can sort through this radioactive glow and can locate a hidden terrorist A-bomb. During a NEST drill in 1977, for example, a mock nuclear-terrorist demand for \$325 million arrived at the White House. The NEST team located the bomb—an actual A-bomb built for the drill and hidden at a federal facility in Utah—within four hours.

But why would terrorists, or hostile governments, choose costly, hard-to-hide-and-smuggle nuclear weapons when even-more-terrifying weapons are dirt cheap and easy to use? Cheapest and dirtiest of all these non-nuclear weapons are germs, the "poor man's A-bomb."

Since World War II the U.S. Department of Defense has employed some of the world's most brilliant scientists, not to cure disease but to make disease germs more infectious. The Pentagon's Chemical and Biological Warfare (CBW) program has developed highly infectious forms of anthrax—an animal disease fatal to man—as well as Black Plague, yellow fever, cholera and more than a dozen other bacteria and viruses hazardous to human health.

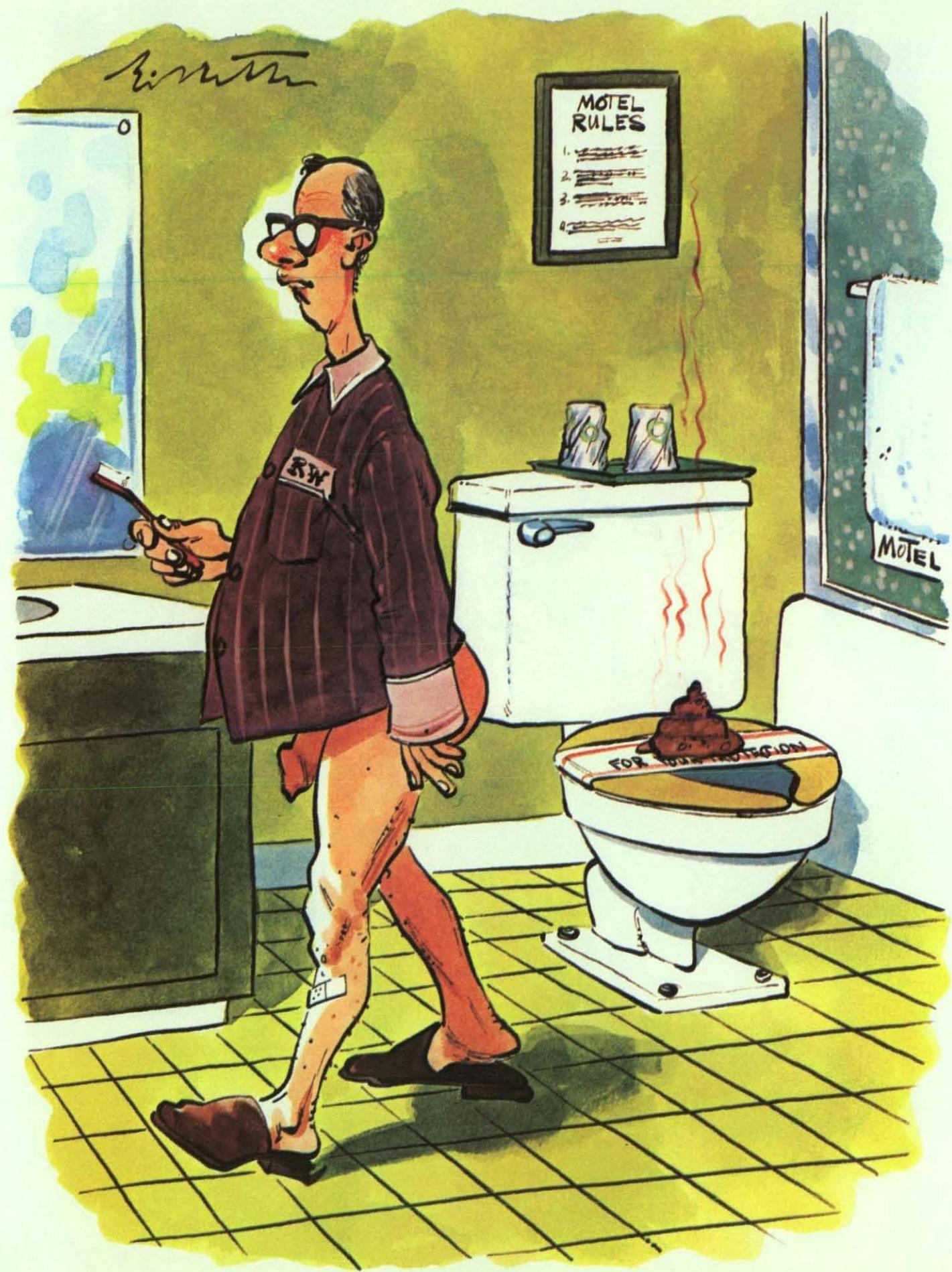
Millions of unwitting Americans—maybe even you—were used as guinea pigs to test the effectiveness of germ warfare. Between 1949 and 1969 U.S. Army Chemical and Biological Warfare teams carried out 239 open-air tests simulating germ-warfare attacks on America, 79 of which involved the use of actual disease-causing agents.

Among the targets: two tunnels on the Pennsylvania Turnpike and a few miles of a Pennsylvania highway in 1955; National Airport and the Greyhound Bus depot in Washington, D.C., in 1965; the New York City subway system in 1966; and several beaches in Hawaii, Virginia, Florida and California, including a 1968 test near San Clemente, California.

The Army insists these tests caused no harm to anybody. But in September 1950 CBW researchers sprayed the "harmless" bacterium *Serratia marcescens* into breezes gusting across the bay into San Francisco. Army monitoring sta-

(continued on page 126)





HOOK UP TONIGHT With HOT GIRLS AND THE SEXIEST PORNSTARS!

THEY'RE WAITING
INSIDE NOW!



Come inside and see what
you can get them to do!

These girls are **Ready & Willing**
to do **ANYTHING FOR YOU!**

We've collected 1000's of
beautiful girls who are waiting
show you a good time!

Start a Chat RIGHT NOW



ANDREWS



THE SEARCH FOR D.B. COOPER

The hundreds of anxious spectators assembled near the small logging town of Ariel, Washington, had been tilting their heads skyward for almost an hour. Standing in a wide clearing on the east bank of Lake Merwin and sipping cans of Olympia Lite while awaiting a break in the misty overcast, they had come for the occasion from as far away as California, Texas and Maryland.

Suddenly a red-and-white Cessna 172 pulled out of a banking turn and leveled off at 6,000 feet. Then, one by one, sky divers began plunging from the plane, each of them wearing a conservative business suit and carrying an attache case. As their colorful parachutes opened, onlookers cheered this symbolic reenactment of a legendary jump performed eight years before by D. B. Cooper—the absent guest of honor.

In November 1971, Cooper had been the focus of a headline-making drama that captured the public's imagination. He had threatened to blow up an airliner, held angry FBI agents at bay, parachuted from the plane with \$200,000 in ransom money and disappeared into the night.

Despite the largest manhunt in FBI history, Cooper was never found. His hazardous escapade remains today as the only unsolved skyjacking in American history. Since then the gutsy adventurer who got away with one of the most daring crimes on record has achieved the status of popular folk hero.

That accounted for the exuberant spectators now singing along with a bluegrass band's rousing version of *The Ballad of D. B. Cooper*—a tune honoring the

ARTICLE BY BRUCE HENDERSON

Illustration by John Andrews

memory of this American Robin Hood.

It was a rainy day in Washington/When Cooper made his move,/Taking the flight he took before,/Hopin' the weather would improve.

Somewhere over Ariel/He made his famous jump./With 200 thou, a parachute:/A wild card and a trump.

Well, listen to the people talk,/The FBI is stumped./Some people say he died in the fall,/Some people say he didn't jump./But of all the possibilities/That are tattered and worn,/No matter what you say, my friend,/A legend has been born.

*Well, they searched and searched the countryside,/A clue they could not find./The FBI, the State Police,/The Boy Scouts were all blind./Now, D. B., you clever one,/You got 'em on the run./We hope that you survived that jump/Into the settin' sun.**

“Most of us 'round these parts like to think he made it,” says Dave Fisher, owner of the Ariel Store and Tavern and organizer of the festival held every year around Thanksgiving time. “And a lot of them don't think of him as a criminal for what he did. He's a hero. And he sure put this part of the country on the map.”

At a recent festival Fisher sold 108 T-shirts bearing the hero's FBI composite image and slogans like “D. B. Cooper,

*By Richard Purdy. Copyright © 1976 by Cabin Fever Music. Used by permission.

Where Are You?” Neck-chains, bumper stickers, posters and other trinkets honoring the skyjacker were also popular items. “This year we're expectin' 'bout 500 or 600 people 'cause of the money being found,” says Fisher, referring to a \$4,000 cache of decaying ransom bills discovered 25 miles from Ariel in February. “Findin' the money didn't solve anything though. We like to think that D. B. got away with the rest of it.”

The daring scheme that would inspire the legend unfolded on Thanksgiving Eve 1971, 30 miles southeast of Ariel at the busy Portland International Airport. Everyone seemed to want to be somewhere else that dark, stormy day, preferably with family and loved ones contemplating the next day's turkey dinner and marathon schedule of televised football games.

Shortly before 3:30 p.m. a Northwest Orient Airlines ticket agent sold a one-way fare on Flight 305 to a well-dressed man who paid cash and gave his name as Dan Cooper (later found to be an alias). The agent hastily punched the wrong key, however, and the passenger's name printed out as D. B. Cooper. By 4 o'clock Cooper was seated in the rear of the three-engine Boeing 727, patiently waiting to implement his carefully planned, boldly executed caper.

Stewardess Florence (Flo) Schaffner thought it odd that there were so many

no-shows on the holiday-season flight. Nearly 80 seats were vacant. She also seemed puzzled when Cooper passed her a handwritten note soon after takeoff. Flo had long been accustomed to amorous travelers. Her small, trim figure and jet-black hair attracted bankers and college football players alike. They were always flirting and passing her little love notes. Some of these messages were cute. Others were funny. A few were sexy. But this one was different.

It said nothing about *later tonight* or *I know we're made for each other, sweetie*. It didn't even have the man's name and phone number. The words just didn't make sense: *Bomb in briefcase... will blow up plane... come sit with me*.

Schaffner looked again at the swarthy passenger who had handed her the slip of paper. He seemed to be in his 40s, with a receding hairline, about six feet tall and of medium build. Dressed in a reddish-brown business suit, white shirt, flashy alligator shoes, a narrow black tie and a stickpin, he wasn't a bad-looking guy. But he seemed sort of distant.

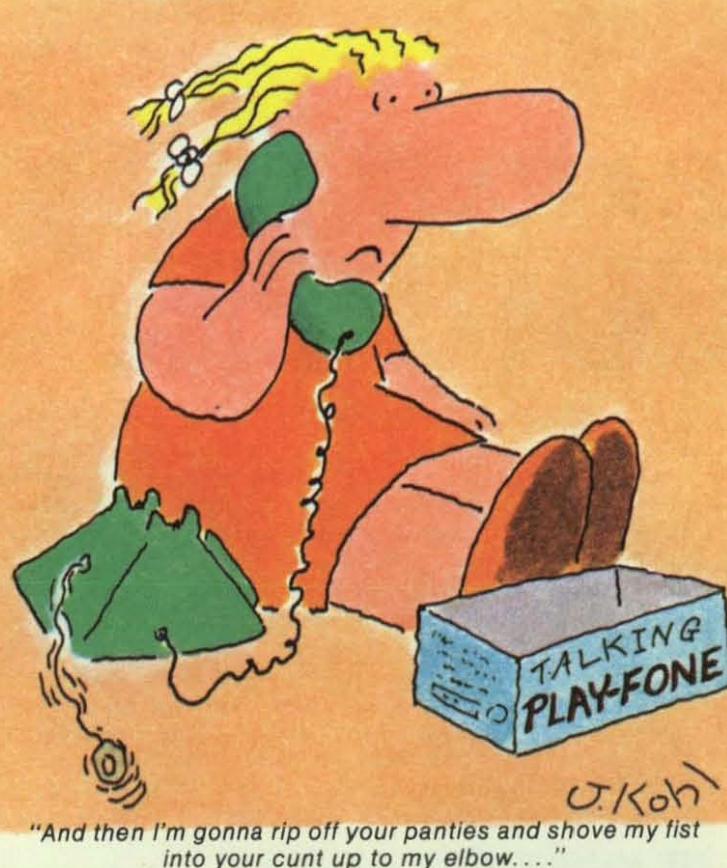
Earlier, when the plane was ready for takeoff, the stewardess had had to go down the ramp to summon Cooper, who was watching the baggage being loaded. He boarded only after the cargo doors were closed, removing his hat and dark glasses while Schaffner served him a double bourbon-on-the-rocks. He quickly gulped it down. Sitting in the window seat with a briefcase in his lap, he looked for all the world like any other businessman.

He must be a prankster, Schaffner thought. Some men would do just anything to get her attention. She stuffed the note into her jacket pocket and started to move forward in the cabin to serve the other passengers. But when she looked at Cooper, the fierce determination in his narrow-set eyes stopped her cold. His head jerked, angrily, toward the briefcase he held open. Inside she saw a large battery, several red sticks and a tangle of wires.

“Sit down here, please,” he ordered in a firm voice.

She quickly concluded that the red sticks were dynamite and that the battery was part of a bomb. This wasn't a joke, after all. Her pulse quickened and her stomach churned as she approached Cooper cautiously.

Within minutes the stewardess had relayed his demands to the cockpit, and copilot William Rataczak was in communication with Seattle-Tacoma International Airport tower officials. “We have a problem with a passenger,” said the experienced flier, his voice cool and controlled. He explained that a man was threatening to explode a bomb



if he didn't receive \$200,000 and four parachutes as soon as the plane landed at Seattle.

Tense airport personnel notified Northwest Airlines officials and the FBI, who decided to meet the skyjacker's demands. When Flight 305 reached Seattle, it circled in the vicinity for two-and-a-half hours while airline representatives gathered the money from four banks—all in \$20 bills—and recorded the serial numbers.

"We were told there was a minor mechanical problem," remembers Seattle attorney George LaBissoniere, who was seated two rows in front of Cooper. "I walked to the bathroom a couple of times and passed him, but at no time did we know there was a hijacker aboard. Everyone remained calm, and the drinks were on the house."

When the plane finally landed at Seattle, Cooper's 36 fellow passengers and Flo Schaffner and another stewardess disembarked. Cooper had demanded that one stewardess remain on board as a hostage. Tina Muchlow didn't consider herself especially brave, but somebody had to volunteer. Now she was on her own.

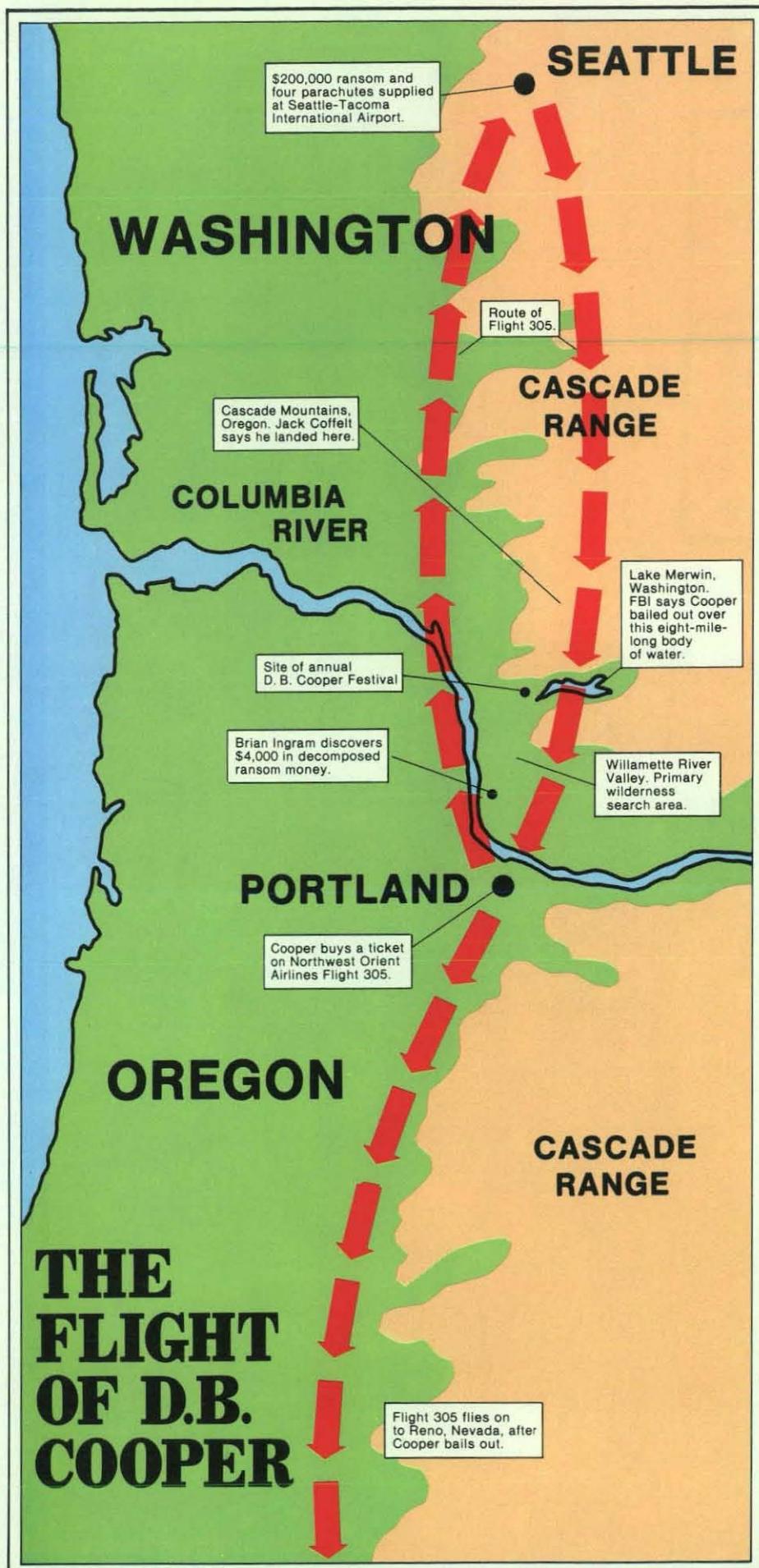
Also remaining on the plane was the three-man flight crew, headed by Captain William Scott. Four sport parachutes were delivered and left just inside one of the cabin doors. A short time later an FBI agent walked slowly up the ramp and silently handed Muchlow a heavy canvas mailbag containing the ransom money.

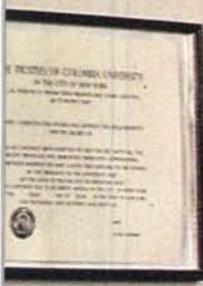
Struggling to get a better grip on the 46-pound moneybag, she turned into the darkened cabin. The shades had been pulled shut on all the porthole-shaped windows. Cooper was too smart to let himself be picked off by police sharpshooters. Behind Muchlow, in the cockpit, the flight crew waited for further instructions now that the plane had been refueled. In front of her, hidden somewhere in the shadows of the empty seats, was D. B. Cooper—and his bomb.

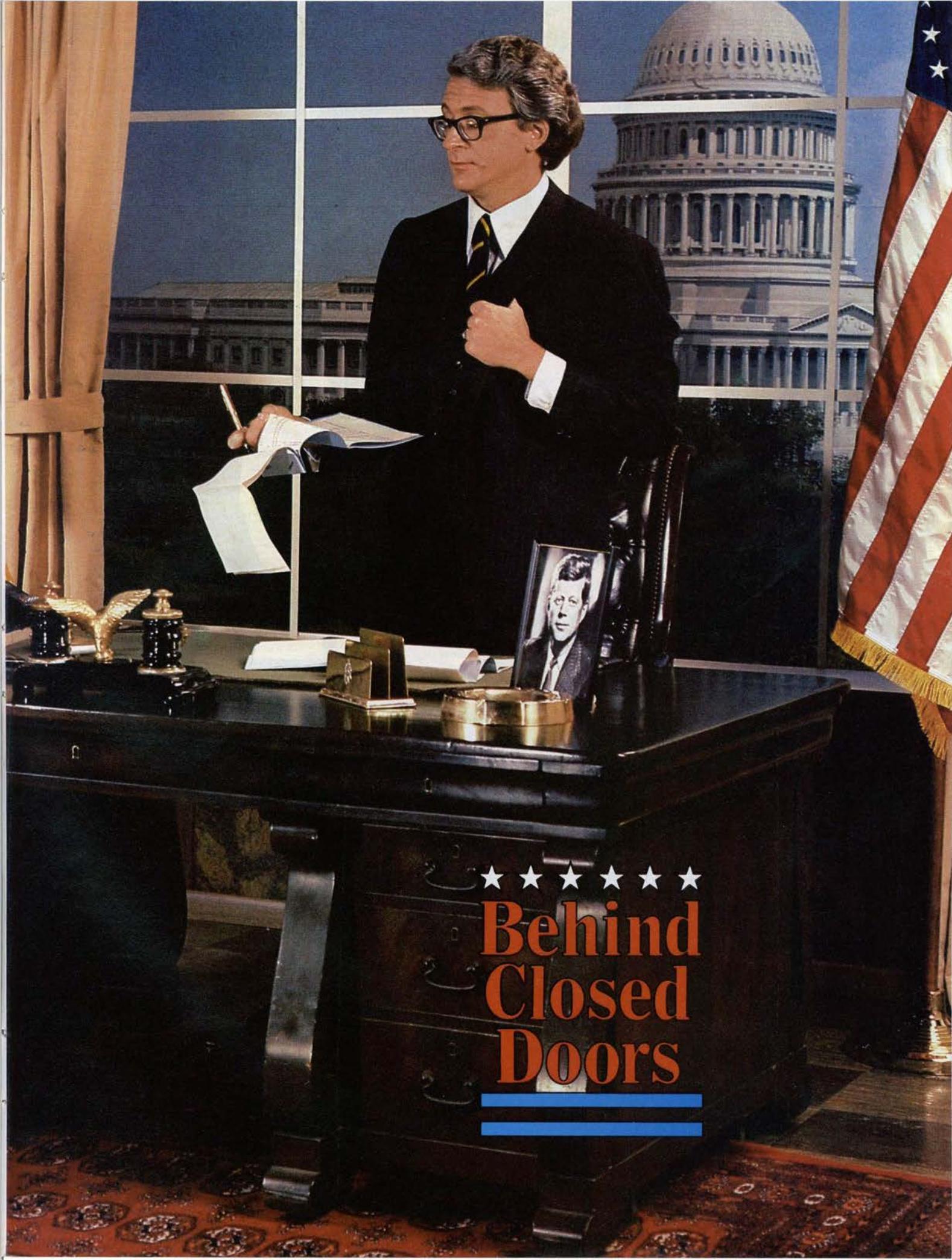
As she walked slowly down the aisle, Muchlow's foot struck a strange object. For a frightening instant she thought she might have kicked the bomb. She lost her balance and was starting to fall when Cooper caught her from the side. As the bag fell to the floor, she found herself steadied in his strong arms.

One reporter has learned that he held the woman for several seconds, but she didn't back away. She could feel his warmth, power and confidence. He wasn't sweaty or nervous. Days, weeks, even years later, whenever Muchlow remembered this scary night, she would recall this moment—when she first

(continued on page 86)







**Behind
Closed
Doors**



He is a powerful Senator who can change the course of history with his decisions. But he is also a man, with a man's desires. In his office suite—out of the public eye—he is aroused by the beauty of his personal secretary. She in turn is drawn to the great statesman.

The heady, lusty sensation of power on Capitol Hill excites her. With her secret passions unleashed, she takes pleasure in attending to the Senator's every need.







D. B. COOPER

(continued from page 79)

sensed the man was somehow going to get away with his bold plan.

Still holding the stewardess, Cooper's hand slipped down to the swell of her hips. She sucked in her breath and remained motionless as his fingers explored the shape of her round, firm ass. His other hand started to reach for the proud peaks of her bosom. But suddenly he seemed to change his mind.

Releasing her, he bent down and picked up the mailbag.

"Yep, it's all here," Cooper said, plopping the satchel onto the nearest cushioned seat.

"Aren't you going to count it?" Muchlow asked, straightening her skirt and jacket, relieved to be free from him.

"I trust 'em," he smiled. Opening the bag, he pulled out a fistful of twenties and offered them to her. "Here," he said. "Call it a tip."

"Oh, no," she stammered, "we're not allowed to accept gratuities."

Cooper shrugged, and dropped the money back into the bag. "Are the chutes aboard?"

"They're up front."

"Bring them back here, then shut the door. We're getting outa here. Fast!"

Grabbing a microphone at the stewardesses' station, Cooper ordered the crew to fly him to Mexico City. Pilot William Scott explained that that destination was outside the aircraft's range; they would have to stop to refuel.

"Then make it Reno," the skyjacker snapped. "And let's get this motherfucking show on the road!"

Shortly after takeoff he ordered the pilots to unlock the 727's rear passenger ramp, remain at exactly 10,000 feet altitude, fly at a 200-mph cruising speed with wing flaps down at a 15-degree angle and maintain a particular compass setting. Obviously, Cooper knew exactly what he was doing.

After instructing the pilot to fly the direct course to Reno, he gave the stewardess a final smile and closed her inside the cockpit with the flight crew. The last thing she remembers seeing was Cooper removing his street shoes and putting on a pair of heavy work boots, which he had taken from a paper bag. Cooper monitored the flight with a compass and wrist altimeter. Since the rear exit door had been left open on his orders, the cabin pressurization was broken, and an altimeter could thereby function.

At one point, when the plane drifted slightly above the instructed altitude, he barked to the cockpit over the intercom: "You son of a bitch, you better keep on

WAS HE D.B. COOPER?



The FBI composite sketch of the alleged skyjacker (above), drawn from eyewitness descriptions supplied by Flight 305 crew members, was widely circulated in 1971-72... to no avail. Three years later, mystery man Byron (Jack) Coffelt—shown in a 1953 photograph (below)—provided believable evidence that he was the elusive D. B. Cooper. Before his 1975 death, Coffelt enlisted the aid of a former convict friend, but failed to find the missing \$200,000 ransom money.



course!" He also ordered the pilot to tell three Air Force jets trailing behind to back off; he could see their lights.

What happened next only D. B. Cooper knows for certain. Just as Northwest Flight 305 was passing over Lake Merwin, instruments in the cockpit indicated that the rear exit had been

opened. No personnel entered the cabin until the plane landed in Reno three hours later. By then Cooper, two parachutes, the mailbag and the attache case had vanished. All he left behind were some lengths of cut-up parachute shroud line—and reams of speculation concerning his fate.

The FBI claims it expended thousands of man-hours tracking down leads on some 900 suspects, without success. Its conclusion is that Cooper, or whatever his real name was, probably perished in the jump. Official line aside, many observers familiar with the case suggest that Cooper was actually an ex-convict named Byron (Jack) Coffelt. They cite, in part, convincing evidence supplied by James Brown—a former Army officer who shared a cell with Coffelt at the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary. At various intervals from June 1973 until his death in June 1975, Coffelt told Brown intimate details of the skyjacking and its aftermath that nobody except someone with firsthand knowledge of the incident could possibly have known.

Until then Brown knew surprisingly little about his old cellmate's past history. Coffelt, a hard drinker who stood six feet tall and weighed 190 pounds, was always shrouded in mystery. And undoubtedly that's the way he wanted it. Born in 1916, he spent much of his first 30 years in Midwestern jails for a variety of minor crimes. In 1949 he received a ten-year sentence for interstate transportation of a stolen automobile. Over the years his cellmates in the Atlanta and Leavenworth federal prisons reportedly included Colonel Jack Durant, who was convicted of stealing the Hesse crown jewels during World War II, and James Earl Ray, who is presently serving a life sentence for killing Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

During those prison years Coffelt apparently made contact with the FBI. A source who requests anonymity mentions a letter signed by J. Edgar Hoover asking the prison warden for information about Coffelt. The source also says that the agent in charge of the Atlanta FBI office was Coffelt's sole visitor for five years.

Some believe that he became an FBI informant in prison, secretly turning over information damaging to his cellmates. To Brown, Coffelt described his time behind bars as a "revolving door"—meaning that he would be let out for a few days or weeks at a time to carry out "hit jobs" for the government.

Years later Coffelt was known to carry FBI and Department of Agriculture credentials, as well as passes for the White House and the Pentagon. A college professor reports that he was once riding



THANK YOU
FOR NOT
SMOKING

DB/DT.

with Coffelt in Washington, D.C., when Coffelt picked up General Creighton Abrams—then U.S. Army Chief of Staff—and drove him to the Pentagon. The professor says he saw Coffelt flash FBI credentials.

Naturally, the FBI refuses to comment on these revelations or on any other aspect of Coffelt's life.

Records show that he was paroled from Leavenworth in 1955 after serving just six years of his ten-year sentence. Then, in the mid-1960s, he became the trusted aide of wealthy Robert Todd Lincoln Beckwith—the great-grandson and last living relative of Abraham Lincoln. Beckwith has heavily financed several right-wing causes, such as the John Birch Society.

In 1974 Coffelt boasted to Brown that he had "helped kill a nigger" in Memphis, Tennessee. He mentioned being in "one of the white cars" that had deliberately caused traffic congestion immediately after Dr. King was assassinated.

Where much of the preceding may seem rather sketchy, Coffelt's story of the Northwest Airlines skyjacking—as recounted by James Brown—is detailed and believable.

From the outset of the meetings that began in 1973, Brown played a determined devil's-advocate role with Coffelt—asking tough questions. At

times Coffelt would be cooperative and come forward with more details. Other times Coffelt would shut off completely, saying he was tired of talking about it all. But inevitably, during the days they spent together searching for the missing money and at Brown's home in Oregon, they would come back to the skyjacking.

Coffelt said he had first planned to steal several million dollars, which he thought would be aboard Flight 305, headed for the Federal Reserve Bank in Seattle. But after watching the loading of the plane and realizing the bank money had failed to arrive, he carried out an alternate plan to demand the \$200,000 ransom.

He told Brown he had called the airline numerous times to make phony reservations for Flight 305 so there would be fewer people on board. He saw no sense in creating unnecessary problems.

Before jumping from the plane's rear exit door, Coffelt said, he put the moneybag and an electronic receiver inside a green plastic bag he had carried aboard in his briefcase. After throwing the briefcase overboard, he tied a line around the moneybag and made a loop for his arm.

Coffelt said his bail-out point was not the Lake Merwin vicinity, as stated by the FBI. He claims to have landed 70 miles farther southeast, in the Cascade

Mountains of Oregon—on almost a direct line from Seattle to Reno. An accomplice with a Jeep waited for him in the brush. The four-wheel-drive vehicle was equipped with an electronic "beeper." Another vehicle, a white Cadillac, was hidden close to a paved road.

Spotting a beacon on Mount Hood, Coffelt was able to sight a triangle of three small runway lights located east of the mountain, set in place by his accomplice. He put his arm through the moneybag and waited for a signal from the Jeep beeper. Preparing to jump directly over the beacon lights, he was suddenly swept off balance by swirling winds and sucked down into the darkness.

At the 10,000-foot altitude Coffelt figured it would be safe to count to 50 before opening the chute. But as he free-fell into the black night, he counted only to 30 before instinctively pulling on his chest-pack rip cord. Nothing happened.

Desperately, he pulled at the D-ring on the seat-pack chute. It opened with a jolt. At that moment, relieved that he wouldn't hit the earth at more than 100 miles per hour and die, he made the mistake of relaxing his grip on the moneybag. It slipped off his arm and disappeared beneath him.

He would never see the \$200,000 again.

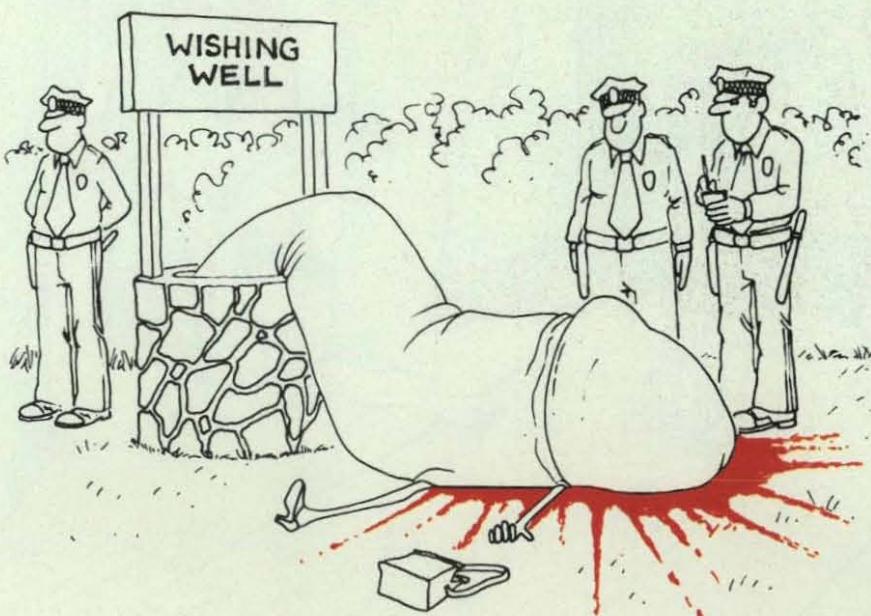
The combination of a strong wind and the early chute opening caused him to drift far from the target meadow. Coffelt hit the ground hard at more than 30 mph, was dragged along by the parachute and smacked into a dead tree.

Despite the pain from injuries to his rib cage, genitals, feet and legs, he managed to remove the chutes. To avoid possible detection, he melted them with an aerosol can of solvent spray. Then he buried what was left of the chutes—mostly metal snaps and buckles—next to a large rock, on which he scratched large X's and O's.

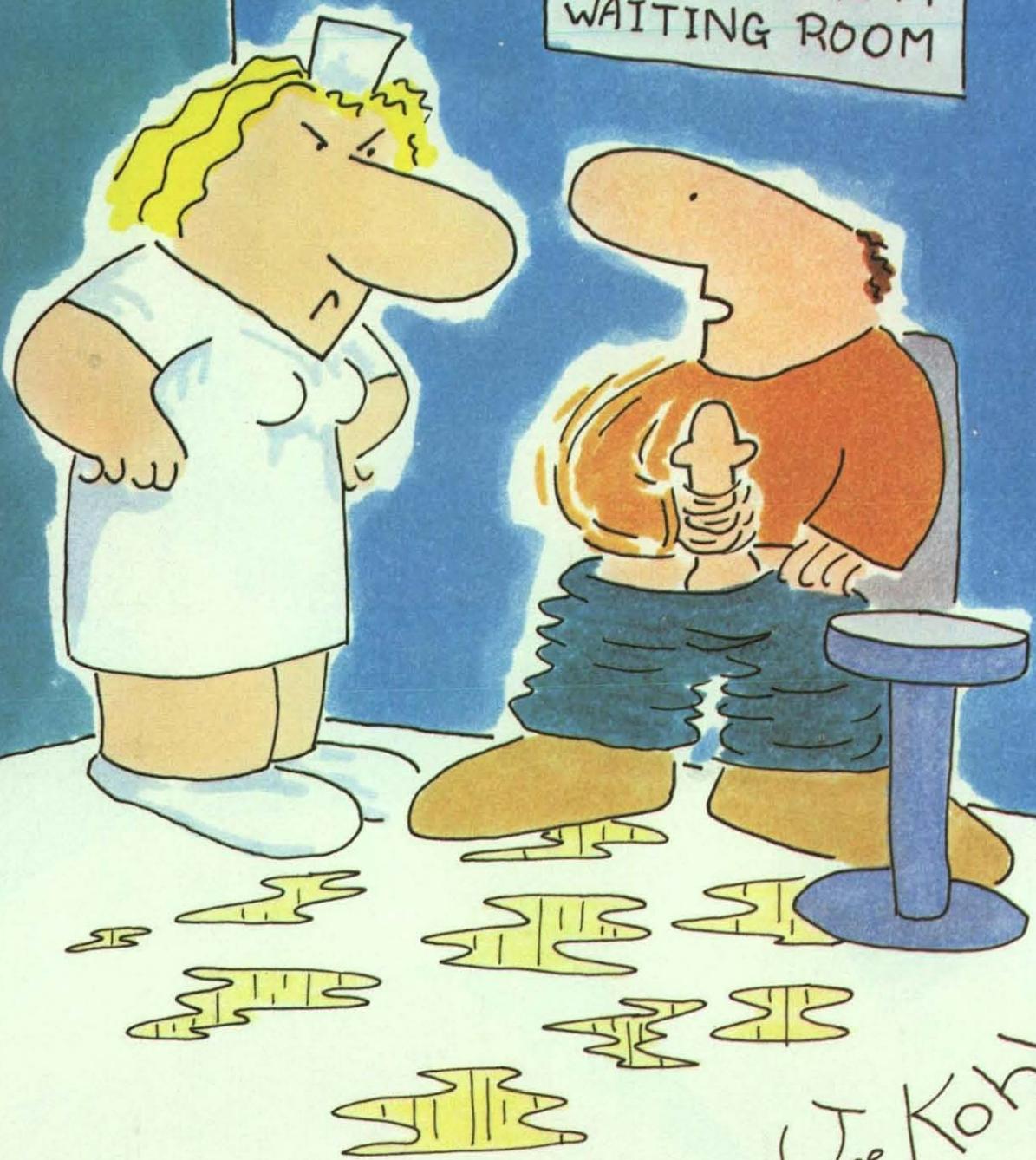
Coffelt now considered his very real dilemma. He could hear the signals from the beepers in both the Jeep and the lost moneybag, but the latter was weak and beginning to fade. He thought about going after the money, but quickly dismissed the plan when he realized he would have a difficult enough time reaching the Jeep from this steep, inaccessible area. Resignedly, he mustered his remaining strength and began his trek through the pitch-dark forest, homing in on the Jeep beeper.

When the sun came up, Coffelt was still miles away from the Jeep. At one point he crossed a road and was astonished to see a bulldozer at work nearby. He turned his face so the driver couldn't

(continued on page 124)

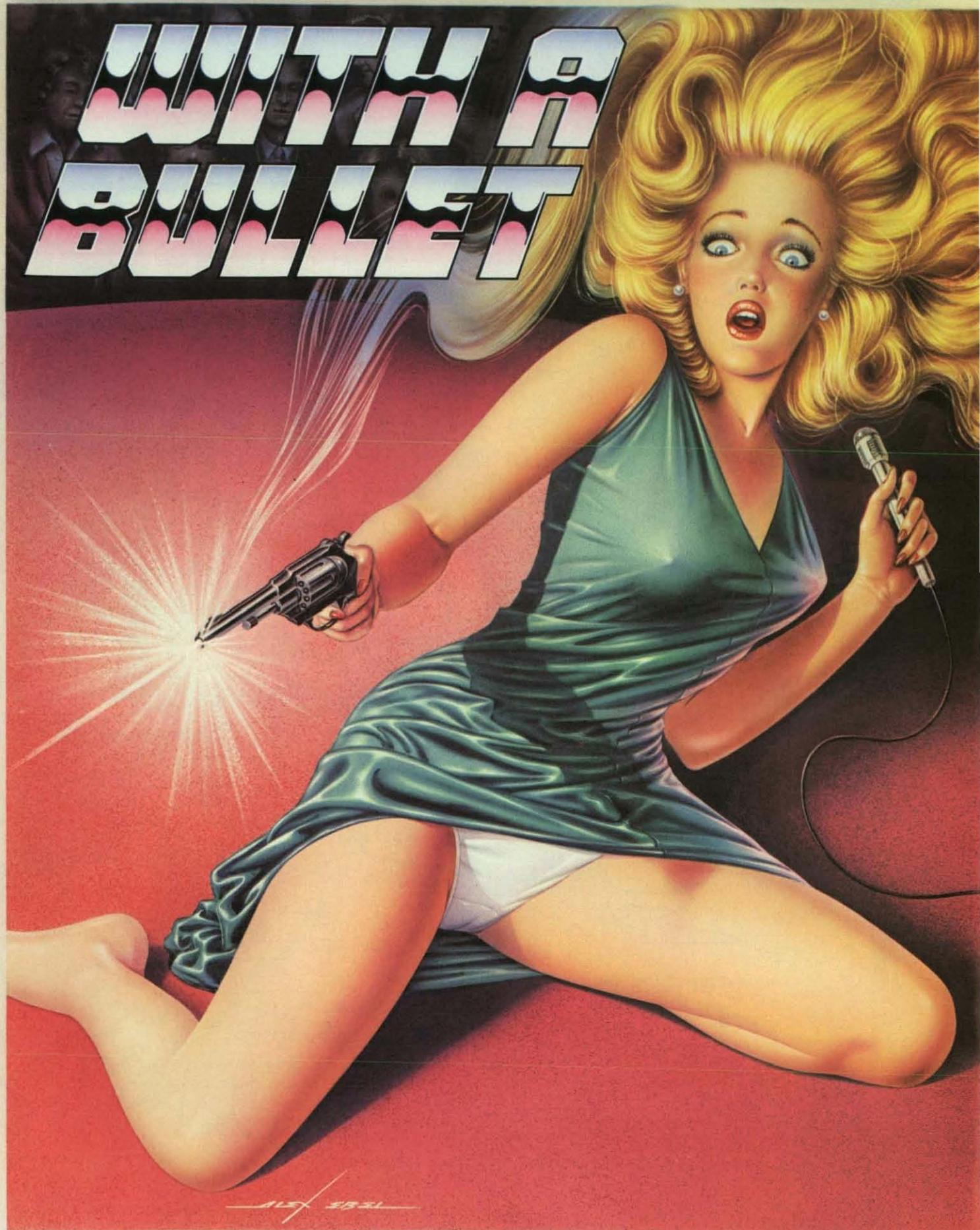


MATERNITY
WAITING ROOM

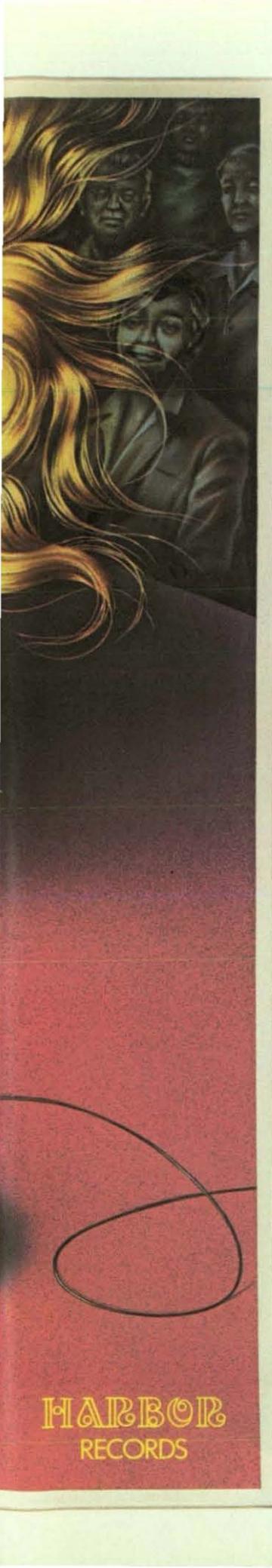


"I don't smoke."

WITH A BULLET



ALEX SZEGLI



Movies and paperback novels are full of private eyes who live in mansions, surround themselves with blondes with big tits, fly off to Monte Carlo now and then and wheel across town in Mercedes 450s. I wish I were one of these, but I'm not. My name is Jeff Tomaski, and I operate a one-man private-investigation agency. Most of my cases are routine matters involving disappearing husbands and debtors who've taken a walk, and 90% of my stalking is done with a telephone book. Instead of a luxurious suite of offices, I work out of my little house in Laurel Canyon, a fashionable section of the Hollywood Hills above Los Angeles. I've had it for ten years now, and even when

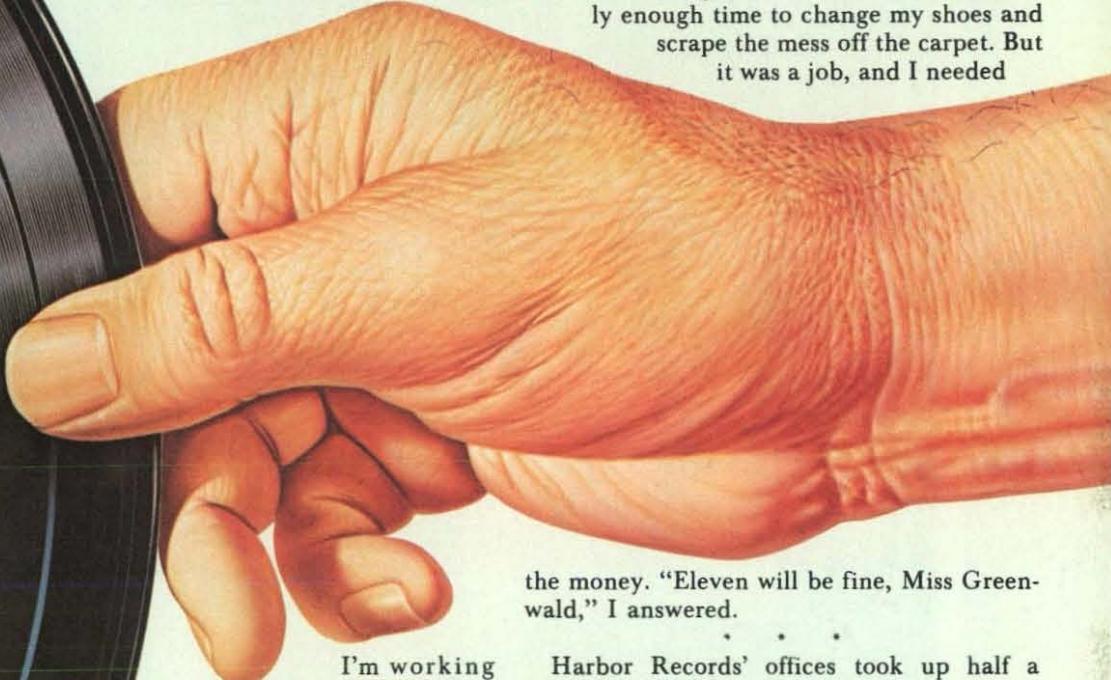
tigator," I corrected. "Sorry, but I was outside, I heard the phone ring, I ran to answer, and I stepped in—that is, may I help you?" "Hot damn," I thought. *Tomaski, you're off to a great start.*

"This is Andrea Greenwald," the voice said, "and I'm the administrative assistant to Mr. Paul Mahoney, the president of Harbor Records. Mr. Mahoney would like to meet with you to discuss retaining your services on a very confidential matter."

She didn't stress the words *very confidential*, but, then, she didn't need to. "Certainly," I said. "When would he like to see me?"

There was a pause so brief it was almost unnoticeable. "Would 11 this morning be convenient, Mr. Tomaski?" the woman asked.

I looked at my watch: 9:15. There was barely enough time to change my shoes and scrape the mess off the carpet. But it was a job, and I needed



I'm working steady, making payments on the place breaks my balls.

That's why, when the phone rang that Friday morning, I was in such a hurry to get to it that I stepped in some dog shit as I ran in from the yard. I tried to kick my shoe off, didn't make it and decided to hop-skip into the house to avoid tracking dog plop on the living-room carpet. I opened the front door while standing on my left foot and managed to skip halfway across the front room before tripping on a lamp cord and going down in a heap. From my prone position I reached up to my desk, lifted the telephone receiver and muttered, "Aw, shit!"

"Excuse me?" said the startled female voice on the other end of the line.

"I mean, Jeff Tomaski, private inves-

the money. "Eleven will be fine, Miss Greenwald," I answered.

Harbor Records' offices took up half a block; not bad for a company that'd been started on a shoestring only six years before. They were furnished conservatively, with little of the glitter and gaudiness usually associated with the music business. And Mahoney himself was a surprise. I'd expected a youngish guy with a Sassoan haircut, a shirt open halfway to his fly and a half-dozen gold coke spoons on chains around his neck. What I found instead was a fortyish businessman wearing short, graying hair and a gray suit, seated at an oaken desk.

"Mr. Tomaski, I'll get right to the point," Mahoney said seriously. "I called you because you've done some work with the music industry in the past, and you appreciate the need for confidentiality in certain matters."

I nodded, and Mahoney went on. "As you may know, I have a partner in Harbor Records. His name is Frank Riley. Together we built this company out of nothing and watched it grow." Mahoney stopped and inhaled for a moment, as though weighing

**HARBOR
RECORDS**

FICTION BY BEN PESTA

Illustrations by Alex Ebel



HARBOR
RECORDS

STEREO

Side 1

21TE65

WITH A BULLET

1. LE ECHO DU MUSIQUE
2. ELEGY IN HARMONIC
3. COVINA ONE CATCHES TWO
4. LITO HO HO TAIL
5. LUCIA UNMOLATIOL
6. TATTOO FEAT ALICE LA HAT
7. SPILLER SPILL

HARBOR RECORDS - A DIVISION OF PANAMETROSONIC CORP. - Made in U.S.A.

HARBOR
RECORDS

what he was to say next. "No one has heard from Frank for three days." He let that one sink in for a few seconds. "We've tried his home in Malibu, the house he rents in Benedict Canyon, our offices in New York—nothing."

"Three days isn't such a long time," I said. "Do you suspect foul play?"

"Hardly," Mahoney said. "Frank's been under a lot of pressure lately. He's separated from his wife, he's having an affair with one of our contract singers and, of course, his job here is very demanding. He may be with his girlfriend. He may just have taken a few days off to rest up and think about things by himself."

"I don't understand," I said. "If that's the situation, why call me?"

Mahoney took another deep breath. "I'll be honest with you, Mr. Tomaski," he said. I watched his brow furrow. "Our distribution agreement with U.S. Music, Incorporated, expires very shortly, and we've decided to make a change. Harbor has a chance to be handled by PolyGram, one of the world's biggest music-distribution companies, and I don't have to explain what that would mean to us in terms of increased profits.

"We're negotiating with PolyGram right now. The talks are at a delicate stage, and Frank has been handling things. If word of his disappearance in the middle of negotiations were to get out—if one of the two men at the head of Harbor Records gave even a momentary impression of instability—PolyGram could decide to call the whole thing off. And at this point, we need them more than they need us.

"Also, we can't let U.S. Music know we've been talking to PolyGram while our current contract is still valid. If we did, U.S. Music would sue PolyGram and us for contract-tampering, the PolyGram deal would be canceled, and we'd be left with no distributor and a helluva lawsuit on our hands. We could go down the toilet."

"That explains all the hush-hush," I said. "You want me to find your partner and bring him back without letting word of his disappearance get out and blowing your distribution deal."

"That's right," Mahoney answered.

"Tell me," I asked. "Just how urgent is this? I mean, how soon do you want your partner back in the office?"

"We'll pay you \$20,000," Mahoney

said evenly. "Does that answer your question?"

Frank Riley's house in Malibu was your basic million-dollar beach shack: weathered and a little run-down on the outside, lots of chrome, leather and polished wood inside. The gold records on the living-room wall weren't real gold, but the paintings looked pretty authentic.

Gail Riley, the missing exec's wife, seemed to be the real thing too. She was somewhere in her mid-30s, tall and tanned. Her blond hair was beginning to show a couple of gray streaks. Her brown eyes were red around the edges.

"I suppose Paul Mahoney told you that Frank and I had separated," she said quietly.

I didn't answer. I wanted to hear what was on her mind.

"It's hardly a secret," she went on. "For the past six months he's been fooling around very publicly with Stacey Kaye. Two months ago he rented a house in Benedict Canyon and moved in with her. He told me that he wanted a divorce, that he planned to marry her."

Stacey Kaye was a singer who recorded on the Harbor label—a brassy, peroxide blonde who wore body stockings and leopard-skin stretch pants onstage. Her singing was more like screaming, and her four backup musicians looked like refugees from the bar scene in *Star Wars*. Stacey's trademark was a nasty-looking .38-caliber pistol she fondled throughout her performance. Periodically, she fired blank shots to punctuate a song's lyrics. For some strange reason they were one of the hottest acts in pop music.

"I agreed to the divorce, although I'm very much against it," Gail Riley said. She took a sip from the Screwdriver she'd been nursing since I arrived. "That girl will make his life hell. Three years ago, when Frank signed her to a contract, she was nothing but a part-time cocktail waitress and a junkie and God knows what else. Frank got her off heroin and made her a star. But underneath all the tinsel she's still just trash."

"Mrs. Riley," I said, "did your husband say anything or do anything in the past few days that would give you a clue to his whereabouts?"

"No," she answered. "I saw him on Monday. He's signed the house over to me as part of our separation agreement, and he came by with some papers. He seemed sort of preoccupied—upset over something at work, I think. But he's

been more and more that way as the business has grown and taken more of his time."

She turned away for a moment and stared out the window. The evening sun was setting over the Pacific, and the view was what made those Malibu houses worth a million bucks. When she turned back to face me, I could see that she'd started to cry.

"Mr. Tomaski, I still love my husband a lot," she said, trying hard to regain her composure. "Won't you please find him?"

I drove back to town that evening to have dinner with my friend Ted Weiss, a reporter for *Billboard*, a music-industry trade paper. I wanted him to fill me in on Harbor Records.

"No doubt about it," Ted said over a double Dewars'. "It's one of the hottest labels in the business. Right now they have six singles and five LPs on the top-100 charts, all but two of them with a bullet."

"What's that mean?" I asked.

"A bullet's that little symbol *Billboard* puts beside the super sellers in a particular week," he explained. "Records that are gaining instead of losing popularity with listeners. And what it means in business terms is that Frank Riley is one of the best men in pop music when it comes to spotting talent that'll sell to the public."

"Probably a pretty sharp financial operator too," I said.

"Actually, Paul Mahoney handles that end of things," Ted corrected. "Riley had a big reputation as a talent scout at Columbia Records, and he wanted to start his own company. Mahoney bankrolled him and helped him set up Harbor."

"I'm not real sure who the original investors were, but they can be glad Mahoney put the bite on them. Their investment's got to have paid off very nicely."

Funny, but Mahoney had given me the impression that his *partner* was the one with the business savvy. "Ted," I asked, "what do you know about Stacey Kaye?"

He laughed, and ran a hand through his red hair. "A real wild fox," he said. "She's supposed to be fucking Riley. Wouldn't surprise me; she's laid everything but the Atlantic cable. Really puts on a show for the fans, though, I'll give her that. She's got a new record coming out in a few weeks, and she's in New York to promote it. The capper of her trip is a concert at the Palladium."

All of a sudden Ted got the gleam of a potential story in his eye. "Any particu-

lar reason you want to know all this stuff, Jeff?" he asked.

I smiled, reaching for the check. "No," I said. "Just curious."

* * *

The next night I was already in New York City for Stacey Kaye's concert. I hopped a morning flight and arrived at the Palladium just in time to catch the last reverberations of the warm-up act.

Ted Weiss had been right about Stacey's ability to perform. From the moment the baby pin-spotlight hit her and the lead guitarist struck his first power chord, her effect on the audience was electric. Her eyes glowed like coals against her pale face. Her flowing white-blond hair framed her head like flame. The singer jumped around the Palladium stage like a woman possessed by evil spirits.

Stacey wore red pants that looked like they'd been spray-painted to her legs and ass, and a red, low-cut top that one breast popped out of now and then. But what really kept my eyes riveted was her mouth. The lips were full, red and pouty. She puckered them in a circle as she sang:

"I didn't wanna love you, baby/But you stabbed me like a knife./You jabbed me an' you s-s-s-tuck me, baby./Now you penetrate my life."

With each burst of lyrics those beautiful lips came closer to the microphone, as though it were a cock. Sweat poured from her face and fell in little beads on her shoulders and breasts. By the time the song was over, the audience was screaming.

After she'd finished her fourth and final encore, I flashed the backstage pass that Paul Mahoney had given me and made my way to Stacey's dressing room. My knock on the door was answered by a hollow-sounding "Come in, it's open."

Stacey Kaye was sitting at her make-up table, her hair wet and stringy. Propped behind bottles of cologne and hair-spray was a copy of her latest album, whose bizarre cover illustration of Stacey kneeling onstage and firing off her revolver made me wince. There was also a mirror on the tabletop, and white powder was arranged in parallel lines on its surface. A razor blade and a straw rounded out the picture.

"Hi, who're you?" she said, looking

up. Her eyes burned out of her cheekbones.

"Jeff Tomaski," I said. "A private investigator working for our friend Paul Mahoney."

The singer looked exhausted. "Well, have some coke, Jeff Tomaski," she said, gesturing toward the mirror.

What the hell, I thought. I bent forward, picked up the plastic straw from the tabletop and tooted up a couple of healthy-looking lines.

When I straightened up, Stacey was looking at me. "Now tell me, what brings a big boy like you to little old New York?" she asked.

I told her about Frank Riley's disappearance, and asked her when she'd last seen or heard from him.

As I went through my spiel, Stacey bent her head down toward the tabletop and snorted six lines of cocaine. Then she sat up and again motioned me to the mirror. Her cheeks were beginning to flush.

As I did two more lines, she said, "Look, you already know Frank and I live together. The last time I heard from him was Wednesday. He usually calls me a few times a day when I'm on tour, and if I'm not in my hotel room, he calls my old hangouts and leaves messages for me.

"I haven't thought much about not hearing from him lately—because, if you really want to know, he's been driving me a little nuts. In fact, I'm gonna move out when I finish this tour. So if his wife is trying to prove that we've run off together, tell her to forget it."

I looked down at Stacey. Her eyes were even bigger and brighter than they'd been when I walked into the room. I could almost feel the heat radiating up from her bare shoulders. Then I realized that her hand was on my leg.

"And now, Mr. Private Eye," she continued, "if the interrogation's over, how about you and I have ourselves a little fun?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't, because she'd risen from her chair and leaned toward me in one smooth motion, and her tongue was darting into my mouth like a hot little sausage. Her lips were grinding against mine as though she wanted to suck the breath right out of my lungs, and her hand was running up and down the front of my pants, caressing my already-hard cock. I still didn't say anything; I just returned her juicy kisses.

But soon my left hand found its way

(continued on page 102)



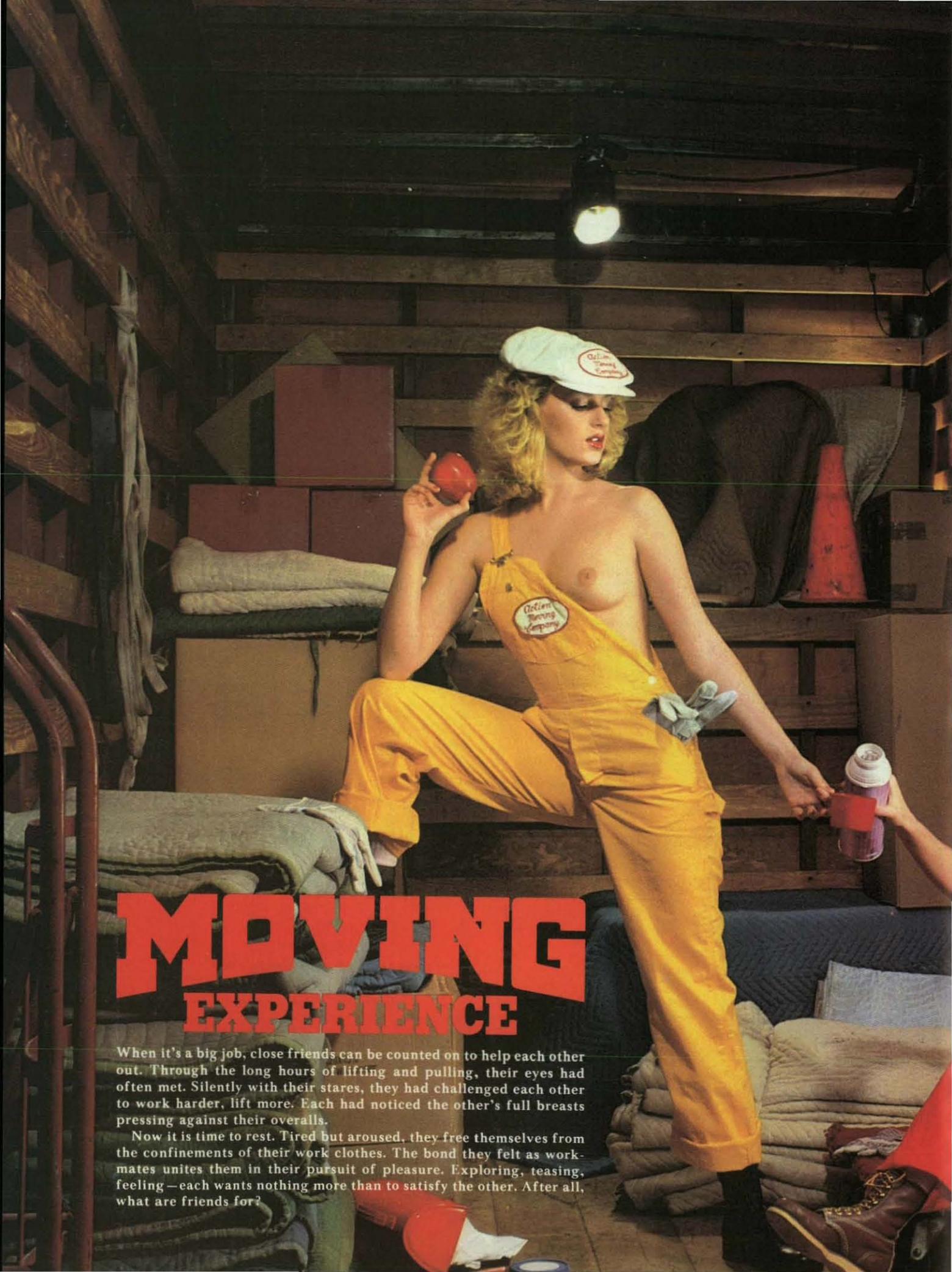


Internal
Revenue
AUDITS

AUDITS

Trusley

"For example, here under 'Dependents' you put 'Earth'!"



MOVING EXPERIENCE

When it's a big job, close friends can be counted on to help each other out. Through the long hours of lifting and pulling, their eyes had often met. Silently with their stares, they had challenged each other to work harder, lift more. Each had noticed the other's full breasts pressing against their overalls.

Now it is time to rest. Tired but aroused, they free themselves from the confinements of their work clothes. The bond they felt as workmates unites them in their pursuit of pleasure. Exploring, teasing, feeling—each wants nothing more than to satisfy the other. After all, what are friends for?



Photography by Suze Randall









(continued from page 94)

to her right breast, although either one would have done nicely. I popped it out of her halter top and felt the nipple grow hard as I massaged it. She began to breathe hard, and I felt her struggling with my zipper. I lowered my head, bending it down to kiss and suck her sweat-soaked tit. It tasted salty.

"I need you to fuck me," she groaned huskily. "I want you to put your prick inside me and tell me how good it feels." She began to tug me over to a couch in the corner of her dressing room.

Don't ask me how she wriggled out of her skintight pants. By the time we got to the couch, she was all over me, sucking and biting my cock, squeezing my balls gently in her hands and murmuring, "Tell me you want me, baby. Tell me it's good."

"I want you," I whispered, slipping my hand between her thighs. She was already streaming wet, and my fingers were sticky where they'd touched her cunt.

"I'll make it so-o-o-o good for you, baby," she muttered, working her finger between my balls and my ass. "I'll fuck you like nobody's ever fucked you."

Stacey was getting crazy, and my

prick was growing harder and bigger than I'd thought possible. "Come on, baby," she panted as I rolled her clit between my thumb and forefinger. "Give me your cock. I want it in me now!"

I rolled her over on the sofa, and her legs spread automatically. Surprisingly, her bush was dyed platinum to match her hair. Even better, her cunt was pink and soft, almost like a young girl's. I thrust my cock inside her and just about gasped. Her cunt was tight, yet wet.

"Good, baby, good, baby," Stacey nearly shouted. Her hips began to roll, and I felt her vagina grip my rod. "I want it all!" she rasped.

"Take it, baby," I snapped, grabbing her ass with both hands and driving myself so deep inside her that I thought I'd split her in two.

Stacey made a noise somewhere between a moan and a scream. She dug her fingernails into my back. I could feel the fabric of my shirt tear. Then I winced as her nails tore into the skin itself. But I kept ramming myself into her.

"God, I love your prick inside me," she said between gasps. "I want it all the way... I want to feel you come... I want to feel your cum inside me!"

My cock, slick with her juices, was battering her hole. The pain from her digging nails was almost more than I

could stand. Stacey's red lips were flickering at my ear, repeating, "Come inside me, come inside me, come inside me...." And then I felt myself let go, heard myself gasp as my sperm boiled out of my cock and into her cunt, heard the high-pitched wail that told me Stacey was coming too. And after that I didn't hear or think about much for a while.

The next day, Sunday, I flew back to L.A. and thought about the Riley case. A lot of things about it just didn't seem to make sense. A prominent record exec takes a walk in the middle of negotiating a crucial deal. His business partner hasn't seen him. His girlfriend doesn't know where he is, and doesn't care. His almost-ex-wife hasn't a clue, but wants him back. He hasn't called in, and nobody knows when to expect him. I began to wonder if there were some details Mahoney hadn't told me.

On Monday morning, at about 11:15, I called Harbor Records. I wanted to see if Mahoney could clear up a few of my doubts. Andrea Greenwald told me that her boss was out. "He's having lunch with Sam Coletta," she said, "and I don't think he'll be coming back to the office afterward. These things usually take all afternoon. I'll tell him you called though."

"Sam Coletta?" I asked.

"Yes. He's the president of our distributor, U.S. Music."

That was funny. Why would Mahoney be going out for a long lunch with the distributor he was about to dump? I rolled that over in my head for a while until the telephone rang. It was Ted Weiss from *Billboard*.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Well, you had some questions about Harbor Records," he answered, "and I just wrote a story about them for next week's issue. I thought it was sort of a coincidence; so I called."

"What's the story say?"

"Harbor just signed a new three-year contract with their distributor, U.S. Music. It's a little strange, because the terms are just about the same as the old deal. Harbor's gotten a lot bigger since then, and I'd've thought they could have negotiated something a lot better for themselves. Besides, I'd heard rumors that the label was dissatisfied with U.S. Music and was looking for a change. Just thought you'd want to know."

That explained what Coletta was doing at lunch with Mahoney, but it was one more item on the list of things about the Riley case that didn't wash.

On Tuesday morning I stepped out into my front yard to pick up the *Los An-*

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geles Times, laying facedown on the grass. The lead story below the fold was headlined, "RECORD EXECUTIVE FOUND SLAIN."

I took the paper inside, put some water on for coffee and read that the body of Frank Riley, chairman of the board of Harbor Records, had been discovered in Topanga Canyon the previous evening. He appeared to have been shot twice in the back of the head. Identification of the corpse had been difficult; seems it'd been lying there for days, and coyotes had gotten to it.

That did it. I realized I had some old-fashioned detective drudge work to do. I began making phone calls and looking for leads. First I called the few people I knew connected with the record business. Then I called the people they told me to call. I asked questions, wrote down names and tried to make connections.

After 15 phone calls and five hours I decided it was time to make a final call—to an old Army buddy who was now on the New York City Police Department's organized-crime task force. What he had to say pulled enough of the pieces together that I wanted to have another talk with Paul Mahoney.

So I called Harbor and told Andrea Greenwald I had to speak to her boss. This time I got the man himself.

"You'll have to pardon me, Mr. Tomaski," he said. "We're all pretty much in a state of shock here. Naturally, I have a lot of emergency business to take care of as a result of Frank's death. But I think I can see you in my office at . . . oh, how is six o'clock for you?"

"Six will be fine," I answered.

It was dark by the time I drove to the Harbor Records building. I walked in through the open front door and went right up the elevator to Mahoney's office.

"Sit down, Mr. Tomaski," he said, motioning me toward a chair. "As I said, this tragedy has unhinged us all a bit. But I'm sure if you're concerned about your fee that we can arrive at a—"

"I'm not worried about my fee, Mr. Mahoney," I said. "I'm more concerned with trying to figure out this case, and I think the whole thing smells worse than yesterday's tennis socks. Just for one example. I know you've extended your contract with U.S. Music for another three years."

"Well, of course," Mahoney began, "when news of my partner's death became public today, PolyGram decided—"

"No, they didn't," I said. "The outcome was decided yesterday, the same

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day you and Coletta went out for a long, buddy-buddy lunch. It'll be announced in next Monday's *Billboard*. The guy writing the story is a friend of mine. So don't ask me to believe that Frank Riley's death blew the PolyGram deal. The deal was off yesterday, before PolyGram had any way of knowing that Riley wasn't at his desk."

Mahoney looked a little flustered. "Well, of course—" he began again.

"There's something else I don't like," I interrupted. "My friend at *Billboard* told me that the new deal with U.S. Music wasn't a very good one from Harbor's point of view. That bothered me; so today I made some phone calls. I wasn't sure what I was looking for, but little leads led to other leads, and finally I wound up talking to another old friend.

"This one's a New York police detective, and he knows quite a bit about Sam Coletta. He said that Coletta had been convicted in the payola scandals 20 years ago, and that he'd been charged a few times since then with racketeering and extortion. None of the later charges stuck, but my friend informs me that the New York cops consider U.S. Music to be a front for the mob.

"So the reason I'm here tonight, Mr. Mahoney, is to see if you can make some sense of all this. I think there are a lot of

things you haven't told me about this case, and if you can't come up with some very good explanations, I'm going to go to the police."

"Now, look, Tomaski," Mahoney said sharply. That's all he said; or, rather, that's all I heard, because somebody hit me on the head from behind at just about that time. And then—just like they say in detective novels—the lights went out.

* * *

Groggy, lying facedown on the floor of a moving car, I realized I'd been hearing voices for some time. One of them, Mahoney's, was saying, "I tell you, *I had everything under control*, until you—"

The other, deeper voice said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Mahoney, but he said he'd go to the cops, and I thought—"

And then Mahoney's again, angry: "You idiot, I don't pay you to think! Now we'll have to...."

It was hard to make much sense of the conversation, lying there in the car. Besides, my head hurt like hell, and my face was pressed up against the front seat. I guess I must've passed out again, because when I woke up, I still had the headache but was outside the car, lying on the ground and staring at two pairs of shoes. One pair belonged to Mahoney; the other, to a goon who was holding a .38-caliber revolver on me.

"Jesus, guys," I groaned. "What do you think this is—*The Rockford Files*?"

"Shut up, Tomaski," snapped Mahoney. "If I were you, I wouldn't be making wisecracks."

I got to my feet very slowly. "Well," I said, "it's a little too late at night for this to be a Cub Scout nature hike. Since you obviously plan to turn me into coyote meat, the way you did with Riley, you could at least let me know why you hired me in the first place."

"I don't see any reason why not," Mahoney said coldly. "We found it necessary to... *dispose* of my partner, and it presented us with an opportunity. The whole PolyGram business had been Frank's idea anyway; I never wanted it. We could use his death as an excuse for the deal's falling through if we could conceal his disappearance until the new agreement with U.S. Music was signed."

"Wait a minute!" I said. "A record-distribution contract is usually a big deal. Both parties haggle over it for months. It's tough to keep confidential. My friend at *Billboard* told me he'd heard rumors about the PolyGram deal, but he just got wind of the U.S. Music deal yesterday. It took him by surprise. How come?"

Mahoney laughed in a way I didn't like. "Because the PolyGram deal was never going to happen in the first place," he said. "But as a loyal partner, I could hardly let Frank know that was the way I felt—let alone the rest of the music industry. I dragged my feet on it as discreetly as I could, but it looked like Frank was going to firm it up anyway—"

"Until you killed both your partner and the deal," I said. "So that's how the U.S. Music deal stayed so secret; it was dirty from the beginning."

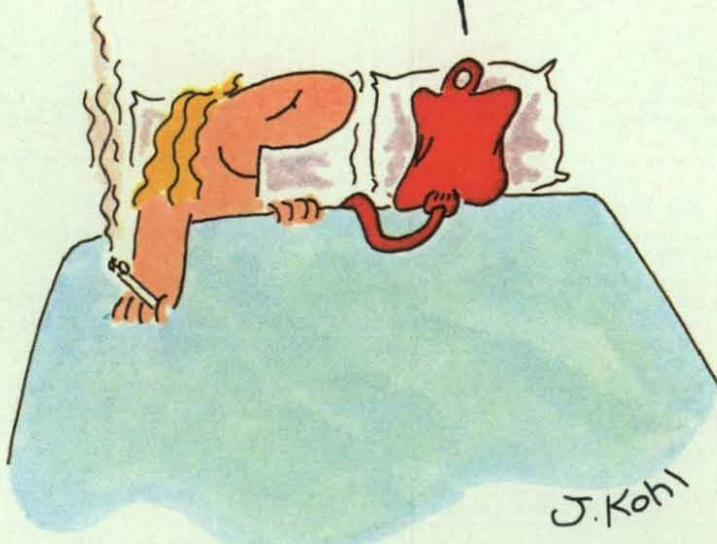
"You're being judgmental, Tomaski," Mahoney said snidely. "The one fly in our ointment was that when Frank's body was found—and we knew it would be—the police would want to know why we hadn't done anything about his disappearance."

"So you retained me as a fall guy," I said. "That way you could tell the cops you'd been afraid to screw up the 'sensitive PolyGram negotiations'—the same negotiations you were secretly trying to torpedo."

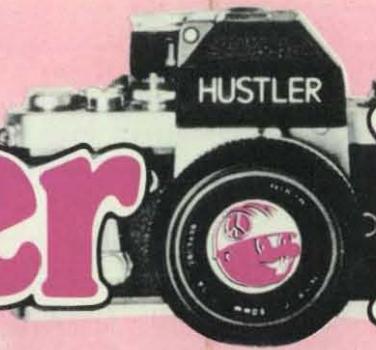
"That's right," Mahoney nodded. "We would have told the cops that a delicate business deal was in jeopardy, that we weren't *sure* there had been foul play, and that we'd taken what to us seemed to be appropriate steps. Only you poked your nose into things a little too far, Tomaski. You were too curious about

(continued on page 110)

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Photo by Robert



Twenty-nine-year-old Bridgette from Goose Creek, South Carolina, is a cocktail waitress who likes to roller-skate in her spare time. She dreams of having hot oil rubbed all over her body.

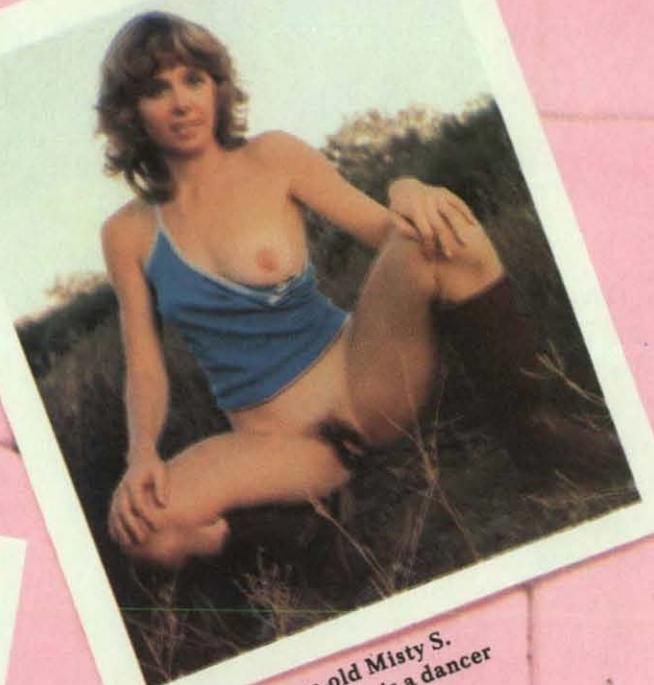
Photo by Bob



Hollywood, Florida, is where 23-year-old Erin works as a model. Her hobbies include sailing, Frisbee-playing and pen-and-ink drawing, while her fantasy is "to be a goddess adored by my own kingdom of male slaves."

Photo by Sarah

Linda Adams, 26, is a waitress from Buffalo, New York, who loves to swim, fish and sunbathe in the nude. She fantasizes about making love while skin-diving 30 feet underwater.



Twenty-four-year-old Misty S. from Tucson, Arizona, is a dancer whose hobbies include ethnic cooking and backpacking. Her fantasy is to have a good sex relationship with a sexy couple.

Photo by Bob Hemberger

Photo by Boyfriend



Kitty, 23, is a cosmetologist from Daytona Beach, Florida, who enjoys swimming in the nude, sunbathing and making love. She says she'd like "to make love to two men for hours and hours, then do it all over again."



Photo by Dale Johnson



Domanic is a well-hung doggy stud from Columbus, Ohio, who likes to eat, sleep and make puppies.

A housewife and mother from Bay Shore, New York, 22-year-old Julie Frankel likes to swim, paint, read and model. She dreams of "having a harem of men, with Clint Eastwood and Sam Elliott as slaves."



Photo by Gary Frankel



S. D., a 19-year-old housewife from Catasauqua, Pennsylvania, says her hobbies are exercising and making love. As you can see, her fantasy—to appear in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt—has come true.

Photo by Husband



Rhonda Roberts is a 26-year-old cocktail waitress from Dalton, Georgia, who enjoys dirt-bike riding, skiing and hiking. Her fantasy is "to really turn men on when they see me in HUSTLER."



Photo by Tom Coffey

A 19-year-old waitress from Clintwood, Virginia, Summer Dawn likes to roller-skate and play guitar. Her dream is to have her picture published in HUSTLER.

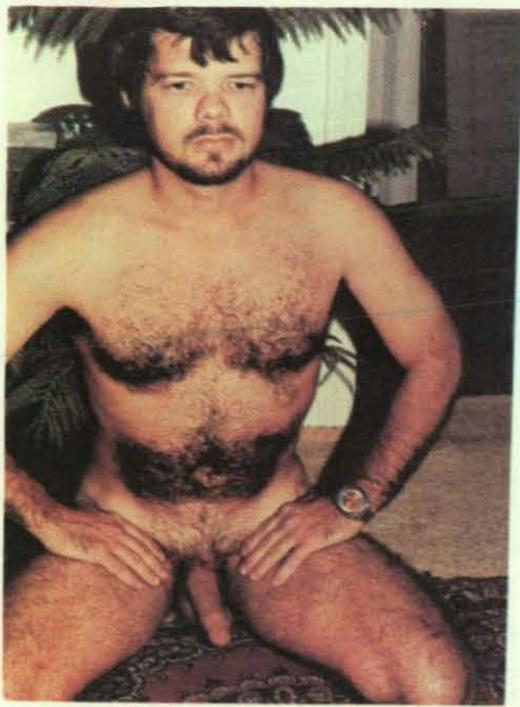
Photo by Bill Jacobs



Chicago is where you'll find Susan Jacobs, 26. She's an exotic dancer whose hobbies include all outdoor sports, and her fantasy is to ball her husband onstage in front of a packed house.

One for the Ladies

Photo by Chuck S.



Chuck S. is a 32-year-old air-conditioning technician from Lynn Haven, Florida. He likes to scuba-dive, race cars and fly, and his fantasy is "to make love to three attractive females all at one time."

Kathy Rosenka, 26, is a housewife from Fort Myers, Florida, who enjoys exotic dancing and modeling. She dreams of being the mistress of a rich old man.



Photo by Husband



Photo by L.R.P.

S. M. P. is a 23-year-old housewife from Perris, California, whose hobbies are letter-writing, swimming, eating and "fun, fun, fun!" Her sexual fantasy is to sunbathe nude in Hawaii.



HUSTLER

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Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 105). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

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WITH A BULLET

(continued from page 104)

the timing of our deal with U.S. Music, about Sam Coletta's connections . . . so now, I'm afraid —"

I lunged for the goon, grabbed his gun hand and bit his thumb as hard as I could. He hollered, and his hand went into a painful spasm that lasted long enough for me to grab the gun and shoot his kneecap as he jumped for me.

I spun around to find Mahoney, but he was off and running through the brush, out to the road . . . directly into the headlights of an approaching car. The sound he made when it hit him wasn't very pretty.

I walked over to the scene of the accident. It looked like Mahoney wasn't going anywhere—ever. The goon was on the ground, clutching his wounded knee and screaming. Not much more for me to do but find the nearest house, pick up the phone and call the police.

The next morning I was at the LAPD's downtown headquarters, giving my statement to Detective Lieutenant Michael Skinner.

"What I don't get is why Mahoney wanted to kill Riley in the first place," I said. "I mean, they were both getting rich as partners."

"First of all," said Skinner, "you should know that Paul Mahoney isn't his real name; it's Paolo Maione, and his father is Angelo Maione. Does that ring any bells?"

"Only in the way that Al Capone and Lucky Luciano and Crazy Joey Gallo ring bells," I said. "So tell me more."

"Harbor Records was established as a money-laundering operation for the mob," Skinner said. "That's where Mahoney found the original 'investors' to bankroll Frank Riley. Only Riley didn't know it—at the time. But this year Harbor was important enough to attract a big distributor when the time for a new contract rolled around. Except that Mahoney was happy with U.S. Music, because it's owned by his old man."

"I see," I said. "I should've figured something like that when I found out about the company's mob connection."

"Mahoney thought you *had* figured it," Skinner said. "And when you began pressing him on his reasons for jerking you off about why the PolyGram deal fell through, he was sure you'd figured out what he'd done. Sure enough that he didn't want to leave any loose ends untied by letting you stay alive."

"So U.S. Music was one of the ways the mob funneled money out of Harbor Records?"

"Right," Skinner acknowledged. "Riley couldn't understand why his partner wanted to hang onto a distribution agreement that was so clearly disadvantageous to the company; so he began to sniff around a little."

"He finally got to looking at the books—remember, Mahoney had the head for business—and he discovered that U.S. Music simply forgot to pay Harbor for a lot of records that had been sold. Those 'oversights' added up to a few million bucks—hardly the kind of thing a sharpie like Mahoney would have overlooked."

"By now, Riley was really suspicious," Skinner continued. "So one night, after everybody else at the company'd gone home, he confronted Mahoney with the books. There were accusations. Mahoney realized he'd been caught—"

"And that's when he decided Riley had to go," I finished.

"Mahoney shot him there in the office, took the body out to Topanga and dumped it without concealing it very carefully," the lieutenant explained. "He knew we'd find it before long, but he wanted to take it down to the last minute, to make it look as though his partner's death had killed the PolyGram deal. Actually, he never had any intention of letting the deal go through in the first place."

"But Mahoney knew there'd be questions when the body was found eventually, and he wanted to cover himself, to make it look as though he'd been real concerned, but had been afraid to come to the police."

"That's where I came in," I said.

"That's the way we've pieced it together," Skinner agreed. "And we hope the district attorney will be able to convince a jury that that's the way it went down. Meanwhile, we're sending our information on U.S. Music along to a federal prosecutor. With a little bit of luck, he'll be able to put Sam Coletta and Angelo Maione away for a long time."

Detective Skinner stood and extended his hand. "I'm just sorry you're out the 20 grand that Mahoney was going to pay you, Tomaski," he said. "But I understand that Riley's widow wants to kick in a little to you for catching her husband's killer."

"That's okay," I smiled. I thought about how nice it was going to be to get back to nice, safe cases, like husbands who'd skipped out on their alimony and bad debtors. Besides, Stacey Kaye was due back in town in a few days, and I figured she'd be about ready for another duet.

I've never really considered myself a writer. As a matter of fact, I'm a successful electrical engineer for a large computer firm in Ohio. But recently I had an experience that I feel is worth sharing with HUSTLER's readers.

My wife, Carol, had always wanted a housekeeper. To her a maid would be a symbol of our financial position. I was reluctant to hire a housekeeper, though, because I suspected Carol of carrying on afternoon affairs with another man; having a maid would allow her even more free time to fool around. But after mulling it over, the thought of having another woman in the house turned me on; so I agreed to my wife's request.

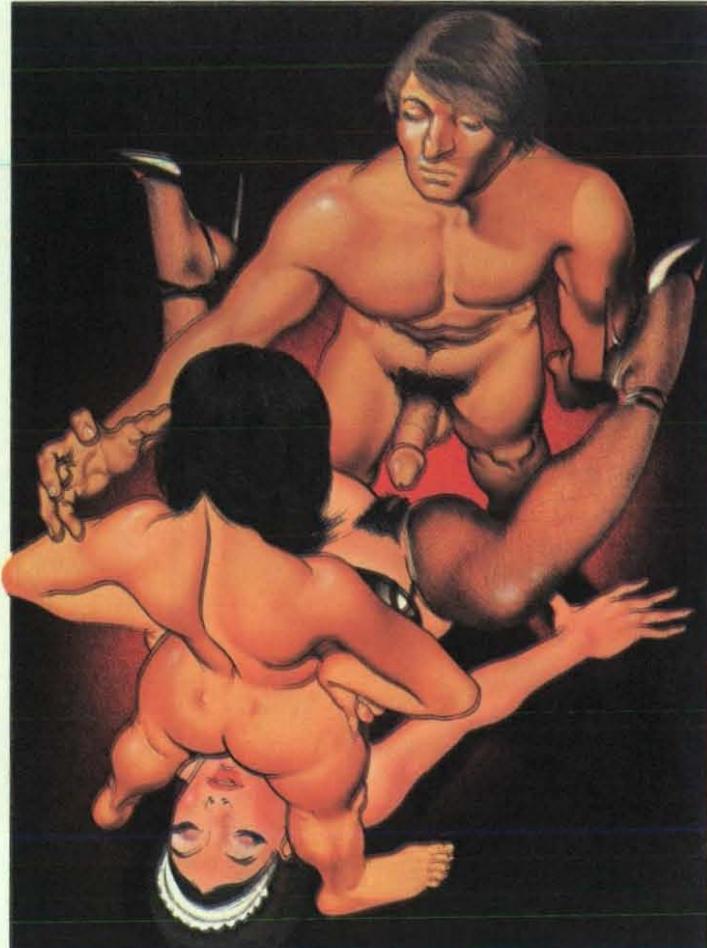
Carol told me she would call a domestic agency. Within a few days an applicant came to the house. Her name was Jennifer, and she appeared to have a very courteous and dignified air about her. She was short, like my wife, with long black hair that seemed wild and unruly in comparison with her quiet personality.

The thing about Jennifer that really caught my attention, however, were the fantastic legs I saw beneath her brief maid's outfit. They were sleek and slender and were covered by a pair of black-mesh stockings. What a knockout! For a moment I wondered whether Carol wanted to get me interested in the maid so I wouldn't be concerned about her own infidelity.

After Jennifer started working for us, though, something seemed to set Carol off like a firecracker. She became an absolute maniac in the bedroom. Every evening when I returned home from the office, Carol would go to work on me. It all seemed too good to be true. Although in the past we'd enjoyed sex fairly often and in different ways, it was only after Jennifer's arrival that Carol became a supersexual animal.

Carol's sexuality wasn't the only thing that changed. Her sense of femininity had been enhanced as well. Her eyes, which had seemed tired and dull prior to Jennifer's arrival, now ap-

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MAID TO ORDER

by William Richter

peared to glow with excitement. In short, she seemed much more attuned to her womanhood. The change in Carol was remarkable; yet I still had the aching feeling she was trying to cover up her adulterous affairs. I really cared for Carol, and that's why my stomach got tangled up in knots when I thought about her fucking some other guy.

I realized that the only way I could ever know for sure whether Carol was having a midday affair would be to catch her in the act. So one day I called her up during my lunch hour to make sure she was home. She answered the phone in her usual calm voice and told me she'd be staying home all day long to supervise Jennifer's housework. I didn't believe that bullshit for a moment. It

wasn't desperate paranoia on my part, just a husband's intuition. I had to get a look at what was going on behind my back; so I hurried home and snuck inside through the basement door.

As I carefully walked up the stairs to the kitchen, my entire body shook in nervous expectation. Then, as I approached the staircase leading upstairs, I heard some voices in the guest bedroom. My suspicions were right! I felt a sense of rage—although mostly I felt sick to my stomach. I quietly tiptoed up the steps, stopping just outside the bedroom door.

What I heard shocked me. Carol, speaking in a very authoritative voice, was saying, "I know what you want, but you'll just have to wait, you cunt! Have you finished the cleaning yet?" Obviously, she was talking to Jennifer, but her tone was totally out of character. Then I heard her speak again.

"Jennifer," she complained, "there's a bit of dust behind this chair!"

"I'm terribly sorry," Jennifer replied meekly, utter despair in her voice. "It won't happen again." I couldn't get over the power my wife seemed to hold over the servant. It was frightening, yet titillating to hear.

"Now I think it's time for you to be punished," Carol said sharply. She was treat-

ing Jennifer miserably. I couldn't imagine what Carol had in store for her; so I slowly poked my head in the door and caught a glimpse of the action.

And what action! Carol was completely nude, while Jennifer was wearing only her black-mesh stockings and a small red corset. The maid was holding a feather duster. Carol whisked the duster from her hand and commanded her to bend over. Surprisingly enough, Jennifer assumed a submissive position. Then my wife started slapping her on the ass with the duster's wooden handle. Carol showed Jennifer no mercy, brutally smacking her over and over again.

Then, without missing a beat, Carol ordered the servant to lick her cunt. Jennifer silently crawled around and poised

herself in front of my wife's pubic mound. She stuck out her tongue, spread Carol's cunt lips open wide and began swaying back and forth over my wife's clitoris. Each stroke brought frail whimpers of ecstasy from Carol, whose thighs were wrapped snugly around Jennifer's head. Carol sank to the floor.

The two women were locked in passion. Gasping, twisting, loving together, their bodies appeared to give off a hot, radiant aura. I could see the first faint

tremors of Carol's climax as she arched her back, threw her hands up in the air and roared like a lioness.

As I watched the two women playing on the floor, my heart began beating at a quicker rate; sweat oozed out of my pores, and my skin became flushed with excitement. It was bizarre. I'd never given much thought to lesbianism or S&M in the past. But now that it was going on right before my eyes, it seemed thrilling. I wanted to join in, but I

couldn't find the nerve to intrude on this sensual, passionate encounter.

Suddenly, however, Carol whirled around and said to Jennifer, "That'll teach you to turn my home into a pigsty, you little bitch! Now I demand that you fuck my husband, who's standing in the doorway." She caught me completely by surprise, and I wondered how long she'd seen me. Then I realized she must have caught my reflection in the mirror.

At that point I didn't care *how* she had noticed me. I quickly entered the room, tore off my clothes and pulled Jennifer toward me, positioning her on her hands and knees so that I could fuck her doggy-style.

I looked down at Jennifer and felt an overwhelming sense of power and dominance. Teasingly, I rubbed the tip of my hard dick along the slit of her cunt until she begged me to fuck her. After she pleaded with me for a few moments, I grabbed onto her hips, shoved my cock into her cunt and began pounding away. As I fucked her, she leaned over and ate Carol out again.

All three of us were pumping in unison when Carol began twitching in an orgasmic frenzy. Then Jennifer came, her body convulsing with pleasure. Right as she was in the final throes of her orgasm, Jennifer cried out for me to fuck her hard in the ass.

I pulled my rigid, dripping-wet cock out of her cunt, spread her ass cheeks apart and rammed my dick deep into her anal cavity. It only took a moment to feel Jennifer's tight sphincter muscle clutch onto my cock. I heard her moaning with a combination of lust and pain. Although in the past I'd never felt any anger toward Jennifer, I enjoyed ravaging her asshole. It gave me a jolt of power and great strength. I buried my cock up to the hilt in her ass and exploded with a wild, total orgasm that sent wads of sticky cum up into her bowels. We all collapsed, feeling drained and empty.

Later on that afternoon, Carol told me that she and Jennifer had been making it together for months. In fact, Carol had "hired" Jennifer as a way to get her into the house without arousing my suspicions. My feelings of anxiety over Carol's infidelity quickly ceased to exist. I thought it was ironic how jealous I'd been when I believed Carol was fucking another guy, but how excited I was about her being involved with a woman. The three of us laughed over my unjustified jealousy. And Jennifer remained as our "live-in" maid. We pay her extra, of course, but we feel she's worth it. After all, it's hard to get good help these days.

**SELECT ANY ITEM BELOW
FREE!**
WITH ANY PURCHASE FROM THIS AD!

BUY 1 — GET 1 FREE!!
BUY 2 — GET 2 FREE!!
BUY 3 — GET 3 FREE!!
BUY 4 — GET 5 FREE

We promise honest, reliable and EXTRA FAST SERVICE, coupled with the very finest adult erotica at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES! Our new sex-loaded catalog will be enclosed FREE with any order!

**2 FOR 1
SPECIAL
OFFER!**

Only \$5.95
**LIFESIZE
LOVIE
DOLL**
True lifelike depiction of a real girl! Big breasts and hairy vagina!

Only \$3.95
**UNIVERSAL
PENIS EXTENSION**
One size fits all - Needs no belt - so natural she'll think it's the real you!

Only \$3.95
**Artificial
VAGINA!!**
SOFT
All New - Air Inflated - Pulsating Pussy - Feels better than the real thing!

Only \$2.95
**RUBBER
PENIS!!**
She'll love every inch!

Only \$2.95
**SPANISH
FLY Brand**
Powerful Didactic Sex Formula - Fast Acting - Safe To Use!!

Only \$2.95
**24 SUPER
HORNY
SEX COMIX**
FROM TIJUANA THE 8-PAGE YOUR FAVORITE CARTOON CHARACTERS IN WILDLY FUNNY EXAGGERATED SEX ACTS!

Only \$3.95
**HAND HELD
LADIE'S NOVELTY!**

Only \$3.95
**5 HARDCORE
MAGAZINES**

Only \$4.95
**5 DIFFERENT
HARDCORE**
Previously banned in U.S.!!

Only \$3.95
**COLOR
PORNO
FILMS**
Previously banned in U.S.!!

Only \$3.95
**DRIVE HER
WILD WITH
FRENCH
TICKLER**
SUPER STIMULATING!! She'll Love You For It!!

RUSH TO: ACTION WHOLESALE SERVICE BOX 69850 LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069

Lovie Doll \$5.95 Or Free 2nd Item
 Penis Extension \$3.95 Or Free 2nd Item
 Artificial Vagina \$3.95 Or Free 2nd Item
 Rubber Penis \$2.95 Or Free 2nd Item
 Spanish Fly \$2.95 Or Free 2nd Item
 Sex Comix \$2.95 Or Free 2nd Item
 5 Magazines \$3.95 Or Free 2nd Item
 5 Color Movies \$4.95 Or Free 2nd Item
 French Tickler \$3.95 Or Free 2nd Item

I HAVE ENCLOSED \$

Be Sure To Add **\$1.50 Postage (Postage For Total Order)**

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

Honey

THERE ARE OFTEN MOANS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AT HONEY'S WHOREHOUSE, BUT THEY'RE USUALLY MOANS OF PLEASURE! TONIGHT THEY'RE NOT!

OOOOH!
GROAN!
OOH!

I SAW THE STUD SHE WAS WITH TONIGHT. I THINK SHE'S HAD TOO MUCH TO EAT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG! GROAN! MY STOMACH HURTS!

I'M CALLING AN AMBULANCE! THIS COULD BE SERIOUS!

BOIL ZE WATER!

GIVE HER ZE AIR!
GIVE HER ZE CHICKEN ZOUP!

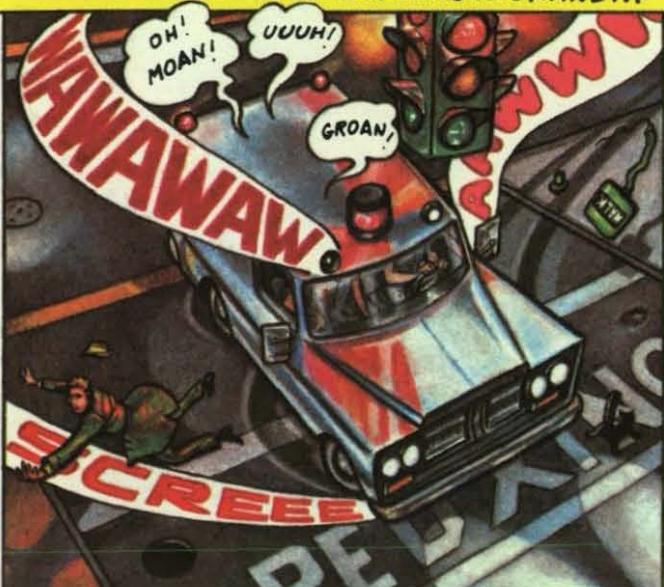
THE PARAMEDICS ARE ON THE SCENE IN A FLASH AND HAVE GIVEN HONEY A STRONG PAINKILLER BEFORE LOADING HER INTO THE AMBULANCE!

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE TRAINED TO DO, MA'M! WE'RE PROFESSIONALS!



WHILE THE OTHER GIRLS FOLLOW IN HONEY'S CAR, MICHELLE AND POON TANG RIDE WITH HONEY. THE RIDE TO THE HOSPITAL IS LONG AND HARD...

... AND THAT'S JUST HOW THE GIRLS LIKE IT!

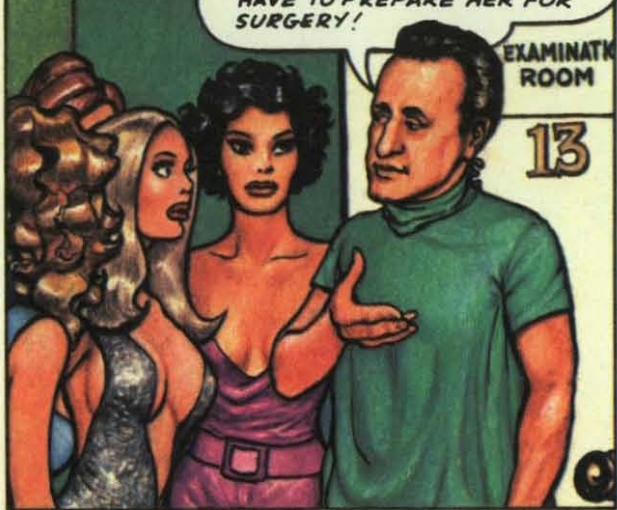


THE GIRLS PACE NERVOUSLY WHILE THE DOCTOR CHECKS HONEY IN THE EXAMINING ROOM.



FINALLY, THE DIAGNOSIS!...

GIRLS, IT'S HER APPENDIX! YOU CAN GO IN AND SEE HER, BUT JUST FOR A MOMENT — WE HAVE TO PREPARE HER FOR SURGERY!



HONEY'S ROOMMATE TURNS OUT TO BE A WELL-KNOWN LADY!

I'M SURE YOU GIRLS KNOW MRS. BEDDY FERD AND HER HUSBAND, GERITOL!



TIME TO GO, GIRLS! I'VE GOT TO CHECK OUT THE PATIENT BEFORE SURGERY!

Ferd MASTECTOMY

UH-OH!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, HONEY IS WHEELED OFF FOR HER OPERATION!...

GOOD LUCK, HONEY!
SEE YOU IN THE RECOVERY ROOM!

HEY! HONEY'S NOT HAVING HER BOOBS REMOVED!

STOP! YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

THIS HOSPITAL DOES NOT MAKE MISTAKES! SO BUZZ OFF!

ROAD HOG!
SMASH!

Ford
MASTECTOMY

WITH HONEY FLAT ON HER BACK, POON DECIDES TO TAKE RADICAL ACTION!

HONEY'S GOING TO HAVE THE WRONG OPERATION IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING FAST! SO HERE'S MY PLAN! BZZZZZZZ!

HAVING RAIDED THE UNIFORM CLOSET, THE GIRLS ARRIVE AT THE OPERATING THEATER JUST IN TIME - BARELY!

EXIT

OPERATIONS
AUTOPSIES
POST-MORTEMS

ZE NURSES, ARE HERE!

NO VUN GOES UNDER DER KNIFE WITHOUT ME AROUND!

DON'T TOUCH THOSE BOOBS!



WASTING NO TIME, THE GIRLS BEGIN TO OPERATE!...

HMM! HERR DOCTOR, I BELIEVE YOU'VE GOT THIS OPENING ALL SCREWED UP!

THIS IS ONE TIME I DON'T MIND GETTING A SHOT!
SCHLURP!

OH, DOCTOR, I LOVE YOUR BEDSIDE MANNER.

HA, HEE!

HEE, HEE, HEE! DON'T THEY CALL THIS STUFF - HA, HA, HA! - LAUGHING GAS? HA, HA, HMFF!

NITROUS OXIDE

ANAE
NITR
OXID

NOW THIS IS A REAL CRACK-UP!



MEANWHILE, POON HAS GONE TO THE DOCTOR WHO FIRST EXAMINED HONEY...

DOCTOR, IF YOU'LL ONLY CHECK THE CHART ON MRS. FERD, YOU'LL SEE THAT HERS AND HONEY'S HAVE BEEN SWITCHED!

MY DEAR, YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THESE MEDICAL THINGS!



POON CAME PREPARED TO SHOW OFF HER KNOWLEDGE OF MEDICINE - ORIENTAL ACUPUNCTURE!

I HATE TO NEEDLE YOU, BUT YEARS OF TRAINING HAVE SHOWN ME HOW TO USE THESE FOR PLEASURE!



POON FINALLY CONVINCES THE DOCTOR TO MAKE A BED CHECK! ...

YOU'RE RIGHT! HONEY'S GETTING THE WRONG OPERATION!

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

GERRY KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT - GIVING ME HEAD! HE FORGOT TO TAKE AWAY THE BED PAN!

Honey APPENDIX

POON AND THE DOCTOR BURST IN TO FIND THAT THE GIRLS HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND - AND THE DOCTORS ARE BUSHED!

WE THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER COME!

GASP!

SORRY!

A FEW DAYS AFTER THE RIGHT OPERATION, WE FIND HONEY IN GOOD SPIRITS AND IN GOOD COMPANY!

IT'S SCARY TO THINK I ALMOST LOST MY BOOBS!

BUT YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE YOUR BOSOM BUDDIES! RIGHT, GIRLS?

RIGHT!



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you, the reader, to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

A SHIFTY SELLER

Contempo (also called *CMI*; P.O. Box 911, Madison Square Station, New York, New York 10010) has long been a thorn in the sides of our readers, who constantly complain about the firm's cheap little films.

Recently we discovered that *Contempo/CMI* ads are grossly misleading. The small pictures in the ads touting *Contempo*'s soft-core line actually come from other film series, all of them hard-core. *Contempo*'s "Kidnapped Virgin," for example, is illustrated in the ads by a scene from "Jokers Are Wild" (#95) from *Swedish Erotica*'s line. Likewise, *Contempo*'s "Cock-Tail Climax" and "Black Cherry" are advertised by shots from *Swedish Erotica*'s "Four Is the Score" (#110) and "This Love Lesson" (#138).

A call to the *Swedish Erotica* offices confirmed our suspicions that *Contempo* had ripped off the highly respected film line. More important to our readers, *Contempo* lured its customers with deceptive advertising that featured stills from high-quality porno films, even though the product delivered had nothing to do with what the company promised.

HUSTLER's policy has always been not to censor advertisers. The purpose of *Mail-Order Feedback* is to alert our readers to possible trickery by some unscrupulous dealers and to provide behind-the-scenes information about the mail-order business. We believe that educating consumers is a better alternative than censoring advertisers. But we must draw the

line somewhere. So *HUSTLER* has removed *Contempo* and *CMI* ads from its pages.

As always, we depend on your feedback to alert us to the Shifty Sellers as well as the Dependable Dealers. Keep those letters coming!

LIBRARY OF LUST

If you're tired of looking at the same old loops and don't feel like investing much money in new ones, you might check out *Adult Film Xchange* (P.O. Box 344, Holbrook, New York 11741), which rents out hard-core 8mm and Super 8 films to its members. One advantage with *AFX* is the wide range of its sex movies: hetero, homo, S&M, bondage and discipline, bestiality, golden showers, lactating women—you name it. If you're interested, drop *AFX* \$2 and request its brochure.

DOUBLE FANTASIES

One of our Dependable Dealers, formerly called *Fantasy Sales* (6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028) recently changed its name to *Fantasy Images* at the request of another company called *Fantasy Sales* (442 North La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90048), which had owned the name first. *Fantasy Images* on Yucca Street offers fast service and several lines of hard-core films, including *Swedish Erotica*.

Fantasy Sales on La Cienega is also a reliable company. It sells the *Diamond Collection*, the *Viva* line and several other hard-core film series.

NOT RELATED

In May's column, under "Psych-Out Artists," we linked *Psychological Interviewing Systems, Inc.* (P.O. Box 3842, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017), with two other firms, *NFP* (P.O. Box 300, Enola, Pennsylvania 17025) and *IFL* (P.O. Boxes 287 and 310, New Rochelle, New York 10804). Philip Wilson at *NFP* and *IFL* has notified us that his companies are not related to *PIS* in any way, and we have no concrete reason to dispute his word. However, everything we said about these three companies still goes: *NFP* and *IFL* sell feeble junk, and *PIS* is a rip-off.

PHOTO FINISH

A couple of months ago I sent three rolls of Super 8 film, along with a money order

for \$9, to *Spectra Photo* (P.O. Box 4958H, Syracuse, New York 13221), which offers to develop hard-core home movies. To date I have heard nothing from the company. I wrote a letter a week ago and received no answer. I'm upset, to say the least. What's going on? —B. A. Grissom Air Force Base, Indiana

According to a *Spectra* spokesman, one roll of B. A.'s film was damaged in processing. When *Spectra* asked him for a description of his roll of film (because the identification number had been lost), B. A. was reluctant to give them the information. After our call, *Spectra* returned his other two developed rolls to him and replaced the damaged roll with new film. "Occasionally a roll is damaged," a *Spectra* spokesman admits, "and like all other photo-finishers, it's our policy to replace the film." *Spectra Photos* is one of our Dependable Dealers.

BACK-ORDER BULLSHIT

I ordered three 8mm sound movies—costing \$197.35—from *Leisure Time Products*, also called *LifeStyle Products* (P.O. Box 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216). Nearly six months have passed, and the only peep I've heard out of them was a letter stating that my films were out of stock and on back order. Yet they were still advertising those films. When I try to complain over the phone, they won't let me talk to the guy in charge. Please advise.

—W. S.
Buffalo, New York

We're getting mighty tired of *Leisure Time*'s poor planning in stocking inventory. Placing ads for films and tapes it doesn't have in stock has become a habit with this company, as well as with a few others. In some cases we suspect that certain firms advertise several titles, find out which ones get the most orders, then go ahead and order them with the money the customers sent them.

Since videotapes cost \$40-45 wholesale and sell for around \$90-100, these guys can make a killing without spending a dime of their own cash. We're not accusing *Leisure Time* of this practice, but we've duly noted their steady "out-of-stock" excuses. With a little prodding from *HUSTLER*, *Leisure Time* refunded W. S.'s \$197.35 in full. 

SWINGERS HOT LINE

SINCE 1966
Free Service
 NAMES and NUMBERS
 of SWINGING GIRLS,
 GUYS, COUPLES & BI's
 IN YOUR AREA
 ANXIOUS to meet YOU.
 Call 1-901-458-6593
 P.O. Box 22705 Memphis, Tn. 38122

MEET SEXUAL FRIENDS
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FREE INFO
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 WILMETTE, IL. 60091
 or CALL
(312) 262-9800

TEN INCHES POSSIBLE!

Would you like to have an 8, 9 or 10 INCH COCK? We can give it to you! All you need is the DESIRE and to make the DECISION to ACT TODAY, and in SIX WEEKS OR LESS, depending on how you respond, you could have a COCK UP TO 10 INCHES LONG. No fancy creams to use, no capsules to take and no artificial appliances to wear. Experience the pride of displaying your BIG COCK to your favorite playmate, she will be amazed and delighted at just the sight of it. Imagine the erotic sensations when you slip it into her, filling her completely. Don't wait the sooner you order the sooner your fantasies will be realized. We can't guarantee that everyone will acquire a cock ten inches long but it will be A MINIMUM OF EIGHT INCHES. Send \$6.95 to ENLARGEMENT TECHNIQUES, Dept. 4710 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.

EUROPEAN 'FAMILY'

New to this country, would like to hear from anyone interested in our personal polaroid photos & home movies of a very unusual nature for those with special interests. We have contacts in Denmark & Sweden for every type of photo or film known to man. My boys & girls love to pose, too! We also have phone numbers of girls, guys & couples who share your spec. interests. **SEND NO MONEY**, just a stamped, addressed envelope. Also let us know if you'd like to have our phone number to call us.

Mrs. I. Reinholdt
 900 Preston Ave., #1
 Houston, Tex. 77002
 HU-3



PHONE CLUB

Get Off
 Over The Phone
 Call our sexy ladies,
 or have them call you.
 BOTH ways will satisfy you

CALL NOW
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1895 EACH SWEDISH EROTICA

or 6 for \$99.50
 New Films. Immediate shipment with Cash or Money Orders. Over 21 (state age). Send order with Return Address plus \$1.00 for handling

H.J.L. Enterprises
 P.O. Box 11156
 Fort Wayne, Indiana 46856

Belt Buckles

Stock/Custom Made

Choose "Show Me Your Tits" and/or "If You Can't . . ." for only \$6.00 each. Or, design your own—any saying ya want up to three lines, with 12 characters per line including spaces, for only \$8.00 per buckle ordered. These are brass buckles with an inlaid plate for personalized message. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

**IF YOU CAN'T
 FIX IT
 FUCK IT**
**SHOW ME
 YOUR TITS**
 Coco
 P.O. Box 451
 Calabasas,
 CA. 91302

NEVER BE ALONE AGAIN!

**SOLID ACTION
 LOVE PARTNER**
 37-23-36
 with LARGE
 Marilyn is the
 only doll that
 goes all the way!
 \$49.95 value
 NOW only
\$29.95
 (save \$20.00)
 Send \$2.00
 postage
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 that COMES
 complete with
 ELECTRONIC
 LOVE MOTION!
 She'll submit to
 every whim!
 The
 bed-partner
 that doesn't
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 M.K. DOLL IMPORTS
 BOX 2127 DEPT. HU8
 TOLUCA LAKE, CA 91602
 GUARANTEED SATISFACTION

MAXUM II

NOW
 \$9.95
 regular \$30
 ENLARGE YOUR PENIS
 TO MAMMOTH DIMENSIONS!

Finally, . . . the MAXUM II SYSTEM, a vacuum device that will enlarge your penis to absolute maximum size. It will give you erections that are harder, stiffer, bigger, thicker and longer lasting. It will also increase your control over premature ejaculation. Don't be fooled by cheap, breakable imitations. This is the original \$30 vacuum model—now available at our low price.

Send: \$9.95 to: MAXUM Dept. 4710
 7313 Melrose Ave. Los Angeles, Ca. 90046

Little Magazines and Movies

200 FT.
 THE KIND YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT. WE'VE GOT

THEM! It's So Big Can I Touch It?
 Let Me Kiss It Feels Good

SPECIFY MAGS FILMS

\$4 EACH 2 FOR \$6 ALL 4 FOR \$10

BACK DOOR GIRLS

GIRLS WHO BEG YOU TO SHOVE IT UP
 THEIR ASS 'TIL IT COMES OUT OF THEIR EARS

PHOTO BOOK \$2 MAG \$3 FILM \$3 ALL 3 ONLY \$5

girls TENDER and TIGHT

Sweet snatch. Budding tits. The surprise passion of early climax.

REG PRICE \$6 SPECIAL! \$4 EA

BOTH MAGS \$7 **New Magazines**

HORIZON **Each Month**

BOX 1381 DEPT. H0906
 STUDIO CITY, CA 91604

GET HER HOT!

YOU CAN DO IT WITH . . .
 a powerful placebo called

PERSUADERS

A pinch in her food or drink and get ready for instant love-making. She'll be turned on for hours of wild passion and lots of lovin'. Works so fast you should take yourself. Extra strong and safe to use. No prescription.

STAY HARD and
 CONTROL YOURSELF
 with PETER PILLS.

Make male organ rock hard and help control ejaculation. This placebo can help restore vigor, potency and performance. Be BIG where it counts.

**TURN
 HER
 ON!**

PERSUADERS \$5 BOTH \$9

PETER PILLS \$5 BOTH \$9

DEPENDABLE Products Dept. 4710
 6311 Yucca St. Hollywood, Ca. 90028



Electro Foreskin Fantasy—New! Uncircumcised remote control dildo. Life-like, with MOVEABLE FORESKIN to give pleasure too real and exciting to believe! 8½" of sheer thrills. \$17.95. Code 124.

Macho Man—7½" X 1 ¾" of meaty phallus complete with balls and designed to satisfy. Looks and feels so real. And it fits all harnesses and holders—just what she needs. \$9.95. Code 127.



Orgasm Net—Slip on and give clitoral AND vaginal massage—gently and continuously—with no hands! Open design allows maximum pleasure for him, success every time with her and aids in longer erections! \$3.95. Code 130.



Lazy Man's TOLL FREE 800-327-9191—Operator #231 SHOP-BY-PHONE CATALOG



Vibro Condom Extender—Add inches by slipping this extension-fitted condom over penis. Multi-speed vibro-tip will drive you both wild! \$9.95. Code 133.

Gemini Dong—Double delight! So real, a couple can go wild. And the wire core allows shaping it to fit your dreams. \$9.95. Code 136.

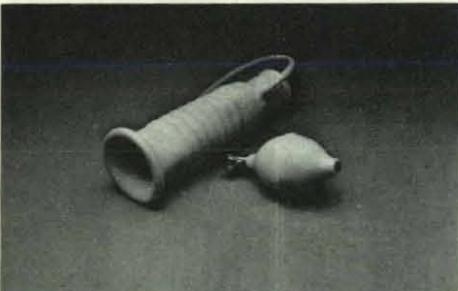


The Seducer—The ultimate remote control dildo. First it vibrates, then rotates left or right on command! The moans will say it all. \$19.95. Code 142.

Sta-Erect Sheath—Shimmering latex—allows full penis head exposure—you feel it all! Designed to hold erection indefinitely, safely, for that secure feeling. Conditions users to prolong erections naturally. \$12.95. Code 145.



Electro Pocket Vagina—Portable vibrating playmate—with pubic hair! Carry anywhere. Looks so real! \$12.95. Code 139.

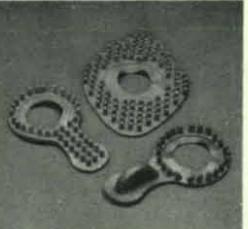


Pulsating Love Tunnel—Come clean with this flexible, handsomely styled vibro-ejaculator with vari-speed control and pneumatic pump to produce exciting rhythmic sensations as you control the tightness! Comes with extra pleasure ridges. Batteries included. \$39.95. Code 151.

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Vibrating Passion Rings—Famous bendable vibrator sensation. So firm yet flexible with power to spare, now fitted with supple rings along the shaft for thrills she could only imagine! \$7.95. Code 160.



CALL: 800-327-9191—Operator #231 for Visa or M.C.

21st Century Labs Dept., MT-131
P.O. Box 2541, Grand Central Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Sirs. Please rush me the items circled below. I have enclosed my check/money order (N.Y. residents add sales tax).

#124—\$17.95 #139—\$12.95 #154—\$19.95
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#130—\$3.95 #145—\$12.95 #160—\$7.95
#133—\$9.95 #148—\$24.95 #163—\$12.95
#136—\$9.95 #151—\$39.95

Total _____
Add \$1.50 _____
per item p&h: _____
Grand Total: _____

Name _____

Visa _____ MC _____

Address _____

Acc't# _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Interbank# _____

Signature _____

Exp Date _____

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Canadian residents send to 21st Century Labs, 280 Havelock Street, Suite 202, Toronto M6H389
Canadian orders add 25% to U.S. prices.

IN FLA., CALL: 1-800-432-7999—Operator #231

2 HOLE Inflatable Sexually Functional LOVE MACHINE

NOT A CARDBOARD IMITATION . . . NOT A BALLOON WITH NO SEX PARTS . . . NOT AN UNDERSIZED TOY . . . BUT A GENUINE INFLATABLE, LIFE SIZE SIMULATED FEMALE SEX OBJECT WITH TWO WORKING LOVE OPENINGS.

Meet Frieda, the Scandinavian sex machine. She has a working 7" deep vagina and a tight little 6" bung hole. Take her from the front or the back...either way she never says no. You can 'come' to her every night & she never gets tired. She's also available with an electrically pulsating vagina, pubic hair, filmy lingerie, etc. At these reduced prices we can't afford big ads, CODs or

credit cards. **GUARANTEED NO SACRIFICE IN QUALITY.** Made with the same fine materials & workmanship as the popular \$29.95 love doll.

TWO
WORKING
LIFELIKE
LOVE
OPENINGS

SOFT VINYL SKIN WARM'S TO HUMAN TOUCH

SEND TO: RETAILERS REPLY CO.
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Gentlemen: Please send me

- Frieda the Love Machine \$9.95
- Pulsating Pussy Option \$5.00
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- Filmy Lingerie Panties \$5.00

Check items desired & add up \$ _____
(In Calif. include 6% sales tax).

Cash Check Money Order

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

only
\$9.95

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NEVER SAYS 'NO'

SAME DAY SERVICE FOR CASH OR MONEY ORDER

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A penis development method that really works! The new VACUMASTER PUMP—for the man who wants: 1. A longer, thicker, more impressive penis! 2. A bigger, more powerful erection! 3. To overcome problems of "softness" and lack of control! You'll start improving immediately with this simple... easy to use, scientifically designed vacuum system. It's also enjoyable and relaxing. Age makes no difference! You owe it to yourself today—to become a new man—tomorrow!

Selling elsewhere for \$25 — our price only \$8.95
OR custom deluxe model only \$12.95

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P.O. Box 64748 Los Angeles, Ca 90064

ERCTION PROBLEMS?

Our formula borrows upon centuries old herbal remedies. American Indians discovered so called "miracle drugs" in nature...like ASPIRIN in birch bark, QUININE in chin-chona, DIGITALIS in foxglove. Their big discovery was DAMIANA, which they used as a stimulant for long, powerful erections. Since the 8th century the Chinese have used GINSENG to increase their sexual power, while in Central America natives have used SARSAPARILLA for the same purpose. Our formula combines all of these legendary products into a single capsule for daily use. We call it SUPER MALE TONIC. An agency of the U.S. Govt., without clinical tests, has restricted us from labeling SUPER MALE TONIC as an aphrodisiac. We make no such claim. But we have had THOUSANDS OF REPEAT CUSTOMERS since we started selling it in 1974.

If you have erection worries and are looking for relief we can promise you this: You won't be sorry you tried Super Male Tonic.

- 60 capsules \$ 8.95
- 180 capsules (save \$6.90) only \$19.95
(PLEASE ADD \$1 POSTAGE, CALIF. RESIDENTS ADD 6% SALES TAX)

ORG PHARMACAL, Dept. M-27
Box 30529, Los Angeles, CA 90030

HAVING SEX PROBLEMS?
Read "IMPROVE YOUR SEX LIFE" which explains necessary sex position, vitamins, and nutrition to overcome sex problems. Complete version of December Hustler article by J.D. Brown, \$3 each, 2 for \$5.

Nature Kit

Complete improve potency pack-a-day - 30 day supply - \$45.95
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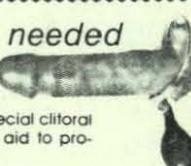
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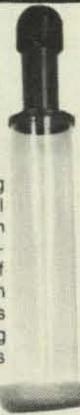
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D. B. COOPER

(continued from page 88)

identify him later. Around noon time, some 15 hours after his landing, he reached the Jeep.

Then he and his accomplice drove to near where the Cadillac was hidden. Eventually they loaded the Jeep with an explosive charge, rolled it into a lake and blew it up.

Coffelt said he then entered the back-seat of the Cadillac, and his partner drove him to Kansas City, where he received medical attention.

Eleven days after the skyjacking, Coffelt began working as a surgical technician at a northern Virginia hospital. His superior there says that he had difficulty walking and at one point showed her his "badly discolored legs"—injuries that some believe he sustained in the parachute jump.

The following spring, after the snow had melted, Coffelt said he chartered a helicopter and returned to the area. But when the pilot became unduly curious about the object of the search, Coffelt abandoned his efforts to locate the moneybag.

A few years later he told James Brown that he wanted to go back into the Cascades and look for the small fortune, but that he needed help. In July 1974 the two men and Brown's muscular 17-year-old son made a week-long trek into the mountains where Coffelt said he landed. Coffelt was then in ill health, and at one point he nearly collapsed on a steep grade. For the entire week they made themselves as invisible as possible, blending into the forest, keeping campfires low, meticulously picking up after themselves. But they found no money in the rugged terrain.

Meanwhile, Brown had been writing down every scrap of information Coffelt told him. He began working on a manuscript following Coffelt's death in 1975. To sell the story, Brown found producer Dirk Summers in Las Vegas, where he was supervising a Kenny Norton heavyweight fight for CBS Sports.

Summers says that he had Brown take a lie-detector test concerning the time he spent with Coffelt in northern Oregon. "He passed with flying colors," claims Summers. "But all that meant was that Brown believed Coffelt's story. I kept thinking, if this story is true, it's the story of the century."

So Summers began his own investigation. In 1977 he and Brown organized an expedition into the Cascades, back to where Coffelt had taken Brown three years earlier. This time, thanks to a metal-detector and energetic digging, the search party unearthed a solid piece

of physical evidence: a one-and-a-half-inch piece of cording that proved to be synthetic nylon of the type used in parachute shrouding.

"We had a lab report confirming that the cording came from a parachute and was five to seven years old," says Summers. "We were very careful uncovering it. I took soil samples, which I turned over to the lab so I would know whether something hadn't just been buried there. It's a strong piece of circumstantial evidence.

"The area where we found this was very primitive, remote wilderness—Bigfoot country. We had to lower ourselves down a cliff to get to the site. There was a dead tree that Jack told Brown he hit. And this enormous, two-story-high rock with markings on it: X's and O's that Coffelt said he had scratched into the rock the night he landed there. That was where we dug. You could even see the narrow trenches where his feet had hit the ground and he had been dragged by the parachute."

Summers became a believer in the story, and he too is convinced that Jack Coffelt was D. B. Cooper. He has finished a book on the subject, and claims to have interested actors Robert Mitchum and Telly Savalas in a TV project.

Summers and Brown also believe that the FBI went to great lengths to cover up and otherwise derail the Coffelt/Cooper connection. The producer suspects that the FBI may have known all along that Coffelt was the skyjacker, but didn't go after him because they realized he had stories to tell about his earlier cooperation with the agency. "Assistant and deputy FBI directors are involved in the Coffelt story," says Summers. "It's a string of middle-level officials covering up and protecting their own asses."

Many observers closest to the case are still perplexed by the way it was handled. According to reliable sources, Flo Schaffner and Tina Muchlow—the two stewardesses on board Flight 305 who could identify Cooper—said the FBI released a composite of the skyjacker that looked nothing like him, even though they had worked closely with an FBI artist.

Both Summers and Brown were interviewed extensively and gave agents copies of Coffelt photographs. Summers says the stewardesses told him the FBI never showed the Coffelt pictures to any of the airline crew. He also says the FBI threatened him with legal action and possible prosecution if he continued with his Coffelt investigation. Worse yet, Summers says FBI agents contacted persons who had talked to him and warned them against cooperating further.

Even *60 Minutes'* intrepid Mike

Wallace had difficulty dealing with the FBI. Despite telephone conversations with agents working on the case and a meeting with Bureau Director William Webster, he unearthed no new information, and reached a frustrating dead end.

If Wallace had chosen to dig deeper, he might have uncovered strong evidence that Coffelt was telling the truth from two eyewitnesses aboard Flight 305—stewardess Tina Muchlow (now Tina Muchlow Larsen) and attorney George LaBissoniere. In the past year both have identified a photograph of Coffelt as the skyjacker. Interestingly, LaBissoniere says he previously identified an FBI photo of Coffelt a month after the incident. As far as he knows, nothing more ever happened as a result of the identification. He tried contacting the FBI several times, but no one at the Bureau ever returned his calls.

Also supporting Coffelt's story are unusual details of the skyjacking that he told Brown, facts that have never been released by lawmen or published by newsmen.

Coffelt said he "petted and touched" the stewardess in an intimate way and offered her some of the ransom money. The "groping" has been confirmed by a member of the flight crew. Larsen verifies Coffelt's claim that he changed into boots on the plane. To this day, all news reports have echoed the FBI's claim that he jumped in street shoes.

Earlier this year the D. B. Cooper story stormed back onto the front pages when some of the ransom money was recovered—not by any of the hopeful treasure-hunters who have prowled the jump region for years, but purely by accident. On February 12, during a family outing on the northern bank of the Columbia River, eight-year-old Brian Ingram was scooping out sand for a campfire site. Suddenly he shouted: "Daddy, I see money!" His father dug further and found 12 packets of crumpling \$20 bills wrapped in worn rubber bands. "It didn't look like I could spend it," says Harold Ingram. "I thought it was counterfeit."

The discovery was made about 50 miles downstream from where Coffelt said he landed and some 20 miles away from where the FBI searched for Cooper's landing spot. If the money had dropped at either location, it would have had to work its way down a tributary and eventually into the wide river. Although the bills apparently did just that, the landing spot or exact route the money followed in the river will probably never be determined, since earth was freely moved from one river to another during a massive dredging operation in 1977 and 1978.

The currency's serial numbers did, however, match those on some of the bills given Cooper in 1971. Despite massive digging by the FBI and local police during the next several days, no more ransom money was found.

Those who believe that Jack Coffelt may have been D. B. Cooper feel that finding the money did nothing to contradict his version of the skyjacking. "After all, Coffelt did claim he lost the money," one journalist familiar with the case points out.

The FBI agent in charge of the case from the beginning, Ralph Himmelsbach, declines to discuss details of Coffelt's story or his alleged connections to the Bureau. Besides, he thinks it unlikely that D. B. Cooper ever pulled through.

"The aircraft was flying at 10,000 feet at nearly 200 mph," says Himmelsbach. "The air temperature outside was minus-seven degrees. Winds in Portland were gusting at ground level up to 40 mph. He was plunging straight down at 26 mph, the normal rate of vertical descent in sport parachuting. Add those two numbers together, and he had to strike the ground at nearly 70 mph. It's hard to conceive how he could have landed without being badly injured. Also, he lacked the necessary equipment to make such a jump. He should have had a hard hat, goggles, a leather flight jacket, a flight suit and some tools and cutters so he could free himself from whatever trees or bushes he might have gotten hung up in."

"It was an incredible gamble. Yet he was dressed in a suit, with a tie and stickpin, alligator shoes, a raincoat and dark glasses and carrying a briefcase. He seemed to be saying, 'If I make it, okay. If I don't, that's okay too.'"

And what about the report from stewardess Muchlow that she saw him change from his street shoes to boots before the jump? "That's news to me," Himmelsbach says gruffly.

A tough, old investigator, he retired from the Bureau a month after the Ingolds found some of the ransom money. Nevertheless, Himmelsbach's compulsion with solving his biggest-ever case has not ended. A private pilot, he still flies his single-engine Beechcraft Bonanza over the rugged terrain that he hopes hides the decaying parachutes and bones of D. B. Cooper. Clearly, he does not relish the prospect that the skyjacker survived the jump and lived to spend most of the money.

And he has nothing but contempt for the townspeople of Ariel, Washington, who commemorate the famous skyjacking. "They're making fun of a deadly serious matter," Himmelsbach declares.

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"He [Cooper] was nothing but a common criminal. He terrorized people, threatened their lives, threatened to blow up a plane. I don't like to see someone like that celebrated."

But someone who has attended Ariel's annual D. B. Cooper Day sees the skyjacker differently: "This wasn't just a simple rip-off. We're not honoring an antihero because he got away with a crime. We do it because we all think of our own reasons why we would have done the same thing."

Undoubtedly, Himmelsbach wouldn't care to see the skyjacker glorified in a movie either. But that's exactly what famed director John Frankenheimer (*Seven Days in May*, *Black Sunday*, *The Birdman of Alcatraz* and *The Manchurian Candidate*) is doing for PolyGram Pictures, which owns the film rights to J. D. Reed's novel *Free Fall*. In this fast-paced yarn—retitled *Pursuit* for the screen—a character similar to D. B. Cooper survives his plunge from an airliner. Then he's pursued across most of the country by a determined federal agent. Yes, the skyjacker gets away.

"D. B. Cooper pulled off a stunt that everyone would love to pull off," says Frankenheimer, describing what attracted him to the story. "It's the old Robin Hood guy screwing the Establishment. The Cooper character [played by

actor Treat Williams] will be portrayed as an obsessed human being who becomes a folk hero . . . much like Bonnie and Clyde." The film will be released next year.

Says author Reed, who spent more than two years researching the Cooper/Coffelt story and another year writing his fictionalized version of the facts: "Sometimes I think Coffelt didn't do it. But then some mornings I wake up, and I'm sure he was D. B. Cooper."

"Whichever is true, the motivation is what makes this case so interesting. Here's a guy who held a plane for no political or personally disturbed reason. He did it straight-out for money. His was the ultimate victimless crime. After the whole thing was over and the FBI interviewed Tina Muchlow Larsen, the stewardess came to the conclusion that D. B. Cooper actually was carrying railroad flares in his briefcase. The guy didn't even have a real bomb. He never intended to hurt anybody."

Reed has his own favorite theory about the enduring D. B. Cooper legend. "There have since been a number of skyjackings bearing a resemblance to the D. B. Cooper job," he says. "I'd like to think the guy is still alive and ripping off the Establishment. They don't hardly make them like him anymore." 

TERRORISM

(continued from page 74)

tions found that an attacker could quickly infect millions of people up to 20 miles away. To this day the Army denies it was responsible for an extremely rare outbreak of *Serratia marcescens*-linked pneumonia that hospitalized 11 individuals and killed one patient.

Nor did the Army limit its testing to the common man. On March 15, 1962, Chemical and Biological Warfare researchers carried out a simulated assassination of President John F. Kennedy by planting vapor-emitting items in the tourist sections of the White House. These vapors were then carried into the air-conditioning system, past guards and into the Oval Office. And the CIA has since admitted plotting the germ-weapon assassination of Cuban dictator Fidel Castro, but these plans were not carried out.

Then there were the two members of a neo-Nazi organization called RISE arrested by Chicago police in 1972. One, who worked in a local hospital, had aroused suspicion by his preoccupation with gaining access to deadly disease specimens. When caught, he was found to have brewed up "a quantity"—about 80 pounds—of typhoid bacteria. RISE

members, according to Cook County State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan, had planned to inoculate themselves, then to inject the lethal germs into the water supplies of Chicago and other Midwestern cities. When the expected epidemic killed the present population off, the RISE madmen believed, they would repopulate the land with a "master race" bred from their own superior seed.

The commissioner of the Chicago Water and Sewers Department assured citizens that chlorine in their drinking water would have killed the typhoid germs. We can hope this is true, but such protective chemicals would not necessarily have killed germs (such as those that cause anthrax) created by the Army's CBW program.

Using germs supplied by or stolen or purchased from research-supply houses, terrorists with the basic skills of a biology sophomore could cook up batches of botulism germs able to kill millions of people. "It scares the shit out of me," said one Pentagon specialist. "Hell, a crazy could stir up enough germs in his bathtub to wipe out New York City! And it doesn't require any special skill or any secrets . . . just a twisted mind."

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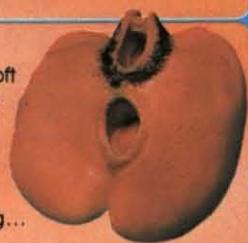
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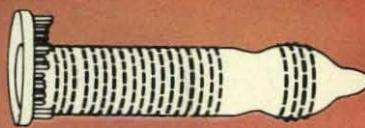


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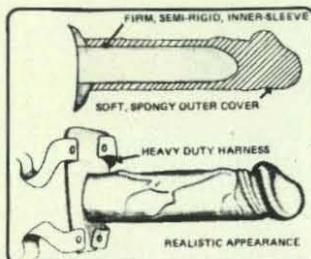
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sophisticated knowledge, or with the aid of any of the 26 nations that possess advanced bioresearch facilities, might acquire lethal germs designed by genetic engineering. The possibilities here are limitless. The Pentagon, for example, has devoted millions of dollars to studying how to tailor a germ to kill only people of target races—the sort of weapon Hitler would have had wet dreams over.

The Soviet Union, like the United States, has directed substantial energies toward developing germ weapons. In 1979 a mysterious outbreak of airborne anthrax swept the Russian city of Sverdlovsk, killing thousands. It was almost certainly caused by an accident in the huge Soviet biological-warfare research laboratory secreted away in the nearby Ural Mountains. Wherever such lethal substances are kept, accidents will happen.

That was the case in 1968, when the Army CBW program was conducting an open-air test of its top-line nerve gas at the Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah. A gust of wind caught a bit of the gas, called VX. Within hours 6,000 sheep grazing up to 50 miles from the test center were dying in convulsions, some, experts later estimated, from ingesting as little as ten molecules of VX.

You might assume that the formula for making any substance this lethal would be a closely guarded secret. But Britain and the United States declassified the formula for VX in 1971, and the United States even read it into the published record of the Geneva Disarmament Conference. Is it hard to make? According to the journal *Science*, a quart of VX nerve gas "costs about \$5 to manufacture and contains several million man-lethal doses." The British have gone even farther, making public a formula for a chemical cousin of VX, the lethal nerve gas VM. Terrorists like those in RISE would be happy to know that VM can be made by adding readily available chemicals to ponds or other bodies of water—such as the local system that carries water for your morning shower or coffee.

A terrorist willing to settle for more primitive chemicals—such as poisonous chlorine gas, used in combat during World War I—can concoct them merely by mixing certain common items found around the kitchen. You'll excuse us for not giving would-be terrorists the recipe. It's terrifying enough to realize that an unwitting person might combine such ingredients by accident, but some people are crazy enough to do it by design.

For some time the Soviet Union has been willing and eager to provide nerve gas and poison gas to its friends and

allies. During the 1967 Six Day War, for example, the Israelis discovered caches of Soviet nerve gas in captured Egyptian bunkers. Between 1962 and 1967 Egypt reportedly used Soviet poison gas to aid its side in the Yemeni civil war. The Soviets themselves are heavily into chemical warfare, using it most recently during their invasion of Afghanistan. Their allies, the Communist Vietnamese, allegedly have used Soviet-supplied poison gas against the Meo tribes in Laos.

U.S. intelligence officers know of at least one attempt by German nationals to sell black-market nerve gas in Austria. It is safe to assume that nerve gas could filter into terrorist hands.

"When it is possible for one individual to decimate the population of New York City by disseminating ten pounds of biological agents from the top of the Empire State Building at night," writes Phillip Karber, a former research fellow at the Center for Strategic and International Studies, "the most basic function of government—to insure the security of its citizens—is in question." Karber finds that we have neither "the means of identifying or of combating a biological attack on the United States." And his words apply with almost equal force to a chemical attack using nerve gas. Humans can die as readily as the sheep grazing near Dugway if a droplet of VX lands anywhere on their bodies.

Furthermore, such weapons can be used for both assassination and mass murder. As mentioned earlier, the Army simulated an assassination of President Kennedy using germ weapons.

Contemplate what a terrorist so armed might do. Carrying a tiny vial of VX, he could walk through metal-and-weapons detectors unnoticed, approach a government leader as if to shake hands, and sprinkle a few droplets of the deadly substance onto the leader's skin. Within 30 seconds his victim would be dead.

Or imagine that the assassin had his right hand coated with two substances—the first a protective shield, a plastic molecular film, and the second a mixture of cobra venom and a complex skin-penetrant developed by the CIA. Mingled with any other drug, such as cobra venom, it carries the drug through the skin and directly into the blood-stream—like a subtle chemical hypodermic needle.

The shield prevents the terrorist from dying of his own poison. He joins a crowd of people shaking the leader's hand, then turns and walks slowly into the swelling throng. Minutes pass; then suddenly the leader collapses, gasping for breath. He dies before help arrives.

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The advent of such weapons makes it extremely dangerous for the President of the United States or other high officials to continue pressing the flesh in public. At a minimum, the Secret Service agents with the President should carry emergency doses of the special chemical antidotes to cobra venom, nerve gas and the dozen other most likely chemicals that a terrorist might use; in addition, the agents should be trained to recognize the symptoms caused by each substance.

Just as ominous is the potential impact of more-tangible weaponry. In September 1973 police apprehended five Arab terrorists near Rome's Leonardo da Vinci International Airport. The terrorists carried two Soviet-made SA-7 heat-seeking, ground-to-air portable rockets, each easily capable of bringing down an airliner. Imagine the destruction that would result if a jumbo jet fully loaded with fuel crashed in flames in the heart of a major city. Many would die. Millions would be terrified.

The key to terrorist power in this case, as in most others, is found not in the weapons used but in the target chosen—the city, with millions of people tightly gathered in a small area. Most modern cities are masterpieces of order, but that order is fragile and depends on vulnerable lifelines that can be easily broken.

Consider Los Angeles, a city often heralded as a model for the future. There, 10 million people are crowded onto semi-arid land that once supported only a few thousand Indians. Survival depends on three aqueducts that bring water from as far as 600 miles away. Electricity comes from as far away as 700 miles, via four major high-voltage systems. The City of Angels depends on external supplies as surely as would a colony on the moon.

What would happen in a large American city if such lifelines were suddenly severed? Following the 1965 East Coast power blackout, caused by the breakdown of one small relay in a Canadian power station, the Department of Defense undertook a study of that question. The blackout had produced little chaos or social disruption. It lasted only one night—a warm night lighted by a full moon—and in major cities such as New York the technological web never totally collapsed. Operating on emergency generators, the telephone system continued to function and some local radio stations stayed on the air, linking the city through a million transistor radios.

But what if the technologies we take as second nature came unplugged and stayed that way for days? That, Pen-

tagon think-tank researchers concluded, could create madness. Then, in July 1977, madness actually surfaced during a second New York City power blackout. Mobs roamed the darkened streets, looting and torching stores. Estimates of the resulting economic damage were in excess of \$55 million. The emotional damage to those who experienced the breakdown cannot be measured.

We are addicted to our technologies, the Pentagon study found. The typical urban American clutches material things as a baby does a security blanket. He has never really known the electrical power to not be there when he flips the switch, and he still sleeps with a night light because he never quite got over his childhood fear of the dark. He has never known the water to not be available at the tap nor the shit to not go down when he flushes the toilet. Never has he really felt desperate for lack of food or water.

A well-trained team of 20 sophisticated terrorists could pull the plug on 10 million people in Los Angeles, shut off or poison the water, turn off the electricity, simultaneously destroy key gaso-line-storage facilities and blow up a few trucks carrying dangerous chemicals on important freeways. This would cause panic in the populace, and that panic would snowball into a nightmare for millions.

The Pentagon's crisis scenario continues with hoarders snatching up the neighborhood supermarkets' four-day food supply within minutes. The nearly 11,000 peace officers who rely on high mobility, communications and fire-power to maintain law and order in the L.A. region find it impossible to control the more than 600 square miles of Greater Los Angeles under crisis conditions. Lack of water combined with lunatic and criminal arson sends fires racing through the city, quickly straining fire-department resources to the breaking point. Within days, armed mobs roam the streets, stealing whatever they want.

What would happen to you and those you care about if right now, without warning, everything we take for granted became disrupted? In pulling the plug on a major city, a terrorist would count on you to help him infect others with terror. You would be his ultimate weapon.

Fortunately, we have ways to limit the damage such high-technology terrorism can accomplish. Prototypes already exist for home nuclear-power systems that run by decay of heavy atoms, and for home-recycling systems that would let you reclaim waste water and sewage for re-use. Homes thus equipped no

longer would have to depend on centralized sources of water, power or waste-removal. A city of such homes would never experience a power blackout or a water shutdown. It would be far less vulnerable to terrorist assault than the cities we live in today.

We shape our tools, writes the media philosopher Marshall McLuhan, and thereafter our tools shape us. In today's cities we are already hostage to the electric company, the oil company and the water company, for we are addicted to what they provide. We have shaped our lives and our identities around technologies that could break down five seconds from now.

We depend on increasingly centralized social systems: unified computer records that direct our livelihoods and pocketbooks; a single pipeline in Alaska through which one-sixth of all our petroleum flows daily; and soon a national power grid that could make possible a full nationwide power blackout. The more we rely on such machinery, the more power we grant to those who know how to throw a monkey wrench into such machines.

Unless we can reduce that vulnerability, the alternative will be dictatorship—guards, controls and surveillance increasingly imposed to prevent any threat to fragile centralized systems. During the beginnings of less-sophisticated terrorism in the 1960s the FBI and military and police authorities began keeping dossiers on campus and other radicals. If society remains centralized, the inevitable new totalitarianism will ignore slogan-mouthing teachers, students and artists. Instead, Big Brother's eye will be on the people who hold the monkey wrenches, the people with the technological skills and know-how to jam up the machinery—computer operators, engineers, scientists, truckers and other workers in key jobs who have the power to disrupt society or hold it together.

Why, you may wonder, haven't we already seen cities such as Saint Louis or Atlanta or Seattle taken hostage by adept terrorists? For an answer, look at the realities of the world situation. Your home is being held hostage right now by missiles aimed at you from the Soviet Union. And like the Soviets, a terrorist would gain his greatest political power not by blowing up or killing a city, but by having weapons capable of doing this and by threatening to act, probably making that threat in secret to the President and other leaders.

For many years you and your neighbors may already have been unwitting pawns in a sophisticated terrorist game. That's the grim bottom line.

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WILLIAM SHOCKLEY

(continued from page 48)

ing done. Why? Stanford professor of education and psychology N. L. Gage offers one explanation: Money used for such study would likely "drain resources away from educational and other efforts aimed at improving environmental influences on educational achievement and employability." In other words, every dollar spent trying to determine if blacks really are genetically handicapped might be a buck less toward a better life for them.

Faced with the intellectual cold shoulder, Shockley decided to shock America into action. Taking to the road in the late 1960s and '70s, he spoke whenever and wherever he could. Or he tried to, at least. A Shockley speech became a tiresome rerun in the drama that played through those turbulent years of student activism and the awakening of black-power movements.

The scenario was nearly always the same. It would be announced he was to speak. A furor would begin to build: demonstrations, angry protests, calls for restraint and free speech by local authorities or campus officials. Then, at the appointed hour, a group of protesters would storm the auditorium or lec-

ture hall, screaming "Racist pig!" and other slogans of the moment.

Frequently, Shockley was unable to speak at all. In the fall of 1969, 25 black students clapped loudly for 90 minutes when he tried to address a National Academy of Sciences meeting at Dartmouth College; the meeting was called off. He was forced off a California State University at Sacramento stage in 1971, and those who had invited him were physically assaulted. Four years ago, as Shockley lectured to a class at the University of Kansas, black demonstrators converged on the classroom and demanded his ouster from campus.

"I want to keep this rational," pleaded a white student, one of Shockley's hosts.

"Rational?" the shout came back. "How can we be rational with Shockley on campus?"

Shockley was led through the jeering throng to a police car and driven to safety.

Even back home at Stanford, where Shockley taught until 1975, protesters disrupted his classes in solid-state physics.

There have been still other indignities. Stanford denied him the right to teach courses dealing with his genetic views. In 1973 an honorary degree for

his transistor work was offered by Leeds University in England, then withdrawn because of his racial theories. Even the widow of the late geneticist Hermann Muller, after expressing horror that her husband's name was associated with Robert Graham's sperm bank, declared: "Shockley is not a good man."

That's the way it is for a Nobelist who advocates offensive ideas. The years of hostility have made him extremely wary. He tape-records all telephone conversations, as well as every speech he gives. He grills reporters on their familiarity with genetics before granting interviews. He has, he complains, been "frequently misrepresented."

Still, his First Amendment rights are not what he really worries about. "People who argue for my freedom of speech," he says, "are a dime a dozen compared to those who spend any time thinking to see if there's any truth in [what I have to say]." There it is—what truly sticks in Shockley's craw. As he sees it, trained scientific minds, supposed seekers of truth, are refusing to seek the truth no matter how painful or unpopular.

Shockley's definition of this phenomenon is "dark-ages dogmatism." The same mindless irrationality, he charges, "would have sent Galileo to the stake for

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burning had not he recanted his conclusion that the earth moved around the sun."

And so these are the lines of battle he has drawn. On one side—Shockley, nearly alone, the torch-bearer for Truth-with-a-capital-T. On the other—all those timid ostriches, heads buried beneath the sand. Ultimately you come to believe that he rather likes, even enjoys, controversy. He feels, he admits, "offensively superior."

To his foes, Shockley is surely offensive; only the future will show if he is also superior. That saintly sense of being the intellectual martyr no doubt steels him through his battles, but does not fully explain the man's remarkable tenacity. A look at his personal history sheds light upon that.

William Shockley was an only child, born in London, England, in February 1910 to a mineral-surveyor mother and a mining-engineer father. If the dual professional careers were unusual for those days, so were his parents' ages. His father was past 50, his mother already in her 30s. And they were not frivolous people.

After the Shockleys emigrated to the United States, young Bill was tutored at home until he was eight; his parents did not trust the public schools to lay a proper foundation for their son's education. By the time he was graduated from high school at 17, he had discovered that he liked physics and, in his own words, "was good at it." He also was good at something else—competing. He excelled at it.

"He is an extremely intense and competitive person," comments a man who knows Shockley well as a scientist and engineer.

After earning his B.S. at the California Institute of Technology and his Ph.D. at MIT, Shockley took a job with Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York, the big leagues for a rookie researcher in the 1930s. Then came the war years. On leave from Bell, he helped the Navy develop ways to improve anti-submarine warfare. For that work the government awarded him the Medal for Merit.

He also learned a lesson about himself: He could successfully apply the logical methods of science in areas foreign to him. In a speech in 1967 he answered critics who harped on his lack of academic degrees in genetics: "I regard my role in respect to human genetics as being professionally similar to my wartime experiences in the sense that detailed knowledge of the intricacies of the field may even distract attention

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from the central issues." As a Shockley-admirer puts it, he has "a great mind's capacity for simplification."

Back with Bell at war's end, Shockley soon joined the research team that would invent the transistor—a deceptively simple device that replaced the cumbersome vacuum tube in electronic circuitry. Three Bell scientists shared the Nobel award for this work, but Shockley was not the best experimenter or detail man. "Shockley was the inspirational leader of the group," recalls a Bell colleague. "I have known a number of creative and highly regarded scientists, but none, excepting Shockley, in my opinion, merits the name 'genius.'"

He was the man with the dream, the research team's visionary.

That vision was rewarded on December 19, 1956. The Soviets had crushed rebellion in Hungary, casting a chill over the Nobel ceremonies in Stockholm, Sweden. Nonetheless, it was an awe-inspiring sight as Shockley and his fellow recipients, in white ties and tails, slowly ascended richly carpeted stairs to receive gold medals from King Gustavus VI. It was an unforgettable experience for the 46-year-old Shockley. The object of worldwide admiration, he stood at the top of his profession. He was quickly becoming a successful businessman by then too.

In 1955 he left Bell to start his own company—the Shockley Semiconductor Laboratory—in Palo Alto, California, to research, develop and produce transistors. In six years it grew into a multimillion-dollar concern with 130 employees, and was eventually sold to International Telephone and Telegraph. Shockley's fortune was made. As a scientist and entrepreneur he had climbed so high that a man might easily lose sight of the bottom.

He quickly found out just how far down that can be when, in 1965, he first began to promote his views on human intelligence. Almost overnight he squandered his entire stockpile of goodwill and respect. He was suddenly the object of condemnation and attack from pulpits and lecterns across America.

How does a man who once flew with the angels keep coping when, to the public eye, he has deliberately descended into the fiery, evil depths of hell. How does such a man adjust to being hated and reviled?

Once, when he was known only as a scientist, Shockley was asked to name his strongest quality. "I guess I don't give up too easily," he replied. These days he says simply: "I'm a crusader."

It comes down to this: He is convinced he's right, he's tough, and he

does not think of himself as a racist. Indeed, asked the \$64,000 question ("Would you want your daughter to marry a black man?"), he answers, "I doubt if I would do anything to oppose it." (He neglects to predict how he would respond if the black his daughter brought home had an IQ of 70.)

He, Shockley says, is the true humanitarian, a man of compassion for unborn generations of the genetically disadvantaged. A man who believes truth is "far more humane than benign neglect."

As he puts it: "I have repeatedly asserted that many Negroes are superior to many whites. But my research leads me inescapably to the opinion that on a statistical basis, the social and intellectual deficits of Negroes are hereditary and racially genetic in origin and not remediable to a major degree by practical improvements in environment. The wishful-thinking do-gooders who fail to face this fact do harm, not good."

And then, in the next breath, he adds the following bombshell: "Society has the moral obligation to diagnose the tragedy for American Negroes of their statistical IQ deficit."

In other words, he says we would be relieving blacks of the misery of stupidity and doing them a favor by helping keep their numbers down. "I consider that the humanitarianism that sweeps such matters under the rug is humanitarianism gone berserk."

Imagine, if you will, William Shockley on his deathbed. It is a vision well-rehearsed in his own mind. Although not religious, he refers often to "the final balance sheet of life" and "the last rational five minutes" of his own.

In those precious final moments he is taking stock. Life ebbing from his body, he asks himself "whether I gave it the good try." By "demanding objective inquiry and open discussion" of the genetic quality of man, he reassures himself, he has lived up to the splendid spirit of Alfred Nobel's will. In his own mind he remains the honorable laureate.

Right or wrong, that is the mind of a gifted, self-sacrificing man. But much to his dismay, most experts believe that he is very wrong indeed. As a former colleague at Stanford says, "How tragic to have devoted so much to a cause so far off the mark. . . ." He pauses, then adds sadly: "Even if Shockley is right somehow, he'll still be like the messenger who brought the bad news and was killed for it. He'll always live in infamy."

Unruffled, Shockley concludes: "If my ideas are correct, then there's no one in the country who has done more to reduce Negro agony in this country than myself."

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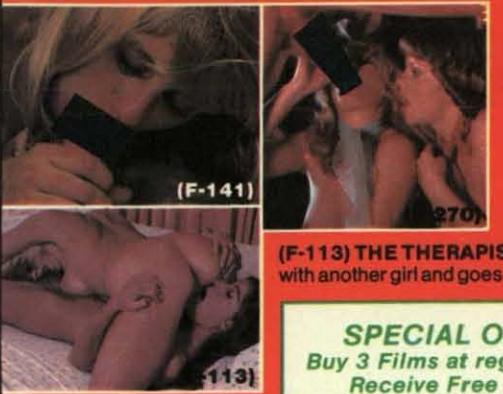
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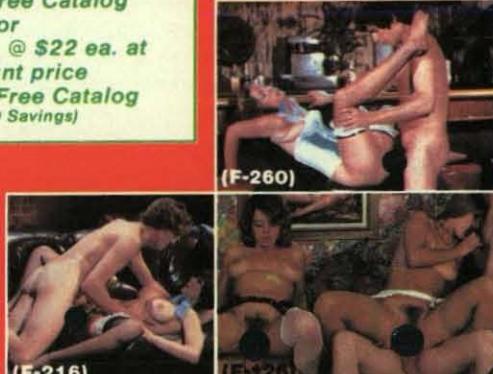
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NEXT MONTH

September issue on sale July 29, 1980



HUSTLER'S LEGAL-SURVIVAL GUIDE—Simple legal problems (from speeding tickets to police searches) can easily turn into nightmares for ordinary citizens who don't have the time, money and knowledge to defend themselves. For readers who are too busy earning a living to bone up on the law books, Ben Pesta's easy-to-understand crash course on how to survive in the legal jungle will be essential reading.

NEW DRUGS: THE BUREAUCRATIC BOTTLENECK—Medically effective drugs that could help thousands of Americans suffering from heart problems and other ailments are being withheld from the market by the government. In a disturbing report by Tom Nesi, the role of the Food and Drug Administration in protecting public health is weighed against the restrictions it imposes on the introduction of medical breakthroughs.

PROFILE: HAL LIPSET—He's one of the world's most famous investigators, and some of his spylife electronic-surveillance equipment would make James Bond flush with envy. Lipset's job is to gather evidence that will help his clients, and he'll pull any trick in the book to do it. Having logged well over a million miles on his way to solving more than 15,000 cases, Lipset is an intriguing personality with more than a few stories to tell. Profile by Arthur Zich.

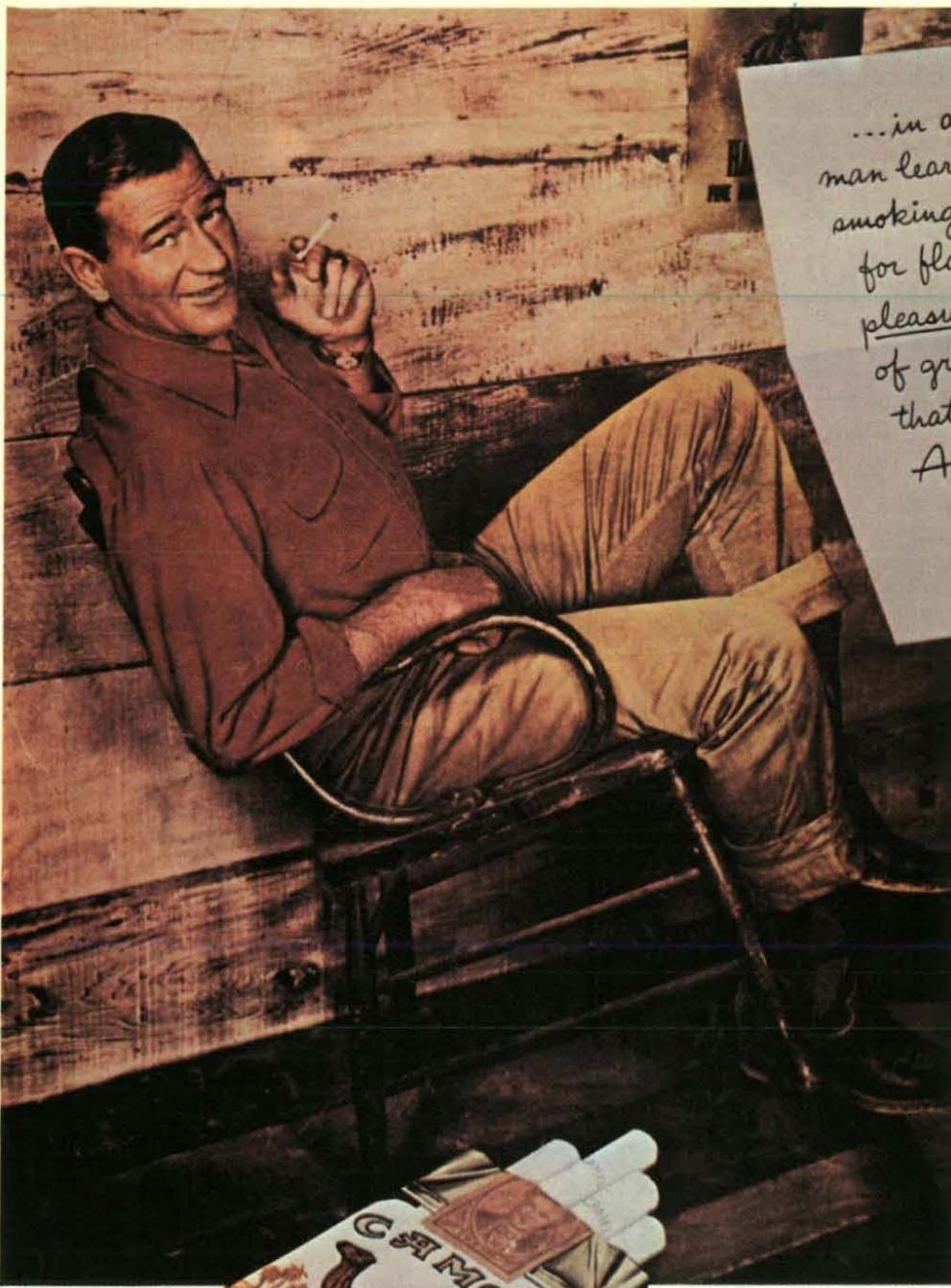
FALL GUY—J. Bradford Olesker's fiction deals with a Hollywood stuntman who may know too many tricks for his own good. What may be his last stunt puts him knee-deep in an oddball love affair with shades of false friendship, blind rage, raw sex and murder.

PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll be able to feel the sensuous excitement of **MIRANDA: SOFT TOUCH**, next month's centerfold. And we're proud to present **ERIN**, another *Beaver Hunt* entrant who made it to the big time as a HUSTLER model. A probe by foreign border guards reveals some closely guarded treasures in **STRIP SEARCH**, while a female vampire craves a sleeping beauty in **BLOOD LUST**.

PLUS—A bountiful September harvest, including **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **SEX PLAY**, **KINKY KORNER**, **BITS & PIECES**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **HONEY** and **BEAVER HUNT**.



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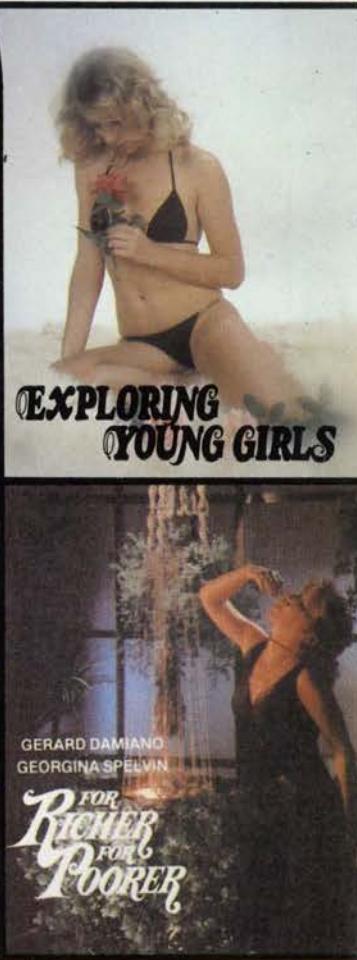
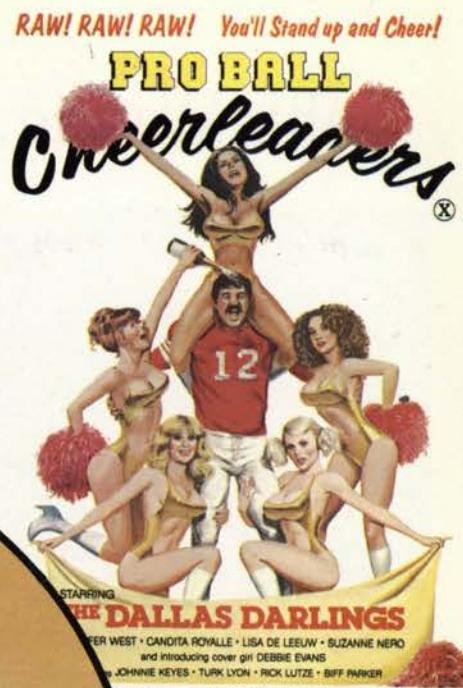
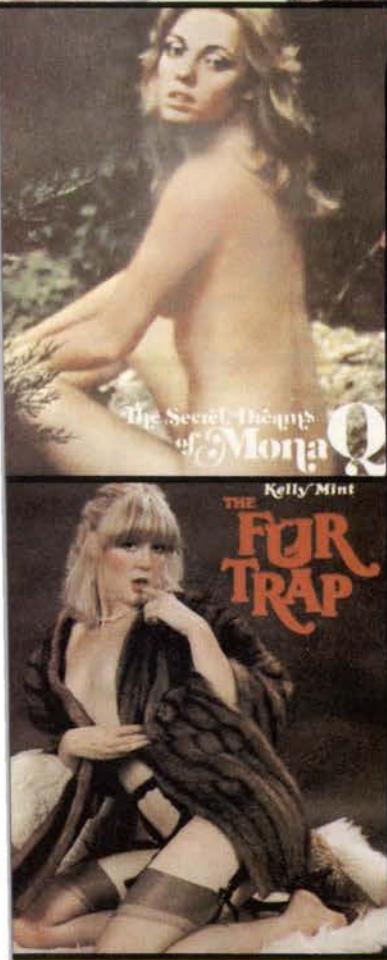
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